

Twelve years in America

TWELVE YEARS IN AMERICA.

Terrapin Tower HORSE SHOE FALL.

Twelve Years in America BEING OBSERVATIONS ON THE COUNTRY, THE PEOPLE, INSTITUTIONS AND RELIGION; WITH NOTICES OF SLAVERY AND THE LATE WAR; AND FACTS AND INCIDENTS ILLUSTRATIVE OF MINISTERIAL LIFE AND LABOR IN ILLINOIS, WITH NOTES OF Travel through the United States and Canada.

BY THE REV JAMES SHAW, OF THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AMERICA.

Second Thousand.

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Preface.

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The leading facts of this book were delivered by the author, in a lecture in various parts of Ireland, in the winter and spring of 1866–'7. They are now presented in a more enlarged form, at the request of several friends.

The “Twelve Years” mentioned on the title page cover the most exciting period of American history. The narrative attempts briefly to describe one of the greatest conflicts of ancient or modern times, and the rise and progress of that great political power that *emancipated four million slaves*, carried to a successful issue a war of unparalleled magnitude, and saved the nation from slavery and ruin. It was the privilege of the writer to reside where that power originated—to observe its rise, and mark its mission. With several of the leading actors in that great national drama he was acquainted. Of them, and the cause in which they struggled and triumphed, he has recorded his honest sentiments.

During those “Twelve Years,” he has crossed the Atlantic ocean four times; travelled thirty-five thousand vi miles; passed up by the Hudson, and down by the Niagara and St. Lawrence; round the shores of the great lakes, and along the banks of the great rivers, Missouri and Mississippi, and crossed its smaller rivers, the Ohio, Wabash, and Illinois; preached in the large forests, and on the larger prairies, in several of the principal cities, and new and rising towns; he has travelled through the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Missouri; through the length of the two Canadas, and by the shores of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Labrador, and Newfoundland.

In the social state of the people, and local government of the country, he has seen some things to blame, but so many things to commend as, on the whole, to constitute them one of the most happy and highly privileged nations on earth.

Of the progress and prosperity of the churches, Methodism, revivals, &c., he has endeavoured to give an impartial statement, based on the last United States' census, and

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the latest statistical returns. Life and labors in Illinois, and travels through the United States and Canada, are described as he has seen and felt.

Owing to prior and pressing engagements, in connexion with missionary and other labors, the writer could not bestow as much care and attention on the style and composition as he could wish to have done, yet if the work had not been written then, it could not have been written at all.

The type is new, and the printing by Mr. Healy, well executed.

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A map of the railroads and great lakes is given to illustrate the volume, and an engraving to present Niagara.

As the British *pound* and the American *dollar* are introduced in connexion with financial statements, a word of explanation may be necessary. Any given sum of pounds sterling, *multiplied* by 5, will give the amount in dollars, thus, £20 \times 5 = 100 dollars; and any given sum of dollars, *divided* by 5, give the amount in pounds sterling, thus, 100 dollars \div 5 = £20, as there are about 5 dollars in a pound sterling.

Such as the work is, it is now committed to a gracious Providence, and commended to a candid public.

JAMES SHAW.

Lucan, Dublin, *June* 1, 1867.

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Twelve Years in America.

CHAPTER I. THE VOYAGE OVER.

DEPARTURE FROM IRELAND—GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—ISLE-OF-MAN—ARRIVAL IN LIVERPOOL—THE ISAAC WEBB, CAPTAIN, CREW, AND FELLOW-PASSENGERS—ALARM OF FIRE—STORM AT SEA—PRAYER—CONTROVERSY WITH INFIDELS—SAFE ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK.

The 4th of September, 1854, was a beautiful autumn morning, when I took leave of numerous friends at Newtown Limavady, in the North of Ireland. Seated in the rail carriage, the steam whistle announced the departure of the train, and soon we were off for Londonderry. The fields were already ripe, or ripening to the harvest; here and there were some fields reaped, and some sheaves gathered; but the fields of the harvest waved beneath the autumn breeze in crops of golden grain. In less than an hour we were in Derry, where, stepping on board the “William M'Cormick” steamer, we were soon sailing down the Loch Foyle, and out on the sea for Liverpool, leaving the martial city of Derry behind us; the romantic shores of Innishoneen on our 2 left, and the towns of Coleraine, Port Stewart, and Port Rush on our right; we drew near the ruins of the castle of Dunluce,

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and the lofty cliffs of the Giant's Causeway loomed up in the distance. The sun had just set, and the sombre shades of evening were falling on land and sea; just then a small boat approached the steamer to exchange mails and passengers, and the boat and the Irish coast faded from our vision.

Shortly after, the moon rose, and shed her mild radiance on the surface of the deep. At midnight, we were passing the Isle-of-Man, a strong gale was blowing at the time, which is always the case, say the sailors, as you pass that island.

About the dawn of next morning, we passed by several light ships securely anchored to rocks beneath. Here many a sail was wrecked; from their loss, we derived safety; from their fate, we obtained warning; and by the reflected light of the above beacons we kept at a safe distance. All great reforms that have for their object the good of mankind, begin in sorrow, are necessitated by loss, and pass through suffering to reach the sufferer, and lift him out of danger to security.

At nine a.m. we were in Liverpool, and prepared for our voyage to America. As others have described the shores of the Mersey, the city, and the docks of Liverpool, I will not wait to describe them here.

Having engaged passage by part payment down, before I left, in the "City of Manchester" steamship, I was doomed to disappointment, with several others, in obtaining passage by this vessel, the agents having engaged more than the vessel could carry. Could I 3 have remained, I should certainly have tried the law on the agents of "*Richardson and Brothers.*" As it was, it created a *loss* that no human aid could after retrieve. How many poor emigrants suffer from the intrigues and frauds of emigrant ship companies, and their agents, for lack of means, and time, and knowledge to put the law in force against them. For many years, the horrors of the "middle passage" in a milder form, but on a larger scale, have been repeated on emigrant ships, as hundreds of monuments over buried thousands

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in Montreal, Canada, and the United States of America testify; while the government was slow in moving to ameliorate the wrongs.

The "Arctic" steamer, of the Collin's line, was to sail on the following Saturday. Although strongly urged to sail in it, I declined, as I did not wish to wait so long. It was well I did, for it perished on the banks of Newfoundland two weeks later, with above 300 souls!

In the river lay the "Isaac Webb," a large sailing vessel of above 3000 tons, ready to sail next morning. This vessel was highly recommended to me. I resolved to try it, paid my passage, had my baggage removed to it, and having selected my berth, took a glance at things and persons around me.

The crew were stout looking men, weather beaten sons of Neptune, the officers were sufficiently imperious in their orders to them. Captain Ferbur, the commander, was a portly looking gentleman, who gave his orders from the quarter deck through his officers to his men. The passengers were of different nationalities. There 4 were some two hundred Irish emigrants, full of fun and frolic. There were a few loquacious French, polished and refined in manner. There was a large number of Germans, serious and solemn in appearance. There were a few short-necked, broad-shouldered Dutch, as if the dams of Holland had been carried on their heads. There were Swiss from Switzerland, Italians from Italy, and Jews from different parts of the world. There were some Yorkshire farmers, and miners from Cornwall, who talked as our forefathers did three hundred years ago. Beside these, there were merchants from London and Manchester, and a goodly number of Scotch from Scotland, and Welch from Wales. The trades had a variety of representatives, so had the religious denominations, There were Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, Methodists, and Presbyterians, Baptists, Jews, Quakers, and Lutherans. Some who were true believers, and others who believed in nothing but folly. There were Deists, Pantheists, and Atheists; some who did not believe in a God, and some who believed that God was everything, and everything was God. With many of these I had subsequently to contend in controversy for the "Faith once delivered to the saints."

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The evening was fine, the sails were unfurled, the anchor weighed, and the steam tug drew us out to open sea for America. Passengers on deck waved adieus to friends on shore, while the sails, filled with the rising breeze, bore the vessel onward after the steamer. The voice of weeping passengers were hushed by the loud wild songs of the sailors, as they pulled the ropes or climbed the masts.

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After the excitement of parting had passed away, some retired to their berths and rooms in sadness, and some men united with the sailors in pulling the ropes, and boys to imitate them in their songs. Others congregated to sing psalms and hymns, and engage in social prayer; while many promenaded the deck of the vessel, and learned to keep step with the motion of the ship. Passengers greeted one another as they passed in groups, and hoped for a speedy and pleasant voyage. Acquaintances were thus formed, some only to last for that voyage, some to be continued in the new country to which they were going, and some to be perpetuated in eternity.

ALARM OF FIRE.

At midnight, when the passengers were mostly asleep, a cry of fire rose and rang through the ship, which soon awoke the sleepers. For a short time great was the consternation and confusion, for nothing is more dreadful than a ship on fire. The fire, however, was soon extinguished, as it was but of small proportions; and the smoking German, who was the cause of it, was severely punished, and severely frightened. Soon order and tranquility was restored.

Sunday, September 10th, the sea was high, winds were fierce, vessel rolling; many of the passengers were sick and confined to their rooms and berths. No sound of the church going bell was heard, no assembling of the large congregation to worship; still a few met for the purpose of singing and prayer. Shoals of porpoises went past, sure indications of approaching storm, say 6 the sailors, we shall see. Everything looked gloomy without,

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and dreary above and around. The clouds passed across the sky with great rapidity. The sun was veiled in mist, and covered with darkness. The sea assumed different colors, indicating an approaching change of temperature, a different latitude, or a greater depth. Often it is the faithful reflector of the sky above, as well as monitor of approaching storm. If the atmosphere is clear and calm, the ocean is tranquil and peaceful. Does the sun shine forth in refulgent radiance, the sea expands her broad and placid bosom, and reflects it back. If the sky is dark, grey, azure, or emerald, the sea beneath faithfully reflects those colors back. If the storms rise, and tempests sweep across the troubled sky, the sea lifts up her angry voice, as if to scowl defiance. Her waves leap, or rush or roll in foaming fury, tossing the largest vessels like playthings in her giant arms. Every pin or beam creaks, or cringes, as if the whole were going to a thousand pieces.

STORM AT SEA.

All this we soon realized on the following Tuesday and Friday, more fully than we had before. A heavy gale rose to a fearful storm on the last of these days. At first the vessel pitched, then rolled, and cringed, and jarred, as if every plank were loosening, and going to let us to the bottom. The winds sobbed and moaned through the shrouds, then shrieked like the cry of a lost demon. The sea rose in foaming surges, and the angry waves beat against the sides like battering rams, or rolled in fury over her bulwarks. The vessel plunged 7 her prow into the breast of the wave; then passing through it, rose on the foaming crest, and shook the spray from her dripping shrouds, like a lion shaking the dew off his mane when rising from his lair. As the storm began to subside, the vessel changed from pitching to rolling; now laying her masts, and dipping her shrouds into the waves on this side, again on that; while within the uproar and noise of broken trunks, boxes, barrels, pots and pans of the passengers dashing from side to side, created a Pandemonium. Loud above these, arose the cries of the steerage passengers, among whom we recognized Irish voices, praying, “ *Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us now in the hour of our death.* ” In connexion with this petition, which was often repeated, others were addressed to Michael the Archangel, to the angel Gabriel, to the apostles, and martyrs, &c. The lamps

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were extinguished, the darkness was great, and the terror greater. The writer drew near the entrance of the steerage, and at the top of his voice shouted, "Pray to Christ, *pray to Christ*; call on the name of the Lord Jesus. He is able to save you. He calmed the storm on the sea of Galilee; he walked its waves, and saved Peter, and cheered the disciples. He is God, the Almighty God. He is man, and nearer to you than saint or angel. He can calm this storm, and I believe he will save and bring us all safe through." The terrified cry went down, earnest prayers to Christ went up, and shortly after the storm subsided; confidence was restored, and joy and hope took the place of sadness and despair. Next day several of those people came to me, and with tears in the eyes of some, thanked me for the words of comfort and counsel I gave them. They remarked, that they never felt such terror before, or were so cheered by words of consolation; that when they began to pray to Christ, as I directed them, they immediately lost their fears, and felt convinced he would save them.

As most of the Sabbaths were stormy, we had few regular Sabbath services on board. The Rev. Mr. Campbell, a lineal descendant of Boston, the author of the "Fourfold State of Man," was returning from Scotland to Newburyport, America, where he was stationed as pastor of a congregational church, preached for us occasionally, assisted by the writer in the closing services. But frequently prayer meetings were held by some English Methodists, which were well attended, and at which much good was done. In these the writer also took part. In connexion with these, there was a good deal of religious conversation on experimental religion, which was edifying to many, as crowds drew near to listen. On Saturdays, the Jews held their Sabbath services, at which many attended through curiosity.

These services led to frequent conversations between Jews and the writer on the signs of the true Messiah, and the delusive hope of another to come, while Jesus of Nazareth fulfilled all the promises and the prophecies, and claimed to be the "Light of the Gentile world, and the glory of his people Israel." Controversies with Roman Catholics were also frequent, and carried on between the writer and them in a friendly manner. Thus

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the invocation of saints and angels, the worship of images and relics; the infallibility of the Popes and traditions of the church; the sacrifice of the mass, and 9 the doctrine of Purgatory. Confession to a priest and absolution by him were also examined, and controverted in a kind and Christian spirit; while repentance towards God, and faith in the sacrifice of Christ, were urged upon the hearers, and the indispensable necessity of the forgiveness of sins through faith in Christ, and the regeneration of our natures by the Holy Spirit as a preparation for death and the heavenly world, were presented as the way, the truth, and the life. But all this was almost forgotten in the exciting controversy on *infidelity*, into which the writer was drawn a few days later, and in which he found his Roman Catholic fellow passengers some of his truest friends and firmest aids.

CONTROVERSY WITH DEISTS AND ATHEISTS.

Among the passengers were several Scotchmen, who learned the writer was a minister. Although some of them were Deists and some Atheists, they generally united to have some questions on the supposed contradictions in the gospel narratives, and the difficulties of Christianity. One was selected as a leader for the rest to present the questions: he was a *Deist*; another to assist when the first should become entangled: he was an *Atheist*.

These discussions drew crowds of passengers around us, who listened with the deepest attention, and profound respect. The Deistical controversialist wished to know why I believed in the supposed facts and doctrines of Christianity. I remarked that, I had examined them all, and that I was a firm believer in them; I presumed so had the passengers around me, to which they all 10 assented. Now then, as we are all satisfied with the Christian Religion, we want to know why you are not? I want your *reasons*, sir, why you do not believe in Christianity? He demurred to these questions. I appealed to the passengers, they coincided. I pressed for his reasons, he refused. In order to draw him out, I told him what I believed, and then asked him to tell us what he believed, he refused. Failing to take him with a broadside, I tried to unmask him by questions in detail. I

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remarked, "You have invited me to controversy with you, to which I consented; but before I engage in it with you, I must know what you believe. I have told you what I believe, and now if you refuse to tell, we must conclude you are either ashamed or afraid of your principles."

"Sir, do you believe in the existence of a God?"

He said, "I do."

"Do you believe in the Bible as a divine revelation?"

"I do not."

"Do you believe that Christ is God and man, and died for our sins according to the Scriptures?"

"I do not."

"Do you believe in the immortality of the soul, and the existence of a future state?"

"I do."

"Do you believe in future punishment, and man's accountability to God?"

He said, "I do."

"Friends," said I to those around, "this man is not an *Atheist*, for he believes in the existence of God; but he is a *Deist*, for he denies the divine authenticity of the 11 Scriptures, and, the divinity and sacrifice of Christ." I asked, was not that correct—he admitted.

I then pressed on his negations of Christianity, and their *results*. I questioned—he attempted to answer; but failing, became confounded before the people, who laughed at

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his calamity. At this time the second leader came to his aid, and requested him to ask me a question, I objected to his interference; he continued. I appealed to the friends around; they sustained me. Still he pressed the question with great ardour. Seeing this, I dropped the first, and took hold of the second, and said—

“Sir, you appear to be a brave man, I presume you are not ashamed to tell us what you believe.”

He said, “I Not at all.”

“Do you believe in the existence of a God?”

He answered, “No.”

“Do you believe in the resurrection of the body, the immortality of the soul, future punishment, and a future state?”

He answered, “I do not believe them.”

“Can you tell me, then, who made the heavens above us, and that sea around this ship, or did they make themselves, or did this ship make itself?” “In reference to the first” (said he) “I cannot tell; the last, I suppose that men made it.”

He rejoined, “You say you believe in a God; pray, have you seen him.” I said, “Although I have not seen him, I believe there is a God.”

He laughed me to scorn.

I continued, “Sir, have you ever seen New York? He said “Never.” “Do you believe there is such a 12 place? he hesitated. I pressed the question; he said he did, for he was going there.

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This drew the laugh on him. I thought I would appeal to him as a father. "Suppose," said I, "you have a lovely daughter, whom you love as yourself, and she dies, you lay her cold corpse in the silent grave, tell me, do you believe you shall never see that form again—never hear that gentle voice again—never see that spirit more?"

He said, "Never."

"Do you believe her spirit is for ever quenched, never to exist again?"

He said, "I do."

Several of the passengers exclaimed, "How awful!"

I added, "That is a cruel creed that gathers round your dark spirit, and consigns your child to a *annihilation!*

He answered, "You may think so."

"Then," said I, "I suppose you think a horse, or a monkey has as much soul as man has."

He answered, " *Full as much.* "

Then, said I, I do not wish to converse with you again.

At a subsequent discussion, on the following day, he again came to aid the other infidel, who was again entangled. The day was fine; almost all the passengers were on deck walking; but the discussion drew them all around where we were debating, even the officers and captain drew near to listen. My woman Catholic friends stood by me, as did the Protestants of all denominations. The Atheist, seeing his friend the Deist in straits, came again to his relief, with questions for me. I thought I would try to silence him before the people. Looking 13 him in the face, and pointing my hand towards him, I said, "Did you

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not say yesterday there was no God!" He felt ashamed to answer. I repeated the question. He answered, "I did."

Oh! Oh! ejaculated several in the crowd; others drew near to listen.—Said I, "Did you not say that, if your child died, her spirit was for ever extinguished and annihilated?"—He said, "I did."

The people gathered nearer; ladies stood on seats to see him. I continued, "Did you not say that man had no soul, or that a horse or a monkey had as much soul as man had?" He was silent. I appealed to some of the bystanders who had heard him, they said, "he did." I repeated the question; all eyes turned on him. He answered, "*I did.*" "Then," said I, "go talk to your *brethren* the horses and monkeys, and do not come to reason with us." Bursts of laughter fell on the poor man's ears; his cheeks blushed, his head sunk down, and he slunk away from the laughing crowd, and I got rid of my controversial friend for that time. Subsequently, he came near losing his life, by falling out of a little boat on the day of landing. He was greatly frightened; and I advised him to repent of his infidelity, and he promised me he would try to do better. The other came to me aside, confessed that he was wretched and miserable, that the views he had entertained were not satisfactory to his mind. He was brought up a Presbyterian in Aberdeen, but had heard Barker, the infidel, and was drawn aside after him. I urged him to give his heart to God, and seek for the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Christ. Several other incidents of 14 pleasure and profit took place, which relieved the tediousness of the voyage, but are not worth introducing here. Having crossed the Newfoundland banks, we were in the gulf stream. One night, while conversing with the above deistical friend, on the foolishness of his infidelity, we saw the phosphorescent light covering the wave in the wake of the vessel. We inferred an approaching storm. Nor were we much disappointed; the barometer suddenly fell. The captain called all hands on deck, the sails were taken in, and the light boats were examined. Scarcely was all this work completed when the storm commenced, and rose almost to a hurricane. This far exceeded in severity any that we had met before, and lasted all that night, the next day, and part of the succeeding night. never shall I forget

the weariness of that second night. Through mercy we were spared. Monday turned a fine day, and we made rapid sailing. Tuesday the pilot came on board, and brought us the sad news of the wreck of the "Arctic" steamer, which had passed us on the second Sabbath. Never shall I forget the appearance of the vessel while she was passing us by—it was the last sight of her we saw; for shortly after, in a fog, on the banks of Newfoundland, she was struck by a French vessel about noon, and sank in four hours after, with above three hundred passengers, most of whom might have been saved, but the officers and sailors took the life-boats with them, and left the people to perish! One poor fellow, a Scotchman, was faithful, and stood by his signal gun, firing it off for aid, until he went down with the vessel, to rise no more. In the evening, the heights of New Jersey appeared in sight, well wooded from base 15 to summit. The sun went down in a blaze of glory, and we anchored for the night beside a light ship at Sandy Hook, waiting for the morning light to sail in. The night was exceedingly fine. The moon shone brightly. I could not sleep with the joyful expectation of landing in the morning. I walked the deck, lifting my heart to God, in grateful prayer, for all his mercies. One thing I thought strange—the crowing of the distant cocks, on the Jersey shore, at *two* in the morning. It appeared as if the whole shore was vocal with the voice of crowing birds.

The day dawned, the sky was clear, the morning bright and delightful; the air felt different from the air we left behind us. A steam tug drew us in, and at noon we were alongside of the wharf in the city of New York. All was bustle and hurry. Passengers parted to meet no more on earth. As we stepped on shore it was just six weeks since we left the old world, and landed in the new. A friend and I drove to a private hotel in Franklin Square, and there we rested for the night, grateful for the mercies that crowned us, and brought us thus upon our way.

CHAPTER II. WESTWARD TRAVEL.

MANHATTAN ISLAND—NEW YORK CITY—STREETS—PARKS—CHURCHES—
HOTELS—POPULATION—CITY FIRES—RENEWED PROSPERITY—NEW YORK AND

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ERIE RAILROAD—SCENERY AND TOWNS ALONG THE ROAD—CHICAGO—RAPID RISE AND COMMERCIAL GROWTH—BLOOMINGTON.

Manhattan Island lies at the mouth of New York harbour, in the shape of a tongue, on which New York, the largest city of the new world, stands. On opposite shores, on either side, are Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City. The island is thirteen and a half miles long, and about two and a half broad, with an area of twenty-two square miles. It was bought of the Indians two hundred and fifty years ago, for about four pounds, and the first settlement made upon it was by the Dutch in 1615. It was called by them "New Amsterdam," and the surrounding country "New Netherlands." They held it for about fifty years, when the English took possession of it, and called it New York, after the Duke of York, who was subsequently James II.

When the English took it from the Dutch, there was a population of 3,000; when the former surrendered it to the Americans, there was only a population of 28,614. In a century under British rule it did not increase 21,000. In ninety years since then, it has gone up to about 1,000,000, and with its surrounding 17 suburbs above alluded to, includes at present one million and a half of souls. At the next census of 1870, it will be little less than 2,000,000. At the beginning of the next century it will be little less than London. In 1950 it will be the largest city in the world, according to its present rate of increase. In 1854, when the writer entered it, its population was about 600,000. In 1866, twelve years later, it had nearly doubled that, being about 1,200,000.

From either shore of Manhattan, of the Hudson on one side, and the East river on the other, the island rises to a crest in the centre, along which Broadway runs for above two miles, then bends westwards, and stretches for miles along the length of the island. The lower end of the island is covered with compact stores and shops, for above four miles. Beyond this the merchants have their residences.

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At Houston-street, about two miles from the battery, commences a uniform plan of streets and avenues. Above this a little way, fourteen parallel avenues, each 100 feet wide, divide the island from river to river; these are crossed at right angles by 156 streets, averaging eighty feet wide. A forest of masts, with their numerous ships line the shores, and almost hide the water from the eye. The squares and parks are neither large nor numerous, but are beautifully ornamented. *Bowling green, City*, and *Central Parks* are the most important. The latter park occupies about the centre of the island, is two and a half miles long, by half wide, and contains 843 acres. It is beautifully laid out in every variety and form of nature: trees, shrubs, B 18 and flowers of every climate adorn it. Forests and groves, and hills, vales, streams, and lakes beautify it. In the centre of the park is a large pond, fed by the Croton water, a beautiful lake in summer; it is a frozen pond in winter, over which thousands skate for pleasure. Beside it there is a parade ground, of about fifty acres, for the evolutions of the military; and botanical gardens laid out with a great variety of costly plants. *Castle garden*, at the southern extremity of the island, once a fortification, is now the great point of debarkation set apart for the reception of the thousands of emigrants who daily land from the old world. Here care is taken of them, and information afforded to those who are going to different points of their destination through the vast country.

The city is well supplied with costly and numerous churches. Of these the Episcopalians own about sixty; the Methodists about sixty-four; the Baptists and Presbyterians, including the Dutch reformed, about forty each. In all there are above 300 churches in the city, some of which are costly structures, as Trinity and St. George's Episcopal, and Trinity and St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal.

The hotels are numerous, and some very large, as the *Aston House*, *Everet*, and *Fifth-avenue hotel*. The latter covers an acre of ground, is faced with white marble, stretches two hundred feet on Broadway, and two hundred and five on another street. It is six stories high, exclusive of basement. It contains 500 rooms for guests; 125 parlours with

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suites of rooms. The guests can ascend in a steam-car from the first to the sixth floor, and descend 19 in the same manner without going by the stairs. The building with its furniture cost £200,000. The *St. Nicholas* and the *Metropolitan* are still more costly and extensive structures; the former covering nearly two acres of ground, and seating 1,000 guests. *Taylor's Saloon*, on Broadway and Franklin-street, is one of the most magnificent restaurants; its floor covered with marble tiles, its ceiling hung with vast chandeliers, its sides adorned with costly mirrors, and its windows hung with gorgeous tapestry, its area interspersed with sparkling fountains, and pieces of sculpture among the dining tables.

Among the publishing houses and literary institutions, we noticed Appleton's, in Broadway, and Harper's, in Franklin-square. The last is the largest publishing house in the world. The enterprising publishers are the sons of an Irishman. Mr. James Harper took the writer through parts of the vast building, and showed him some of the works they published, piled in vast quantities, waiting to be sent off to different parts of the country.

The building is of iron front, and rises *five* stories, extending 120 feet in front, and to the rear 170, and covers with all its connections about half an acre. All the work of printing, engraving, and binding is done on the premises.

Above 300 persons are employed daily, and 2,000,000 of books and magazines are made and sold annually.* Of the monthly magazine alone 110,000 copies sell monthly; and from the commencement in 1850, twenty millions and a quarter have been sold,

* See *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for December 1865, page 2.

20 which, say the editors, would weigh 5,000 tons, build a solid wall *ten* feet high, *two* feet thick, and *two* and a *half* miles long; or a solid pyramid 100 feet square at the base, and seventy-five feet high. The separate sheets would carpet 16,000 acres of ground, and 31,000 acres of printing, as printed on both sides.

THE BIBLE HOUSE,

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Of the American Bible Society demands a passing notice. The society was formed in 1816, the eloquent Summerfield took an active part in its organization. The Bible House occupies nearly an acre of ground; its form is nearly triangular, and cost £60,000. Nearly six hundred persons are employed in the buildings. Since the formation of the society in 1816, its receipts have been above £1,000,000 sterling, and its distributions of Bibles and Testaments, in foreign and domestic languages, above 9,000,000 *copies*, so widely have the leaves of the Tree of Life been scattered over the American continent, and in different parts of the world.

A large portion of the city of New York was burned in 1885. The flames swept over, it is said, thirty acres of the most densely populated part of the city; destroyed above 650 buildings, and property to the amount of £8,500,000. From the ashes of this great conflagration, the city rose phoenix like to greater prosperity than ever before.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

Having traversed a large portion of the city, and seen the principal buildings, I hastened to the foot of Duane-street, crossed the river in a ferry-boat to Jersey 21 City, bought a ticket, and took my seat in the rail carriage on the New York and Erie Railroad, which stretched four hundred and sixty miles from New York, on the Hudson to Dunkirk on Lake Erie. In 1832 a company was formed to build this road, but it was not completed until May, 1851; it cost above £6,000,000; earned for that year above £1,000,000; expended above the half of that, or fifty-one sixteenths of the earnings. Its bonds have been well known in the market, and have gone up and down with the fluctuations of the times. At that time the company had 183 engines on the road, and employed 4,000 men, beside 682 employed in the workshops along the road. The road is laid with broad guage, the rails being six feet apart, thus affording broad cars, large seats, and more room to the passengers.

The American rail car, or carriage, is entirely different from the European, except those in Switzerland. It is a long and wide saloon, with an aisle in the centre, and a row of double

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velvet cushioned seats on either side. The backs of the seats are easily reversed, so that a family of four persons can sit two on either seat, facing each other. Each carriage is furnished with water-closet rooms, stoves for warming, and water for drinking, and ventilators for pure air. A train consists of *three* , or *ten* , less or more of these carriages, between which a platform is raised for conductor, brakemen, or passengers to pass from one carriage to another. The best carriage is reserved for ladies and their male relatives. The last carriage becomes a sleeping one at night, fitted up into different apartments, and separate berths with a 22 servant to attend, the additional expense for the night, being from two to three shillings. Here the sleeper may recline at full length in curtained ease, end sleep until morning, while the train travels some two hundred miles or more. To those that travel long routes, sleeping carriages are quite a luxury.

The New York and Erie Railroad has been for several years the principal road between the east and the west, over which the merchandise of New York went to the cities and new states of the west; and a vast amount of western produce and stock was brought by it to the city, and was thence shipped to Europe. But lately several roads have been built to compete with it the trade and travel of the west; such as the "New York Central," "Pennsylvania Central," the "Hudson River Railroad," and the "Grand Trunk Railroad in Canada," running for a long distance by the sides of the lakes, and the Saint Lawrence.

On arriving at New York we observed the earth, air, and sky looked different. The sun was more bright, the sky more clear, and the air more warm than in Ireland at the same time of year. The earth looked dry, as if there had been no rain for months; the grass was withered, and the trees still clad with foliage, but the leaves were sere, or tinged with golden hues, as only American leaves are tinged by an early frost.

It was evening when we left the station at Jersey City, and could only observe the Jersey flats, ever which we passed, and the City of Newark, with its church spires in the distance.

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As the road leaves the Jersey flats, it enters some of 23 the most picturesque scenery in York State, and the borders of Pennsylvania. At *Sufferins* , thirty-two miles west of New York, the road enters a region of romantic scenery. It stands at the foot of a lofty hill, and opens the entrance to the Ramapo Valley, made interesting by the events of the Revolutionary War. Three miles further on, is *Sloatsburg* , the scene of a cotton twine factory, which supplies New York with 5000 lbs. of twine weekly.

At *Turners* and *Munroe* , two important villages, forty-seven and forty-nine and a half miles from New York, are centres of dairy business and milk trade. Along the platforms are piles of milk cans, waiting for daily transportation to the city. Three miles further is *Oxford* , the centre of a rich, rolling country, celebrated for milk, cheese, and the fossil remains of the huge Mastodon. Fifty-five miles from New York is *Chester* , a beautiful village, with clean streets, neat dwellings, and beautiful gardens. Four and a half miles beyond this is *Goshen*. Here is a pretty town, fine squares, large hotels, good stores, and numerous churches, surrounded with a country rich and fertile, like that on the Nile of old. *New Hampton*, *Middletown*, *Howells*, *Ottisville* , are all important stations along the line, and centres of trade to the country. Here the Shawangunk mountains commence, and the road winds round its base skirting the beautiful banks of the Delaware. Some years ago, while returning by this road in summer, I was looking out of the carriage window, admiring the beautiful scenery and sublime grandeur of these lofty mountains, when a sudden storm arose: the lightening flashed with lurid blaze, and the thunders pealed along the heavens, from mountain summit to hill top, till the echoes died away in gentle reverberations among the valleys. The wail of the tempest subsided, and the sun shone out again unclouded, covering hill top and valley with its own light. Eight miles beyond *Ottisville* is *Hollouswitch*: here the train runs through a cut thirty feet deep, but soon emerges into a beautiful, but lonely vale, called the valley of Neversink. A little further on, nestling at the base of the hills, is the thriving town of *Port Jervis* , and at the head of the valleys of the Neversink and Delaware.

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Here, in a small spot, where the Neversink pours into the Delaware, the States of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania meet. At Delaware the road passes up the valley of the Delaware, in the state of Pennsylvania for some distance, for which privilege to the state, its legislature charges the company £2,000 per year.

At *Chehocton* the two branches of the Delaware unite, and the town stands at the base of several wooded hills, round some of which the road winds on its westward course. *Deposit* is a thriving town, thirteen miles beyond, where an important tannery is carried on. The road, by Summit and Cascade Bridge, brings you through wild mountain scenery into the valley of the Susquehanna. Through this valley the beautiful river that bears its name glides; along its banks the richest meadows stretch, while here and there, rich farms, beautiful orchards, and comfortable farm houses adorn its shores; while in the distance, swell in lofty grandeur the mountains already crossed. Passing by Susquehanna 25 station, *Lanesborough*, and *Great Bend*, we come to *Kirkwood*, 206 miles from New York. In this neighbourhood, on the north side of the road, stands an old wooden house, that yet may become the Mecca of Mormon pilgrims; for here Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet was born, and this was the cradle of Mormonism. Ten miles further on, is the beautiful town of *Binghampton*, at the confluence of the Susquehanna and Chenango rivers, and the Chenango canal connecting Utica ninety-five miles distant. The town derives its name from an original settler, Mr. Bingham, an Englishman, whose two daughters married Alexander and Henry Baring, the distinguished bankers in England, one of whom was made Lord Ashburton. The town is in a thriving condition, having a population of 12,000, numerous churches, and fine buildings, and is the seat of a bustling trade. It is beautiful for situation. Eighteen miles further on is the bustling town of *Owego*, on a river of the same name; it has a population of about 3,000. The next largest town on the line is *Elmira*, distant from New York two hundred and seventy-three miles; it derives its name from some gentleman who called it after his wife. Indeed there are a great many wives and daughters of the same name in America now. Elmira has a population of about

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12,000, with numerous churches, schools, factories, and stores, and is pleasantly situated on the banks of the *Chemung* river.

The French Revolution of 1796 brought Tallyrand and the late Louis Phillipe to America. Having visited the Chanango Valley, where a colony of Frenchmen 26 settled. The young French king and his master made Elmira a transient home.

Eighteen miles beyond this is the beautiful town of *Corning* , on the south side of the Chemung river, and at the foot of a beautiful hill, it has a population of about 2,000 At *Hornersville* , forty miles farther on, a railroad diverges to Buffalo, which forms a connexion with this. Passing through several towns on the line we reached *Olean* , 894 miles from New York. The village is on the bank of the Alleghany river at its junction with *Oil Creek* , and derives its name from the creek, and the creek derives its name from an oil spring in the neighbourhood; so much importance did the Indians attach to the spring, that in deeding their lands to the government they reserved this and a few acres round it. The oil was not then known by the euphonious name of *Petroleum* , nor was it anticipated that it would become the source of wealth and light to millions in the nation and abroad on the European continent. Entering *Chautauque* County the road passes through a well-cultivated country, and the towns of *Hanover*, *Sheridan* , and *Pomfret* to *Dunkirk* on Lake Erie. It Forrestsville, eight miles from Dunkirk, the eye rests on a lovely country, and as the train passes on, Lake Erie with its blue expanse of water appears in view, and in a few moments is next seen the thriving town of *Dunkirk* , the terminus of the New York and Erie railroad, 460 miles from New York City. It has a population of 6,000, with numerous churches, schools, and shops.

In the neighborhood are several oil wells. At the 27 time the writer was crossing the above road, twelve years ago, McLeod, the author of "Harper's Guide. Book," wrote: "There are numerous inflammable gas springs in this county, some of which have been applied to practical and benificent purposes, in the stores, hotels, and public buildings in Fredonia. It is quite probable that ere long, 'natural gas,' as it is commonly called, will be brought into

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more general use.” Since the above was written the author's words have been remarkably fulfilled. Hundreds of wells have been opened. Millions of barrels of petroleum have been drawn from the earth, and sold for millions of dollars. It has been brought into such “*general use*” as to light the homes of millions.

The above writer continues: “Be it for ever remembered, that in the year 1854, a traveller left the waters of the Atlantic Ocean, at the harbour of New York, and sat down in the cars of the Erie railroad. But for the grandeur of the scenery, the stern mountains, the dashing torrents, the deep strong rivers, that kept his attention constantly occupied, we could imagine him sleeping quietly, and utterly forgetful of the power that was carrying him swiftly toward the Pacific, until at Dunkirk, he saw the waters of Lake Erie,” To the above I can subscribe, as I travelled over this road in the above year, and many a time since.

At *Dunkirk* we took the train on the Lake Shore road for Erie, Cleveland and Toledo, and skirted the Lake for fifty miles until we came to Erie, which is a beautiful town in Pennsylvania, on the edge of the Lake; it is also a port of entry for the Lake vessels. It has a population of about 10,000.

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Still continuing in our westward route we came to *Cleveland*, one of the largest cities on the Lake Shore. On a large plain, 100 feet above the level of the lake, the city stands. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are from 80 to 120 feet in breadth. Many of them are shaded with beautiful trees, and adorned with splendid residences. Here several railroads meet, and numerous steamers call. Churches, colleges, schools, and factories make it an important place. It had, in 1860, 48,550 of a population. Porkpacking, ship-building, and the smelting of iron ore are extensively carried on.

Sandusky City, on Sandusky Bay, lies on the road westward in Ohio. The bay is about twenty miles long by six wide, and is a beautiful sheet of water three miles from Lake Erie. It is an important railroad centre, and has a population of 12,000. It was night when we

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reached *Toledo* , a large town on the edge of the Lake. Here several canals and railroads meet. Steamboat and railroad bells kept up a constant ringing, and passengers hastened from one train to another to change cars for different destinations. The city had, in 1860, a population of 13,784. At daylight we were on the Michigan Southern Railroad to Chicago. All the morning we skirted the shore of Lake Michigan, having left Lake Erie behind. The forenoon was very warm, although the 21st October. Here, on our left, I first saw the *Prairies*: they stretched away in the distance as vast natural meadows, with long coarse grass somewhat what bronzed by late frosts. The soil, as we passed through railroad cuttings, looked deep, dark, and rich. 29 Some, hardy autumn flowers still waved in bloom, having escaped the frost, others lay dark and withered. Away in the distance stretched groves of timber, following some meandering stream to the lake. The Prairies of the west are worth travelling thousands of miles to see, for these are destined to be the homes of millions. The farm-houses along the way were generally in the edge of groves, built of wood, and painted white, looked exceedingly neat and beautiful. The houses in the towns along the different roads were separated from each other, and surrounded with small gardens, and the streets planted with shade trees along the side-walks, gave a kind of oriental and tropical appearance to the country. The towns thus built cover an extensive area of ground.

CHICAGO.

Early in the forenoon we arrived in *Chicago* , the garden city of the west, and commercial metropolis of Illinois. It stands at the head of Lake Michigan, at the mouth of the Chicago river. It was the site of Fort Dearborn in 1831. In 1812 it was the scene of a terrible massacre by the Indians of the white inhabitants. In 1829 it was laid out in town lots. In 1840 its population was about 4,000; in 1850, 29,963; in 1854, when I passed through, it was 60,000; in 1860, 109,420; at present, 1867, its population is above 200,000. No city in the United States, or the world, has risen so fast, or increased so rapidly. From the mouth of the St. Joseph River in Michigan, to Milwaukie in Wisconsin, a distance of 250 miles around 30 the lake shore, it is the only port of entry. It is also the commercial centre

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of a territory of thousands of square miles of the richest farming lands in the world. Here about twelve railroads meet or terminate. Here hundreds of vessels load or unload their cargoes, and several lines of steamers start, or arrive in connexion with lake navigation. Ships loaded with grain leave for the lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Atlantic Ocean, and the European markets. Her manufacturing interests are great. Iron foundries, machine shops, mills and factories for the manufacture of flour, paper, and agricultural implements are numerous.

It is the greatest grain mart in the world. In 1862, of wheat alone there was shipped from Chicago 22,902,765 bushels. Large grain elevators built on the bank of the river, or on the shore of the lake on one side, and on the other join the railroad depôts, receive the grain from the freight cars, and at the same time pour it into the ships on the lake. The Illinois Central Railroad grain warehouses can discharge twelve cars loaded with grain; and load two vessels at once, at the rate of 24,000 bushels per hour. In ten hours, with the present convenience, half a million of bushels can be thus handled.

The city is regularly built of streets crossing each other at right angles, some of which are wide and nicely shaded. Lake-street has a magnificent row of buildings on each side, of from five to six stories; the fronts built some of marble, many of iron, and some of brick. The residences on Lake Shore-avenue are of palatial size and grandeur, facing the beautiful expanse of the lake. 31 The churches are numerous, and some of very fine style and structure. The hotels are some of the largest on the Continent. Great changes have taken place in Chicago since I first entered it. Then the streets were low and muddy, the sidewalks boarded and slippery; now the streets are raised, and the sidewalks flagged. By the use of the screw whole houses and entire blocks of houses have been raised. It does not matter whether the buildings are brick, or wood, or stone. In the spring of 1860, a block of thirteen houses, extending 320 feet, some four and five stories, weight 35,000 tons was lifted *four feet eight inches* high by 6,000 screws and 600 men in five days, without

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disturbing a brick, a stone, or a beam in the building, cracking the plaster, removing the furniture, or the residents within, who carried on their business all the time.

The Methodist book-room and publishing house in Washington-street and adjacent church on Clark-street are important centres. In their neighbourhood is Crosby's Opera House, the New Merchant's Hall, and the Court House, all imposing buildings. Griggs and Co.'s Publishing and Book and Stationers' House in Lake-street, claims to be one of the largest book-rooms in the world, being 175 feet in depth by 50 feet in front, and filled from basement to the top stories with books of all classes of literature. Chicago at present is so much altered in appearance from what it was twelve years ago, that one cannot recognize some of the streets or many of the buildings.

The day was intensely close, as if a thunder-storm was coming. As I could not leave by the noon train, 32 I was compelled to wait for the ten o'clock train at night, at which time the rain began to pour. Finding that the Chicago and St. Louis Railroad was the most direct to Bloomington, Illinois, I paid my fare, and took my seat in the train on that road. As the most of the railroads in America are of single track, and the train from St. Louis not arriving according to time, we were compelled to wait the remainder of the night near Joliet, when the train arrived about dawn, and we went on our route. As the shades of night vanished, and the rains ceased, we could get a better view of the country. The *Prairie*—a French word for natural meadows—was about all the eye could see. In places along the track of the railroad we saw the dark rich soil, averaging about three feet deep. The face of the country had the same aspect as we beheld the morning before in Michigan. But now Joliet draws near to view, and the scenery around it appears different: river and stream, hill, dale, stone and timber, make it look more like a European town. It derived its name from the celebrated Frenchman, who was one of the great discoverers of Illinois. It has a large population, and numerous and extensive buildings, a brisk trade, and the location of the state penitentiary.

A few miles farther on we came to *Pontiac* , called after an Indian chief. This town is situated by the south side of a large prairie, and the north of a beautiful grove. *Lexington* , a few miles further still, is a town of above 2,000 population, also north of a grove, and south of a prairie. Fifteen miles farther brings us to the junction of the Illinois Central Railroad, where 33 it crossed the Chicago and St. Louis-road. Then, no house stood near it, but prairie extended on every side; now, a town and population of more than a *thousand* gather round the intersection of the two roads, and the whole country is fenced into farms, dotted with groves of maple and oak, planted with orchards, having comfortable farm-houses and beautiful residences. Two miles brought us farther on to *Bloomington* , the capital of Central Illinois, and one of the most beautiful towns in the United States. Although at this time it looked far from beautiful. The trees were stripped of their foliage, and the streets were filled with mud after the great rain of the preceding night, but possessing the singular property of drying up almost as fast under the warm sun of a succeeding day.

While passing from the station in the omnibus through town, the writer accidentally heard of his father's recent death, and burial on that day. No language can express the depth of sorrow he felt at this sad news, especially when in a few moments after, he knelt in prayer with a widowed mother and a weeping family, and called upon their “ *Father in Heaven.* ” Long had the earthly father wished to see his son, but he died on the day the son landed in New York, and was buried about two hours before he arrived in Bloomington. But our sorrow was not without hope, as his end was more than peaceful—it was *triumphant*. He was greatly respected by the leading citizens. His remains lie in the cemetery between the graves of three little grandchildren who sleep with him, waiting the “Resurrection unto Life.”

CHAPTER III. THE COUNTRY AND ITS RESOURCES.

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT—PHYSICAL ASPECTS AND TERRITORIAL EXTENT
—THE CLIMATE AND ITS VARIATIONS—THE GULF-CURRENT AND ITS EFFECTS—
THE MINERALS AND THE METALS—COAL, IRON, GOLD, SILVER, PETROLEUM.

DISCOVERY AND SETTLEMENT.

About twelve centuries ago, Virgilius, an Irish missionary bishop in Germany, was imprisoned by the pope, for advancing the *idea* that the earth was a sphere instead of a plain, and that the inhabitants of Europe had their antipodes on the other side of the globe. For centuries the idea was almost forgotten with the bishop, but reappeared in the person of a young Genoese, who lived on the shores of the Mediterranean. He rightly inferred that another country lay beyond the “ *dark unknown sea* ” that rolled west of the pillars of Hercules—those gates of Africa and Europe that shut in the old world, and shut out the new. Through years of anxious waiting, and a series of difficulties, he led the way, until his feet stood on the ever-green shore of a West India Isle, when he exclaimed with exuberant delight “ *Gloria in excelsis Dei: ” Glory to God in the highest.* He called the island “ *San Salvador* ,” made a great discovery, found a new world, and changed the highway of commerce from the Arabian Desert, and the Cape of Good Hope to the Atlantic Ocean and the American continent. A shorter way to India was not discovered, but a larger and a richer continent was added by Columbus to those already known.

The discovery of America, the invention of printing, and the great Reformation, were events that followed each other in rapid succession—creating a new era of maritime discovery, scientific knowledge, and religious life. The night of the dark ages was far spent, and the dawn of civilization was begun; the day of freedom and of light was at hand, and the shades of ignorance and of error were fading fast away. The nations that embraced the new light and heavenly life rose to the zenith of power and position in the earth, while those that clung to their ancient errors and former darkness, sank into obscurity and wretchedness, as secondary or tributary powers. England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark

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and Norway, part of the States of Germany, Switzerland and Holland, rose in the scale of nations, while France, Spain, Portugal and Austria descended below it.

Yet the new world, with its virgin soil and primæval forests, was destined to be the city of refuge, the home of freedom, and the Bethel of religion, where the oppressed of all lands, the teachers of science, literature and religion, might find a secure habitation and congenial home.

The spirit of freedom and religion, too much fettered and crushed in Europe, fled to the new world to win her greatest triumphs, to plant sublimer principles, and to build up an empire for humanity and God, where the teachings of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount, might be more fully realized in the *Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man*.

“Westward moved the star of Empire.”

PHYSICAL ASPECTS AND TERRITORIAL EXTENT.

The American Continent is emphatically a land “over-shadowing with wings,” stretching through almost all degrees of latitude, and all zones of climate, from the Arctic regions to the Antarctic circle: nearly as large as Asia, larger than Africa, and more than four times as large as Europe. It stands as a great breakwater of divine decree and formation between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, as if God said to each, “Hitherto shalt thou come but no further.” With Europe on the east, and Asia on the west, and Africa on the south-east, it may become the commercial depôt and telegraphic centre of the world. Of this vast continent more than half is owned by Protestant England and Protestant America. Years ago, popes' bulls gave it to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the kings of Portugal, and the kings of France; but Providence has decreed it otherwise, and it has passed out of their hands to those against whom the pontifical anathemas were directed.

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At the close of the American war of independence the territory of the United States was about 800,000 square miles; now it is *four* times as large as it was then, being 3,250,000 square miles. Then, Florida, 37 Texas, New Mexico, California, and the adjacent territories belonged to Spain; and Louisiana and most of the Mississippi Valley to France. Now, the territory extends from Maine to Florida on the Atlantic coast, and from British Columbia to Lower California on the Pacific, having the great Lakes for the northern boundary, and the Rio Grande and the Gulf of Mexico for the southern. It is about as large as all Europe and an *hundred* times larger than *Ireland*.

“The whole area of the republic, including lakes and rivers, the commissioner sets at 3,250,000 square miles; the population in 1865 at 35,500,000. The public lands comprise the vast quantity of 1,465,468,000 acres, the aggregate surveyed being 474,160,551 acres. From this immense property there were divided freely among all comers in the year ending with June last, or conferred on railroads, schools or colleges, the vast amount of 4,500,000 acres.”

“AFFAIRS OF THE INTERIOR.

“The report of the secretary of the Interior exhibits the condition of those branches of the public service which are committed to his supervision. During the last fiscal year, 4,629,312 acres of public land were disposed of: 1,892,516 acres of which were entered under the homestead act.”

THE CLIMATE AND ITS VARIATIONS.

Between the oak and cedar forests of Maine, Michigan, and Minnesota on the north, and the Coral Reefs of Florida and the cypress swamps of Louisiana on the south, a great difference of climate and temperature exists. Between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the 38 same latitude a great difference is also observed. Close to the Atlantic coasts the Arctic current rolls along, bearing on its surface the icebergs from the pole, while the

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Arctic current of cold air sweeps both sides of the Appalachian ridge, strikes the Rocky Mountains, rebounds and rolls down the Mississippi Valley, cooling the plains of Texas and the islands near the Gulf. The Rocky Mountains that thus turned aside the Arctic winds toward the western States and Mississippi Valley, sheltered the Pacific coast, and made her winter climate in Washington territory and Oregon as mild as that of South Carolina or Georgia on the Atlantic coast.

The sudden changes and transitions of temperature in the western States are often very great, whether viewed by the month or even the day. Thus, the temperature on the 1st and 28th of January, 1864, in Illinois was very different. On the 1st of that month the mercury was 24 below zero, and on the 28th about 82 above. Sometimes we have seen the falling rains gather in pools of water, where, an hour before, there was none; in half an hour after, the pools were so frozen that skaters might skim the surface on solid ice. The trees, which were drenched, were suddenly coated with ice, or bearded with a hoary frost, while from bud and bough icy pendants hung like diamond drops from ladies' ears. The cold winds swept the monarchs of the grove, which bowed in submission to the storm as it passed. The icy branches waving in the breeze made sounds more loud and musical than ten thousand Æolian harps, singing the requiem of the departing summer, or sighing for the approach of advancing spring, when they might be clad again in vernal bloom and floral beauty.

THE GULF CURRENT.

While the Arctic winds and waters thus cooled the coasts and waters of the Gulf, so as to reduce the temperature greatly, another provision of mercy, arising out of these, developed its resources for the benefit of Western Europe. There was a time when the chalk-cliffs of England, the mountains of Wales, the hills of Scotland, and the coasts of Ireland, were covered with icy glaciers as solid, and snows as deep as those which cover Labrador now. Then, the Mississippi Valley was covered with an inland sea, whose frozen surface in the winter bore the granite boulders from the top of the Rocky Mountains, which

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now lie on the bosoms of the Prairies of the West. But the hand of God unbarred the rocky gates, unlocked the frozen sea, and the floods rushed to the Gulf—warmed and expanded beneath a meridian sun—hastened on their mission of mercy to the western coasts of Europe, loosed her ice-bound lakes, thawed her solid glaciers, and changed her climate to a temperature where, in winter, the rose might bud, the primrose bloom, and the daisy live, and man dwell under salubrious skies and on an ever-green shore. While this was going on the Mississippi Valley was draining dry, and preparing to become the home of millions, and the garner of Europe.

The most scientific botanists tell us that the current that thus brought warmth from the Gulf also bore 40 upon its bosom the seeds of plants and flowers that grew on the slopes and bloomed on the shores of the American Continent to the coasts of Ireland. The *pipewort* from South America, the *cinquefoil* from the Rocky Mountains, and the *water-weed* from Canada, attest their transatlantic origin;* while the turkey from Mexico, the potato from Peru, and the maize from the entire continent, brought by the hand of man, have found in the north and south of Europe a congenial climate and an adopted home.

* See *Milner's Gallery of Geography, and Tour of the World*, page 150.

THE MINERALS AND THE METALS.

There was a time when the earth and dry land were covered with primæval forests and dense vegetation, when suddenly they sank, the seas rolled over, the sands rolled in, and ages passed on, and the earth rose again from the watery deep, and grass grows where the sea-weed grew, and flowers bloom where fishes swam, and trees bear fruit, beneath which entombed forests lie in vast coal fields waiting the hand and wants of man.

God spoke again, the earth trembled, the everlasting hills did bow, the earthquake became a laboratory, and the volcano a refining pot, where God refined the silver, purified the gold, and laid it by for the wants and use of man, that in future ages man might, out of the mountains dig brass, and build his roads of iron, and drive his cars by steam, and

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converse by lightning; that the kings of Sheba and Seba might offer gifts in 41 his temple, that the scene of his sanctuary might be beautified, and the place of his feet glorious.

We well remember, in the days of our youth, when we wondered at what Moses wrote, and the Psalmist sang, about “*oil out of the rock*,” and could not find its meaning in any commentator; but the earth was tapped, and oil gushed out from its dark subterranean abodes to light the houses of millions. The “*oil of the rock*” of Moses and David, four thousand years ago, has become in classic English of the nineteenth century, PETROLEUM. The coal fields of Pennsylvania and Illinois are the largest in the world; the mines of California and Nevada the richest; the iron, lead, and copper of Missouri, Illinois, and Michigan the most abundant; and the oil wells of Pennsylvania, Ohio and Canada, the most productive.

The origin of working the coal mines in America is but of recent date, and the progress of development comparatively slow; as timber was so abundant, coal was scarcely needed. In 1775 the first coal was mined in Pennsylvania; in 1860 there were 11,383,992 tons raised for home consumption. The coal fields of America are computed to be thirty-six times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and *three-fourths* the area of the coal producing countries of the world.

The annual product of the varied branches of iron manufactures in the United States yields about £50,000,000, and £1,000,000 revenue to the government. It is computed that there is iron enough in Missouri to furnish 1,000,000 tons annually for the next 200 years. The lead mines of Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, and Iowa employ 42 10,000 men, and yield an annual average of 15,000 tons, valued at £500,000.

The yield of *gold* in the United States, from its first discovery to the present, has been about 11,000,000,000 dollars, or above £2,000,000,000, of which California alone has yielded about the *nine-tenths*. The intrinsic value of which exceeds the debt of the United States by several times. *Petroleum* is said to have been known and used by the

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inhabitants of Sicily, and Zante in Greece; by the Persians, on the shores of the Caspian Sea; by the Burmese, in India; and the colonists of Trinidad, in the West Indies. It was long known to the Indians of North America, who often reserved their “ *oil wells* ” when selling out their lands to the United States Government. Its discovery and use in America, at the commencement of the war was providential, as it afforded light for the homes of the North when the camphene was cut off from the South; and an immense revenue to the United States, when its finances needed such aid.

“The public lands contain large quantities of coal, destined to be of no small importance in the future settlement of the country. There is gold also in unknown quantity. ‘The precious metals,’ says the commissioner, ‘are deposited in three broad belts, stretching across the United States, one known as the ‘Appalachian Gold Field,’ traversing the older States of the Union in a line parallel with the Atlantic coast, and appearing in Virginia and North Carolina; the other as the ‘Rocky Mountain Gold Fields,’ traversing all the more recently organized territories; and the third as the ‘Serra Nevada Gold Field,’ extending through the country bordering on the Pacific. Iron, the most useful of all metals, is at the same time the most generally distributed through the public land, states, and territories, 43 while there is copper in immense quantities in the vicinity of the lakes east of the Mississippi, existing likewise in greater or lesser degree in the region extending from the Mississippi Valley to the Pacific, while lead, tin, and zinc are found in several of the States and territories. The precious metals exist chiefly in California, in Nevada, in north-eastern and south-western Oregon, in Washington Territory, in Idaho, Montana, Colorado, Southern Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona, scattered over an estimated area of 1,000,000 square miles, and now yielding an annual product in gold and silver, according to the best attainable estimates, of over 100,000,000 dollars; California alone having produced in the precious metals since 1848 over 1,000,000,000 dollars, while the developing mines of Nevada, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona are making a large annual addition to the American yield of gold and silver. Petroleum also exist in quantities in the public land west of the Rocky Mountains. One of the most remarkable springs mentioned is situated

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under the ocean, some three miles from the shore, opposite San Luis Obispo, and north of Point Conception, which, in calm weather, is said to cover the surface of the sea with oil for twenty miles; and another curious feature is found about six miles from Los Angeles, in the plain known as Tar Lake, from 50 to 100 feet in diameter, which is filled with oil tar, used by the inhabitants for roofing houses and other purposes.* ”

* From Commissioner Wilson's Report to Congress in 1866.

The exports of petroleum from the United States during the four years of its history are as follows:—

Year. Gallons.

1862, 10,887,701

1863, 28,250,721

1864, 31,792,972

1865, 42,273,508.†

† *Resources and Prospects of America*, also Official Report.

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This, however, is small, compared to the vast quantity used for home consumption. It was estimated that the entire yield of oil for the Pennsylvania district for 1865 amounted to 4,000,000 barrels.

The sudden rise of towns and cities around the oil Wells in Pennsylvania is truly amazing, and the accounts of oil speculation, and the rise and fall of oil speculators form one of the most romantic histories of modern times.

CHAPTER IV. THE FAUNA AND THE FLORA, ZOOLOGY, AND ORNITHOLOGY.

TREES—VARIETY—FORK—SPECIES—LOCATION—USE—MEDICINAL PLANTS AND HERBS—THE PRAIRIE FLORA—INSECTS—ANIMALS—SNAKE CHARMING—BIRDS.

THE FAUNA AND THE FLORA.

The silence and solitude of American forests, the variety of the trees, and extent of the groves have been often referred to. Forests cover both sides of the Alleghany Mountains, and fill the greater portion of the Mississippi Valley, except a few prairies of the western States, and the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. America contains not only the largest rivers, lakes, and mountains, but also the largest trees. "Big tree grove," in the Sierra Mountains, California, is the wonder of all travellers who have seen it. It occupies a level plateau of about 50 acres, 4,500 feet above the sea, and contains some ninety-four trees of the red cedar species. One that had fallen measured 450 feet in length, 110 in circumference, and 33 in diameter. Another stands near it, still growing among others around it; it measures 827 feet in height, and 91 in circumference. It is supposed 46 they are from three to five thousand years old. *Pines* of nearly all descriptions; and red and white *cedar* I have seen on both sides of the lakes and St. Lawrence, in the woods of Canada, and on the hills of Missouri. *Arbor vitæ*, and spruces of various kinds grow luxuriantly, and are prized as ornamental evergreens. Oaks, *black*, *red*, and *white*, are numerous in the western States, and live oak on the Atlantic coast. Black walnut, (*Juglans nigra*) pekan nut, and shell bark hickory (*Carya alba*) are valuable for their wood and fruit.

Maples, *white*, *red*, and *black*, are numerous in the Mississippi Valley. The *red* and *black* maples grow in wet ground and along the banks of rivers. I have known some of them, in a maple grove, in Illinois, to have grown from the seed, from *May* to *November*, *three feet*, and *three feet four inches* in height. But of all these the most beautiful and useful tree is the sugar maple (*Acer saccharinum*) growing to the height of eighty feet, and the

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diameter of three to four feet; it is valued for shade and beauty, and its timber for almost every useful purpose, and for fuel. It is the most beautiful tree in the American forest, or around an American home. It is a beautiful sight in Illinois, Pennsylvania, York State, and Canada, to see in the spring of the year, after a night of frost, the owner of a maple orchard tap the trees, extract the juice in large troughs, which catch the flowing sap, which is carried by the children in pails to the large boiler on the fire in the grove, and reduced to molasses, or to sugar. An idea of the vast quantity of maple sugar made in America, may be obtained from the fact that, in the western counties 47 of Pennsylvania *two millions and a half pounds* are annually made.

There are five species of ash, and two of *elm*. The latter grows very fast and large; the red or slippery *elm* (*Ulmus fulva*) is good for the construction of houses, and its *bark* is exceedingly useful for various diseases. Mulberry (*Morus Rubia*) is a large tree in the west, and its fruit exceedingly fine. The wild cherry is good for household furniture, and its *fruit* and *bark* are used for bitters instead of *quinine*.

Papaw and *Persimon* are esteemed by many for their fruit. Chesnut on the Atlantic coast, and hazel all over the west, are abundant. *Beech*, *birch*, and *linden*, or *bass wood*, are very numerous, (*Catalpa Cordifolia*) is beautiful in blossom and leaf, and so is the locust. But perhaps the most useful of all the trees is the *osage orange*, (*Maclura aurantiaca*), a small thorny tree, which grows in Arkansas and Texas, with thorns larger than the hawthorn, and a fruit or seed like an orange. It is now extensively cultivated in Illinois, for seed and fence. It stands the summer heats and winter frosts well, and may live, after repeated cuttings and prunings, for centuries. When I went to America, twelve years ago, I found a prejudice against it; but from what I knew of the tree, I advised farmers everywhere to plant it. Now the effort to obtain the young plants for hedge fence is remarkable. Every farmer wants to plant it. The time is not far distant when this plant will be worth *millions* to the western States alone, and supersede everywhere the costly rail fence made of wood. When the vast prairies of Illinois shall be brought under cultivation, 48 and farms and fields hedged with this plant, it shall be as one vast garden. One other

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tree, the crab or *wild apple* , I mention for its *bloom, beauty* , and *fragrance* in May, and its fruit in winter. For miles its delicious odour scents the summer air and leafy grove. *Wild plums* , grapes, and strawberries are numerous, and many of the grapes valuable as *fruit*.

“With all this boundless wealth of land, one economic evil begins to loom up to the future before the farmers. The trees are being used up, the demand is rapidly on the increase, and the supply is diminishing; and the settlements are approaching the treeless regions of the plains. The commissioner recommends urgent steps to check this increasing evil. Trees, it is believed, of some sort can grow anywhere in the United States where man will settle. It is urged, accordingly, on all western farmers to begin the planting of woods, as has already been so successfully done in Ohio; and the Bureau recommends the amending of the Homestead Law so as to compel every settler on treeless localities to plant trees, and to require United States surveyors to plant seeds of trees in the wastes where they are surveying. It is also suggested that Indian agencies and military posts should be required to enclose small spaces for groves. These recommendations appear to be judicious and practicable.”*

* Commissioner Wilson's Report to Congress in 1866.

Thus, from the shores of the Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic sea board to far beyond the Mississippi, extended one vast series of forests, excepting the intervening prairies of Illinois and Iowa, with 140 different species of trees and plants. This whole region, of once unbroken forest, may be divided into three divisions: the *first* extending from 60° to 44°, the *second* from 44° to 35°, the *third* from 35° to 27°, in Florida and along the gulf coast, where the tropical takes the place of the temperate. These again might be subdivided by the Alleghany Ridge, on either side of which the same trees are not found, as the chesnut, the holly (*Ilex opaca*) and the mountain laurel, do not grow in the western States in the Great Valley.

MEDICINAL HERBS AND PLANTS

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Are very numerous, and highly useful. The roots of the *Sassafras* are dug, boiled, and made into tea, and drunk for the cleansing of the blood, in February and March. It makes a sweet and pleasant tea, especially for those that axe used to it. The blood root, (*sanquinaria canadensis*) is an emetic and purgative; dogwood (*Cornies Florida*) a substitute for Peruvian bark; *Feverwort* , an emetic; tulip tree, *American senna* , is cathartic; *Geranium Maculatum* , is an astringent; *Lobelia inflata* , commonly called Indian tobacco, is one of the most powerful *emetics* , and very extensively used, although a severe medicine; *Ipecacuanha* , sweet fern, as a tonic; *May Apple* is cathartic; *snake root* is extensively used, and so the sweet *flagg* ; pink root (*Spigelia*) is a good vermifuge; wild ginger and *senaca root* are extensively used; bone-set (*Eupatorium perfoliatum*) is a very popular, though severe medicine; blackberry (*Rubus villosus*) has become one of the most powerful astringents and useful medicines in the country for bowel diseases, especially for children in the summer and autumn months. Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolium*) is largely used, D 50 and much of it exported to China; *Stramonum* , in the gimsin weed, is a powerful narcotic. It grows extensively along the sides of the roads, and in waste places about old buildings. All of the above, with many others, I have seen in the woods and prairies of Illinois and the West.

THE FLORA

In the woods and on the prairies is very extensive. Many of the flowers, as hot-house plants of Europe, I have met in wild profusion in America. The roses are really magnificent; but while in general more beautiful looking, and of greater luxuriance, they have not as sweet a fragrance nor as delicate hues as in Europe, the sun being often too hot, and the climate too dry. Several flower seeds I brought to the West, grew much larger there than in Ireland. Ten years ago I introduced the *Bygonya* , or resurrection plant. It now grows to magnificent proportions, and is greatly admired at the horticultural fairs.

In the summer months a vast profusion of wild flowers adorn the prairies of Illinois and of the West. These can be easily seen from the carriage window of the train, on which you

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are going at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and as far as the eye can reach. But to admire the flowers, the florist must walk these natural meadows, or drive through them with horse and buggy to see them. A vivid sketcher has thus described them.

"I stand in an open plain. I turn my face to the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west, and on all sides behold the blue circle of the heavens girdling me around. Nor rock, nor tree, breaks the ring of the horizon. What covers the broad expanse between? Wood—water—grass? No; flowers! As far as my eye can range, it rests only on flowers; on beautiful flowers! I am looking as on a tinted map, an enamelled picture, brilliant with every hue of the prism. Yonder is golden yellow, where the helianthus turns her dial like face to the sun; yonder scarlet, where the malva erects its red banner. Here is a parterre of the purple monarda; there the euphorbia sheds its silver leaf; yonder the orange predominates in the showy flowers of the *asclepias*; and beyond, the eye roams over the pink blossoms of the cleome. The breeze stirs them. Millions of corallas are waving their gaudy standards; the tall stalks of the helianthus bend and rise in long undulations, like billows on a golden sea. They are at rest again. The air is filled with odours, sweet as the perfumes of Araby or Ind. Myriads of insects flap their gay wings; flowers of themselves. The bee birds skeir around, glancing like stray sunbeams, or poised on whirring wings, drink from the nectared cups; and the wild bee, with laden limbs, cling among the honeyed pistils, or leaves, for his far hive with a song of joy.

Who planted these flowers? Who hath woven them into these pictured parterres?—Nature. It is her richest mantle; richer in its hues than the scarfs of cashmere. This is the 'Weed-prairie.' It is misnamed—It is the garden of God!"

ZOOLOGY AND ORNITHOLOGY.

Insect, *animal*, and *ornithological* life in America is curious and instructive. A brief passing notice will suffice here. Of insects, naturalists reckon above six thousand species in the United States, of which one third are considered voracious, the rest harmless. Before the

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discovery of America their reign of power 52 during the summer months in the primæval forest and large prairies was undisturbed. Since then myriads have perished, whole species have disappeared, and some new ones have been introduced from Europe and Asia by the importation of grain. The common house-fly is numerous from July to October in the houses, and may be of more use than harm. In the forests, swamps, and river-towns swarms of mosquitoes annoy considerably. *Locusts* are sometimes heard in trees with their buzzing song, but it is only occasionally they are so numerous as to do harm. *Crickets*, *grasshoppers* and *cockroaches* are numerous, and often annoying. Frogs are sure to introduce summer with a chorus of song, and the crickets as certain to close it with another. The former are heard in every prairie pond, the latter in every patch of weeds or shred of grass along the roads. One species sings all night in July and August: the song is pleasant though monotonous. This insect takes its common name from the notes of its song, which it repeats shrill, loud, and sharp, *Katy-did*, from night to morning. *Grasshoppers* are generally troublesome, sometimes especially so, as they devour fields of grain and grass. Last summer, the western papers described the grasshoppers in Kansas so numerous as to cover miles of the railroad track, and in one or two instances to have lain so deep as to stop the locomotive and train. The *black ant* will average an inch in length, and is a very strong insect, and troublesome when sugars and fruit-preserves are about the house. In Central and South America they are sometimes formidable, when they set out on a migratory tour of a mile in length, and about ten feet in breadth, led by foragers and leaders who act as scouts to this army of terror. Woe to the insect or animal that crosses their path in their journey, whether bee or buffaloe, rattlesnake or boa-constrictor. In a moment the animal is covered with myriads of ants, and in an hour picked to the bones. When apprized of their advance, the people open their doors and windows and retreat to the woods, and let these scavengers enter in, which soon clear the premises of toads, frogs, mice, centepedes, snakes, and every noisome thing, and foul film of corrupt matter, and then leave for some other destination. The inmates may return, and find their habitations cleansed of every noxious thing.

Butterflies are of every size, form, and color. Bees are one of the most important insects in the south west, and honey one of the great luxuries. In former times the early settlers obtained a great deal of honey from the wild honey-bee. At present the bee culture and honey trade are very extensive. One gentleman, near where I lived last September, expected to realize £140 from his honey for that season alone.

The *army worm* , and a variety of other insects are terribly destructive of vegetation. Whole fields of wheat, meadow, maize, or oats, I have seen swept by them in a short time; hence, on their appearance on the blades of grass or stalks of maize, the farmers look to their crops with anxiety for their safety.

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ANIMALS.

The *black bear* of Winconsin and Canada, and grisly. bear of the Rocky Mountains, are becoming more scarce, while the buffalo roams over the plains. There are also the Rocky Mountain *sheep*, *goat* , and *elk* , all different from other species. The moose deer of the Hudson's Bay territory I have seen stand nine feet high. The common deer were numerous in the western States, and are still found in Illinois on the prairies in summer, and in the woods in winter. The prairie *wolf* and *racoon* are still numerous; the fox and hare are scarce, but rabbits are everywhere. The brown rat has driven away the old black rat, and now occupies the place. These animals sometimes increase so fast in Illinois as to become a great nuisance: the soil is so easy to burrow in, and the corn so plenty for food, that the farmers have had to poison them in stables, houses, and fields. Whole fields of corn have been eaten up by them, by pulling up the young plant and eating the seed at the root. In 1856 hundreds of acres of maize were thus destroyed by them in Illinois. *Minks* and *polecats* frequent the barns at night to get at the fowl. Both are valuable for their skins, but the *polecat* is avoided on account of its fetid odour. The dog that attacks it is seized with vomiting, and gives up the fight. The person that pursues it, if leeward of the animal, is soon made to retreat, and seized with sickness of the stomach, gives up the

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chase. A friend of mine pursued one of these animals one evening on the prairie under circumstances like the above; the result was, he had to bury his clothes before he could 55 come near society. Squirrels, *black* and *red* , are very numerous, bounding through the woods everywhere, climbing the trees, and sitting on a branch chattering and cracking nuts. They are very much admired as delicious food by the people. I have seen *snakes* of nearly all kinds, from the small to the large rattlesnake of thirteen rattles, indicating as many years of age; the *mocassin* sitting on logs in the water, and the broad-headed *viper* crawling along the road, and the *blue racer* bounding through the prairie with the speed of a horse; and the *bull snake* , formidable in size, though not in poison. Returning from visiting a family on a prairie near Bloomington, Illinois, I saw the house-dog running a circle, and barking furiously around one spot. Drawing nearer, I heard the *hiss* of the snake, and soon saw a large one coiled up with his head elevated, hissing and snapping at the dog, which was trying to kill it. As we drew near, the dog became more bold and the reptile more frightened, and was about to retreat, when the dog leaped in and caught it by the back of the neck, and kept biting and shaking it for some time until the snake died. We measured it: it was nearly *six feet* long. Dogs appear to have instinctive dread of snakes, and are very cautious in fighting them; hence, whenever a dog seizes a snake, he bites and shakes the reptile to keep it from biting him.

SNAKE CHARMING.

Not long after, while visiting some friends near Bath, on the Illinois river, I went out one morning to pull 56 wild strawberries, which grew in abundance in a field near the house. While stooped I heard noise among the hazel-brush in the front of me. I went over to see what it was, and beheld a large rabbit with bloody ears as if fighting. While pondering what it meant, the rabbit solved my wonder by jumping on a large snake that lay coiled between the rabbit and me. New, thought I, I will see *snake charming* , of which I have read much in books. I fixed my eyes on the objects before me with intense interest, to wait the result of this snake-charming process. I did not wait long until I was more confounded than enlightened, for I soon saw the rabbit was the antagonist, and the snake the defendant.

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With wonderful agility the rabbit leaped on the head of the snake, tried to tear him with its hinder feet, and then jump off and retreat, only again to return and repeat the same operations with intervals of moments between. Nor was the reptile idle: for, as the rabbit was again advancing to attack the snake, the latter cunningly changed his position, and advanced to meet the rabbit from under cover, and before the latter was aware, he was bit by the snake on the ear or the breast until it bled profusely. Understanding now the whole case clearly, I called on the friends within to come out and see the snake-fight. Soon a group of the descendants of Eve gathered round, and the snake, as if conscious of the old enmity between the *genius homo* and his species, prepared to leave, while the rabbit became bolder by our presence, and drew nearer as we advanced, as if appealing to us with his bleeding breast and ears. The appeal was not in vain, for all our 57 sympathies were enlisted on its side, and I prepared to be the defender of his cause. I looked around for as long a stick as I could get, for a son of St. Patrick prefers fighting a snake at more than arms length, and with as long a pole as he can strike with. On finding a stick, and lifting it to strike, I found his snakeship was gone. As I was advancing on one side of a tree in pursuit, I suddenly saw the snake coming round the other side to attack me; the creature's eyes fairly flashed with rage. I drew back, raised the pole, and brought it down on him, almost burying him in the soft ground with the first stroke, another and another followed, until the reptile lay dead on the ground. We then measured him; he was about six feet in length, and proportionately large. In looking round we found the *rabbit's nest* of young ones, with one of them dragged out by the snake, and dead: this was the cause of the combat. My serious conviction is, that one half of the stories of snake charming are *mistakes*, and simply occur under similar circumstances. The above will serve as a key to solve many of them.

ORNITHOLOGY.

Charles Bonaparte, and Audibon have given much attention to the ornithology of America. The latter has spent years of patient toil in studying the habits of American birds, and has profusely illustrated his subject by one of the most valuable and costly works on

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American ornithology. The *bald eagle* is the standard bird of America, and appears on the standard colors and the stamped coins of gold and silver, as a national 58 bird. One of these I have seen borne by a Wisconsin regiment through the campaigns in the late civil war, in and out of battle. The American turkey, wild in its native state in the woods, is one of the finest looking birds I ever saw. It is considerably larger than the domestic, and both are larger than the European. The latter was introduced from Mexico. I have seen this bird, in its native state in the woods, stand nearly four feet high, with a golden hue on its neck like a peacock. Birds of prey are numerous. There is a great variety of owls, hawks, bats, and buzzards, which live on prey, or decomposed flesh. Hundreds of the turkey buzzard (a large bird) scent carrion for miles in the distance. In mid-air they hover in circling flight, and then pounce down on the carcass. *Cranes* are of *two* kinds, the common, which in America is scarce, and the Sandhill crane, a very large bird, standing above four feet high, and nearly six across the wings. *Swans*, black and white, are occasionally seen; geese, brants, ducks, wigeon, tail, are all very numerous, especially the three first; grouse, partridge, quail, and pheasants are abundant, especially the grouse and quail; the former is commonly called prairie chicken, and is of a lighter color and larger size than the European grouse. The male bird wears a tuft of feathers each side of his neck; these cover a naked skin, which in the courting season becomes inflated like the ears of a rabbit, or the wings of a cupid. At that time they also make a peculiar noise like the beat of a drum, which may be heard for miles, on a May morning, in Illionis. It is the *love-coo* of the bird. Turtle doves are very numerous 59 in the summer in the northern States; in winter they emigrate to the south. They are almost tame, and frequent the roads and woods. Quails are caught by thousands in the winter, during snow storms. The wild pigeon is also very numerous; sometimes, and in some places, their flight has darkened the air, and thousands of them have been caught and cooked for food. All kinds of domestic water fowl are inferior to those of Europe, while the domestic land fowl are superior in flesh and food. Around a farm house, roosting on the trees, are often found from three to five hundred hens, and baskets of their eggs are gathered in the stables every spring morning. American birds, although beautiful in plumage, are inferior in song to the European; yet

the large robin, the oriole and the trush mocking bird, cheer the spring mornings with their song; and the *whipperwell* , the summer night. A large variety of humming birds are also to be seen.

CHAPTER V. THE SOUTH AND WEST, THE FUTURE FIELD OF EMIGRATION.

THE SOUTHERN STATES UNDEVELOPED—SLAVERY HINDERED—CONTRAST BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH—AREA—SOIL—CLIMATE—POPULATION—RESOURCES—UNIMPROVED LANDS—THE WAR OPENED THE COUNTRY TO SETTLEMENT—TEXAS—NEW MEXICO—ARIZONA—THE WEST—MISSOURI—IOWA—WISCONSIN—MINNESOTA—DACOTAH—WYOMING AND MOUTANA—KANSAS AND NEBRASKA—COLORADA—UTAH—NEVADA—IDAHOE—WASHINGTON TERRITORY—OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

THE SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST.

The South and Southern States have never been developed. The four millions of slaves that toiled in her fields only raised cotton, sugar and tobacco. The eight millions of whites did nothing. There were no manufactures worth naming. Almost every manufactured thing was imported: corn was brought from Illinois, wheat from Ohio, and manufactured articles came from Old or New England. The slave States of the South possessed an area nearly as large as the North, had a finer climate, richer soil, and older settlement; yet, in the race of progress, they came far behind those of the North.

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Lands on either side of the dividing line, between slavery and freedom, were greatly different in value. For instance, those north of the Potomac and Ohio in the free States were *thrice* the price of those south in the land of bondage. Thousands even fled from the thraldom of the South to the free North, while the wave of European population passed by the South and filled up the North, turning its waste places into fruitful fields. The white population of the South was almost stationary, while the increase belonged principally to

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the slaves, who were bred for the purposes of merchandize. From 1850 to 1860 the gain of the population of the South was as 27·33 per cent., while that of the North during the same period was as 41·24 per cent.: nearly double.

In 1790 Virginia had double the population of New York. In 1860 the population of New York was more than double that of Virginia, while the value of church property in New York, in 1860, was *ten* times more than that of Virginia in the same year. But this contrast will appear more striking still, if we extend the comparison to slave and free States. In 1790 the area of the slave and free States were nearly equal, so were their populations; but in 1860 the population of the free States was more than double that of the slave States.

In 1860 the value of *farm land* in the *free* and *slave* states was as 3 to 1; of produce, nearly 3 to 1; of copies of the press issued, as 6 to 1. Portion of the white population unable to read, in the North, in 1860, 8·21; in the South, 17·03.

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Such a state of things could not always exist. If the disparity between South and North was so great in the above particulars at the commencement of the war, the difference was still greater in morals; but a veil must be drawn over these for the present. The bosom of destruction has passed over Virginia, the mother of slavery, and the States that shared with her in that sin, have suffered with her in her afflictions. It was impossible to rid the nation of this incubus, and these southern States of this moral leprosy, without the scourge of war! It was God's amputating knife to cut out the *cancer* that was destroying the life of the nation. The operation, though severe, has been effected. The wound is still bleeding, through the protracted struggle between the President and Congress, which must inevitably result in the colored population obtaining their *rights* as well as freedom; until then the land shall have no peace, for millions of her children have not their rights secured. When that is done, the land shall have rest through all her borders. Then, when the southern people practically obey the Ten Commandments and the teachings of the

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Lord's Prayer, they shall prosper. When the principles of the Sermon on the Mount are carried out toward the colored race, when the South shall treat those, who were lately her slaves with legal and political right, when she shall repent of her sin, and open her heart and her country to freedom, and defend the Union man, then shall capital flow in, and the hardy sons of the North enter, and in connexion with their brethren of the South, develop its immense resources, and future generations will bless God that the curse of slavery has been removed.

With a finer climate and a richer soil than the North, the South will open to the rush of emigration, her natural resources shall be developed, her commercial relations shall be extended, and Richmond and Charleston may yet vie with New York and Boston. None worked in her States but the slaves; these simply raised three articles, sugar, cotton, tobacco. If the slaves raised in 1860, 5,000,000 bales of cotton, in 1870 they may raise more than double that, when paid for their labour. If the landed property and *products* of the South were equal to the North, the South and its products would be worth 5,859,246,616 dollars, equal to £1,172,000,000 more than it is, such is the difference slavery has made between North and South.*

* Such is the estimate given by Governor Walker, himself a southern man.

To show the vast capabilities and further prospects of the South, the following facts are presented.

With an area of 61,352 square miles,

Acres.

Virginia has unimproved lands 19,679,215

Tennessee, " " 18,873,828

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Alabama, " " 12,718,821

Arkansas, " " 7,590,393

Florida, " " 2,266,015

Georgia, " " 18,587,782

Kentucky, " " 11,591,058

Louisiana, " " 6,591,468

Mississippi, " " 10,773,929

N. Carolina, " " 17,245,685

S. Carolina, " " 11,623,859

Total in the South, 132,441,998

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What a vast opening is here for future millions to till and develop the resources of this great country. If, in connexion with the agricultural development of so vast a country, there be counted commercial and manufacturing interests, scientific and literary institutions, and the increase of churches, what a grand future is yet before the South! "With the destruction of the monopoly of slave labour, free labour will hasten from all parts of the civilized world, to assist in developing various and immeasurable resources which have hitherto lain dormant. The eight or nine States nearest the Gulf of Mexico have a soil of exuberant fertility, a climate friendly to long life, and can sustain a denser population than is found as yet in any part of our country; and the future influx of population to them will be mainly from the North, or from the most cultivated nations of Europe. From the sufferings that have attended them in our late struggle, let us look away to the future, which is sure to be

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laden for them with greater prosperity than has ever before been known. The removal of the monopoly of slave labour is a pledge that those regions will be peopled by a numerous and enterprising population, which will vie with any in the Union in compactness, inventive genius, wealth and industry.”— (*Presidential Message*).

TEXAS.

Beyond the Mississippi, and west of Louisiana, lies the extensive State of *Texas*, spreading along the Gulf coast, and separated from Mexico by the Rio Grande. This vast territory covers an area of 237,321 square 65 miles, having a mild and delicious climate, remarkably healthy, especially in the western parts of the State. Its seasons are marked by wet and dry periods, the first lasting from December to March, and the second from March to December. During the heat of summer, cooling breezes blow from the south almost without interruption. In winter, ice is seldom seen except in the northern part of the State. From the Gulf Coast there is a gradual rise toward the mountainous regions of the west, where the rivers rise and flow down toward the coast.

Three regions mark the surface of this vast State. The first extends along the coast, and inwards from 50 to 100 miles. The aspect is low and level, but free from lagoons or swamps. Broad woodlands fringe the rivers, between which there are extensive and rich pastures. The second region is the largest of the three, extending inland from 150 to 200 miles, and is a rich undulating prairie, interspersed with beautiful groves that look like islands in the sea of prairie around. Here temperate and tropical plants may grow in luxuriance, and vast herds of buffalo, deer and horses roam over the plains. The third region is that of the mountainous country called the “ *Sierra Madre*. ” Minerals and metals abound in yet unknown quantities, because not much developed.

The population of Texas in 1860 was 601,039. A country *four* times is large as Great Britain, and so rich in soil and salubrious in climate will yet sustain millions of a population. Sometimes two harvests may be gathered, as the first is reaped in May and the E 66

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second in September. During the late civil war most of the cattle that fed the Confederate army were brought from the plains of Texas. When the Mississippi was opened, and Texas taken by the Union army, that source of supply was cut off, and the confederacy did not long survive it. It is great for the production of cattle, corn and cotton.

NEW MEXICO.

To the west of Texas lies *New Mexico* , with an area of 121,201 square miles, and a population of 28,000. If this territory is not as rich in pasture lands and agricultural fields as Texas, it is much more so in mineral resources, Stupendous ranges of mountains divide it from east to west. On the eastern side of these slopes a large quantity of good farming land is to be found; but back in and beyond the mountains there is a large quantity that can never be productive. The climate is very mild, and the winters short. Wheat is raised extensively, and fruits of all kinds abound. There are mines of gold, silver, copper, and iron. The gold mines are in Placer Mountain, twenty-seven miles south-east from Santa Fee, the capital; also at San Jos# and at Fort Stanton.

The silver mines are in San Adelia and Stevenson, in Organ Mountain, and the copper and iron in Hanover, Santa Rita, San Jos# and Jures. It is supposed that some of these mines were worked two centuries ago by Mexicans and Spaniards.

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Between New Mexico and California lies the new territory of *Arizona* , with an area of 120,912 square miles, and a population of 15,000. The name is, probably, derived from the Aztic Indians, and was called Arizuma by the Spaniards. As early as 1687 the Jesuit missionaries settled here, and flourished under the old Spanish Empire, but declined under the Mexican Republic. The climate is delightful, except on the Gila and Colorado rivers, where it is hot. Snow seldom falls: the winters are very mild. To raise agricultural productions here, irrigation is necessary, as in Utah. Secretary McCormic Says, "While it has much barren and desolate country, I undertake to say that no mineral region belonging

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to the United States, not excepting California, has, in proportion to its extent, more arable, pastoral and timber lands.”

The mines are found in *Pima*, *Yuma*, *Mojave* , and *Yarapai* counties. The Land Office Report, sent to Congress in 1863, says, “That Arizona is believed be stocked with mineral wealth beyond that of any territory of equal extent.” Its yield of gold for 1864 was 25,761 dollars.

Having glanced at the South and South-west, a brief description of the North-western States on either side of the Rocky Mountains, from the Mississippi river to the Pacific coast, may close this chapter. *Missouri* lies between southern Illinois on the east and Kansas on the west, with an area of 65,000 square miles and 43,000,000 acres. In the south-east much of the land is poor in soil, but rich in minerals—iron, lead and 68 copper. To the west and north the lands are rich and the climate pleasant. Here are many farms for sale and lands for purchase at cheap rates. North of Missouri lies *Iowa* , along the west bank of the Mississippi, with an area of 55,914 square miles, colder in climate than Missouri, it is richer in soil, and more productive in *grain* and *grass*. Between Lake Michigan on the east and the Mississippi on the west, extends the State of *Wisconsin* , with an area of 53,924 square miles, with a soil as rich as Iowa, and forests much larger, with 1,000 miles of railroad, and millions of acres yet open for settlement. On the other side of Wisconsin, and stretching north to the British line, is the State of *Minnesota* , first discovered by Father HENEPIN, a Franciscan friar, who ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony. It is a land cold in winter and pleasant in summer; a land of rivers and streams; of hills, valleys, and groves. Here through the summer many invalids repair for the recovery of their health, most of whom return with sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and buoyant steps. It has a population of 250,000, and 84,000 square miles, 2,000,000 acres of which are only yet brought into cultivation.

Extending westward from Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains are the territories of *Dacotah*, *Wyoming* , and *Montana* , covering an area of 352,000 square miles, rich in metals and

minerals of the most valuable kind. The mines of Montana alone yielding from 1st July, 1865, to July, 1866, above 30,000,000 dollars in gold. To the west of Missouri and Iowa lie the two States of *Kansas* and *Nebraska* , both remarkably identified with

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CHAPTER VI. ILLINOIS, THE GARDEN STATE.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE NORTH-WEST—ILLINOIS THE CENTRAL AND GARDEN STATE—TERRITORIAL EXTENT AND COMMERCIAL FACILITIES—RAPID INCREASE OF POPULATION AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE—NATURAL RESOURCES—ASPECTS, SOIL, MINERALS—AGRICULTURE—FARMING—STOCK—LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS ADVANTAGES, ETC.

In the late political contest for power in the United States, the North-west took a leading part, and, in the struggle for national unity and preservation, led the van. In the future government of the country she will occupy the front position, and between the North and South hold the casting vote and balance of power. In the midst of this territory, Illinois occupies a central position, and, because of its beauty and fertility, is called the “ *Garden State*. ”

Illinois is 378 miles long by about 200 miles wide, and stretches between the parallels of 37° and 42½° N., with an area of 55,409 square miles, and 36,400,000 acres, all of which is tillable, but about 2,500,000 acres. It is larger than England, nearly twice as large as Ireland, and larger than *eight* of the original *thirteen* States of the Union, namely: New Hampshire, Vermont, 70 dollars. *Washington Territory* and *Oregon* , on the Pacific coast, are fertile farming regions. *California* is known the world over for its *gold*, *grain* and *fruit*: its gold yielding above 1,000,000,000 dollars; its wheat from 60 to 80 bushels to the acre; its fruit, 800 lbs. grapes to the one vine; its cedar trees above 300 feet in height by 30 in diameter, and 110 in circumference. It has an area of 158,887 square miles, and one of the finest climates, and a population of 500,000.

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with all parts of the United States; and her telegraphic system with the American continent, Europe and the Old World; so that news of the battle of Sadowa, last June, was read in the papers and placarded on the streets of the cities of Illinois before the sun set on the same day.

INCREASE OF POPULATION, AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE.

No State or country ever exhibited such a rapid increase of population as Illinois, especially during the last twelve years. In 1850 it was 851,470; in 1854, 1,000,000; in 1865, 2,148,178; at present, in 1867, it is about 2,500,000. In fifteen years, from 1850 to 1865, she gained 1,296,708; and during the *twelve* years that 73 I have resided in the State she has gained about *one million and a-half* of people. During the four years of the war, after sending 258,000 men to battle, her population increased 436,227. This addition to the population of the State in five years was more than the entire population of California in fifteen years, with all her gold fields.

It is not then to be wondered at, that a State so circumstanced in population, wealth, commerce, and natural resources, should take a leading part in the great conflict that agitated the whole country. Providence decreed it so! It was in this State that the republican party first arose that overthrew the democracy at the ballot-box, carried on the war, crushed the rebellion, and now rules and governs the country. It was here that the largest State contingent of the Union army arose, and went forth to conquer as a band of more than a *quarter of a million* of men, 258,000. It was here that Abraham Lincoln arose, the emancipator of 4,000,000 slaves, and the deliverer of his country, and for which he lost his life. Here arose Grant, who led the Union army to victory and conquest.

"FACE OF THE COUNTRY.

"The profile of the country, adjacent to the Illinois central railroad, does not present one uniform dead level, but a succession of gentle undulations and depressions which have been not inaptly compared to the swells of the ocean. The culminating points, which are

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in the north-western part of the State, attain an elevation of about 800 feet above the Ohio river at Cairo, and about 400 feet above the level of Lake Michigan. The valleys are valleys of denudation, 74 cutting through the superficial deposits, and occasionally exposing the rocky strata beneath; while from the main channels start numerous ravines, like the intervals between the fingers when the hand is extended. These are everywhere bordered with timber, and occasional isolated clumps are seen, known in the language of the country as groves; while the plains are clothed with a luxuriant growth of prairie grass. The Chicago branch, 250 miles in length, runs through the Grand Prairie, which, with the exception of occasional groves, presents an almost interminable plain, of which the natural product is prairie-grass. Here the similitude of the ocean becomes more striking. The timber belts resemble wooded shores, while the clumps may be likened to islands rising up from a wide expanse of waving green.

“The surface is covered with superficial materials consisting of yellow loam, blue clay, the latter always subordinate, sand and pebbles, rudely stratified, with occasional boulders of granite, upon which reposes a rich vegetable mould from eighteen inches to two feet thick, constituting an almost inexhaustible supply of nutriment for crops, for all time.

“The swales, or sloughs (provincially *slues*), as well as the more level portions of the prairie, contain a dark sandy soil, intermixed with much organic matter; while along the streams and ravines the soil is a light yellow loam. These distinctive differences are well understood by every settler, and the term ‘prairie soil’ to him conveys a precise meaning.”

Many have supposed that the large prairies were once covered with timber, but that the fires burned the forests down, when in their place arose prairie-grass. This is a mistake; for nothing but grass ever covered those slopes since the time they were drained of water.

“The prairies result from the character of the soil, 75 and their origin is no more of a mystery than that of the steppes of northern Asia, the Pampas of Brazil, or the Llanos of Venezuela. In many places the soil must be enriched with different soils, or mixed with

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organic matter; but Nature has provided all these in Illinois as *sand*, *clay*, and *lime*. The proportion of clay varies from 18 to 64 per cent.; of sand, from 25 to 75 per cent.; and of lime, from 1.3 to 3.3 per cent.; but what is most note-worthy with regard to them, is the remarkably fine state of Subdivision in the particles. The soil, when dried and crushed, crumbles into an almost impalpable powder, and hence is in the best condition to afford nutriment to plants.

“Most soils, too, require the addition of organized matter, or manures, to preserve their fertility. In England, and in the Atlantic States, this annual application of manures often costs more per acre than the fee of the Illinois lands. The mechanical analysis of these soils shows that there is present from 5 to 10 per cent. of organic matter, while the chemical analysis indicates from .18 to .33 per cent. of nitrogen. It would take a half century of cropping to exhaust this accumulation of organic matter.

“Mr. James Caird, M. P., the Times Commissioner of Agriculture, and the highest agricultural authority in England, in the fall of 1858, passed over the lands adjacent to the Illinois central railroad, and after speaking of the inexhaustible fertility of the soil, he proceeds to add:

““Its chemical composition has been ascertained for me by Professor Voelcker, consulting chemist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, to whom I sent four samples of prairie soil for analysis, brought by me from different and distant points of the lands belonging to the Illinois central railway company. They bear out completely the high character for fertility which practice and experience had already proved these soils to possess. The most noticeable feature in the analysis, as it appears to me, is the very huge quantity of nitrogen which each of these soils contains, nearly twice as much as the most fertile soils of Britain. In each case, taking the soil at an average depth of ten inches, an acre of these prairies will contain upwards of three tons of nitrogen, and as a heavy crop of wheat with its straw contains about fifty-two pounds of nitrogen, there is thus a natural store of ammonia in this soil sufficient for more than a hundred wheat crops. In Dr.

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Voelcker's words, 'it is the large amount of nitrogen, and the beautiful state of division, that impart a peculiar character to these soils, and distinguish them so favorably.' They are soils upon which flax, I imagine, could be grown in perfection, supposing the climate to be otherwise favorable. *I have never before analyzed soils which contained so much nitrogen, nor do I find any record of soils richer in nitrogen than these.*"

"MINERAL RESOURCES.

"Although the greater portion of the country contiguous to the Illinois central railroad, consists of rich undulating prairie, yet at various points the streams have cut through the superficial deposits, and laid bare the subjacent rocks, revealing and rendering accessible those materials, so useful to our comforts and conveniences.

"The Illinois central railroad passes over all of those systems of rock, which are included between the Lower Silurian and the Upper Carboniferous. For more than two-thirds of the distance, the underlying rocks consist of shales, sandstones and limestones, belonging to the coal-measures. Whether they constitute an unbroken assemblage of strata, dipping towards a common centre, or, like the Appalachian coal-field, are arranged in a series of corrugations, is a problem yet to be solved.

" *Coal.* —This important combustible will be found so widely distributed throughout the prairie region of Illinois, that the absence of densely wooded tracts will subject the settler to no serious inconvenience. The Illinois central railroad company, with an ample supply of wood at their command, at a cost not exceeding 77 2.50 dollars per cord, are substituting, as a matter of economy and convenience, coal-burning, in place of wood-burning, locomotives on their road, and other railroad companies are following their example."

There are three points from which the settlers can for all time derive their supplies of fossil fuel at a small expense. At *Duquoin* , on the Illinois central railroad, seventy-six miles from Cairo, there is a seam of coal seven feet deep, worked by a shaft seventy feet deep. This is excellent coal, free from sulphur. At *Danville* , in the east part of the State, there is a

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seam six feet deep, worked by a drift. More than the half of this is fixed carbon. At Lasalle, about the middle of the State, there are three seams of about four feet each. At the mouth of the pit it sells for about five shillings, or one dollar per ton; but anywhere on the railroads at about four dollars, or sixteen shillings per ton. These are the principal mines at present worked; but the largest coal-fields in the world are in this State, which cover more than the *two-thirds* of it. There are few counties in which I have travelled that I have not seen it cropping out of the sides of the hills.

“These deposits have been slightly explored, but there is little doubt that here is stored an inexhaustible supply of very rich ores, and under circumstances which admit of their being profitably wrought. These deposits belong to the sub-carboniferous series.

“ *Lead Ores.* —Galena has long been known as the seat of the richest lead-bearing region in the United States. The Galena limestone, or lead-bearing rock, occupies a considerable area in northern Illinois and Iowa, and southern Wisconsin. Its position is between the Hudson river group and the Trenton 78 limestone, and the lead deposits are restricted within that range. The present product of the mines is from 12,000 to 15,000 tons per annum, valued at from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 dollars.

PASTURAGE AND STOCK.

There are three zones or belts of soil and climate different from each other in productions and aspects, as well as soil and temperature. These are *northern*, *central* and *southern Illinois*. The *first* is adapted to *vegetables*, *butter* and *cheese*; the *second* to *Indian corn* and *stock*; and the *third* to timber, fruit, flowers, and wheat.

The prairies are well fitted for stock-raising in two essential particulars; the cheapness with which Indian corn can be grown, and the almost unlimited amount of natural pasturage. 1 who came to this country twenty-five years ago, a poor man, when in the full tide of enterprize, has been known to turn off 10,000 head of cattle a year. There are other graziers who range from 1,000 up to 5,000. One individual sends cattle to the eastern

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market to the value of 500,000 dollars per annum. Many of the Kentucky and Ohio farmers are securing stock-farms on the company's lands. One gentleman from the latter State has a tract of 22,000 acres which he is rapidly converting into a stock-farm, and another tract still larger, which he proposes to treat in the same way.

In the vicinity of Bloomington there are two stock-growers, brothers, who came to this State more than thirty years ago.* They had nothing to rely upon but their strong hands and their far-seeing sagacity. One of them now owns 7,000 acres of land, 2,700 of which is in a high state of cultivation; and the yearly products

* Since dead.

79 of his farm, in cattle and hogs, often reached 50,000 dollars.

"The other brother has 27,000 acres of land, 4,000 of which are in cultivation; and his annual sales of pork and beef reach 65,000 dollars.

"The method of feeding is this. The cattle range over the prairie in the summer and fall. As the time approaches to fit them for market, they are fed in the open field from the standing shocks of corn. Prairie-grass which has been mown and stacked the previous fall is thrown out to them twice during each day."

Sheep-raising has become an important business since the late civil war, both for wool-growing and mutton. The flocks may range over the prairie for eight months in the year under the charge of a shepherd, but in winter they require food and shelter. Illinois has become the fattening park of New York and the East. Of hogs, more than a million is annually slaughtered and packed for foreign market, besides the vast quantities consumed at home, or packed for foreign consumption in other places.

AGRICULTURE AND HORTICULTURE, IMPLEMENTS, HUSBANDRY, AND PRODUCTS.

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Illinois is the paradise of farmers. There is no country where the soil is so rich, or more easily worked, or more productive. As the country is flat and the soil light and loose, horse-power and machinery are extensively used, and farming is carried forward on a very extensive scale. Seated on his *plough, planter, cultivator, reaping or mowing machine* , the farmer, as the true lord of the soil, with the horses before him and the lines in 80 his hand, he ploughs six, plants twelve, sows twenty, cultivates ten, reaps sixteen, or mows twelve *acres* per day, and threshes 300 bushels, the product of fifteen or twenty acres in another day. Illinois is the greatest corn and wheat State in America. In 1860, the State produced 115,174,777 bushels of Indian corn, and 28,837,023 bushels of wheat. In 1862, Chicago exported 22,902,765 bushels of wheat. In 1863, Chicago and Milwaukie exported 74,710,664 bushels of grain and flour. Illinois corn meal feeds thousands of the labouring poor in Europe, the corn flour is used as a luxury on the tables of the rich in the same country. Yet only *one-seventh* of the State is under cultivation. If it feeds two *millions* and a *half* at home, and *two millions* more abroad, when the other *six-sevenths* are brought into cultivation it will be able to feed Twenty-five *millions of people!*

Southern Illinois has some of the largest apple and peach orchards in any country, several of them numbering hundreds of acres each, and strawberries are cultivated on an extensive scale for the St. Louis and Chicago markets, while apples and peaches are exported to the eastern markets to a large extent. As I was leaving, a few months ago, a gentleman from Mount Pulaski, central Illinois, sent me by express to Bloomington a box of apples, which I brought on my way to Montreal. On opening it we found but *three* , which filled the small box; one of them measured nineteen inches in circumference, and weighed two pounds, and was of excellent flavor. The apples, by request, were placed in a shop window in Montreal, and drew crowds 81 around to look at them. To the writer's surprise, a few days after, he read among the items of news in the *Montreal Witness* and *Toronto Globe* , a description of the size and weight of the above apples.

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The first white men that discovered Illinois were from Montreal. It is 194 years ago since *Marquette* and *Joliet* sailed up the St. Lawrence, passed through the lakes and down the Illinois, of which they took possession in the name of the king of France.

FACILITIES FOR EMIGRATION AND FARMING.

While the writer would not urge any person to emigrate, much less those that are well enough at home, he would state a few facts for the benefit of those who have considered it their providential mission to go there. In less than *two weeks* for £20, or £7 by *first-class* or *steerage passage*, you can land in Chicago, Illinois, from Liverpool, Cork, or Londonderry, by any of the numerous lines of steamers going almost daily. The Illinois central railroad company is a very honorable company, they have above *one million* acres of land still for sale at from £2 to £5 per acre purchase money. Mr. Caird, M.P. says:

“A young man cannot enter an arable farm in England of 300 acres without a capital of nearly £2000. *Half that sum in Illinois will make him owner of the same extent of land, fenced, ploughed, and all under wheat.*”

He continues:

“Having, during last autumn, had an opportunity of making a pretty careful inspection of a part of the valley of the Upper Mississippi, probably the most fertile corn region in the world, I have collected for publication, in F 82 the form of a series of letters, the notes made by me at the time. There may be other countries which present equally good prospects to the agricultural emigrant. I venture to speak only of that which I have seen. This seems to me to offer the very field which we want at present—a virgin soil of easy culture, with no forests to clear, of extraordinary natural fertility, in a country traversed by a most perfect system of railways, where no settler need be more than ten miles from a station, whose shore is washed by one of those great lakes through which an outlet is found to the Atlantic, and which possesses in the Mississippi itself a vast artery of

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commerce, navigable by steamers for thousands of miles. A great part of the country is underlaid with coal, iron, and lime, thus affording a present supply of such minerals, and the prospect of a great increase of value should the people ever turn their attention to manufactures. There is a complete organization of markets throughout the country; and, setting aside the export to England, there is a very large and increasing local demand for every article of agricultural produce. The price of labour is economized by the most extensive and profitable use of agricultural machinery, and by the comparatively small cost of maintaining horses and working cattle. The grazing of cattle and sheep is very profitable, and the production of merino wool, already large, admits of vast increase.

“The fee simple of this land can be purchased at from 40 s. to 50 s. and 60 s. [from 8 to 14 dollars] an acre.

“As a mere investment, this land would pay well to purchase and hold for a few years, and the increasing supply of gold, of which America herself yields an annual crop of ten millions sterling, will every year contribute to the higher relative value of land here and elsewhere. But the British emigrant, when he purchases this land, secures to himself not only the profits of farming it, but has also the growing increase in the value of the land itself, a right to which he can have no share at home. The country is now brought within a 83 fortnight's journey of our shores, and is actually more accessible from Great Britain than most parts of Ireland were fifty years ago.

“There are two branches of his business to which I would specially ask the attention of the British emigrant to Illinois, viz., stock farming, and the cultivation of Indian corn. Full details will be found on both subjects in these letters. A good stock of cattle or sheep can be bought by a comparatively small outlay of capital; and, so long as the open prairie is thinly settled, grass for half the year may be had for nothing, and hay for the other half for only the cost of saving it. In regard to Indian corn, both climate and soil are more suitable to it than wheat. It can be grown to any extent, with a certain measure of success, every

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year, and, unlike wheat, this grain may be harvested with safety over a period of many weeks.”

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY ADVANTAGES.

There are few countries where the literary and religious privileges are greater. School tax is laid upon the property, and district schools of good character are all over the country, in which portions of Scripture are read, the Lord's Prayer repeated by the scholars, and hymns sung with the teacher. Schools and seminaries of higher character are found in every town, and young ladies' colleges, where all the higher branches of education are taught, are supported in the cities by the different denominations.

Colleges and universities supported by the different churches are numerous, and generally prosperous, Of these the Methodists possess *three* in the State. The M'Kendree College at Lebanon, 226 students, £20,000 endowment. The Illinois Wesleyan University at Bloomington, 236 students, £20,000 endowment. North 84 Western University at Evanston, 133 students, £60,000 endowment. Biblical institute at Evanston, 120 students, £65,000 endowment. The Presbyterians, Baptists, and other denominations have also good literary institutions, and flourishing churches. The State has expended largely on schools for the young, and a thorough education is at premium in the country. The Methodist Episcopal Church have *four* conferences in the State, about 1000 ministers, and 100,000 members, and the *one-third* the population of the State as hearers. The members of the Methodist Church are as numerous as those of all other churches, so are the children of her Sabbath-schools. The bounds of the Illinois Conference stretches across the central part of the State, within those bounds the *labors* of the writer were confined, while he has travelled through almost every county of the State. Of these I propose to write again.

CHAPTER VII. AMERICAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

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THE ABORIGINES—AFRICAN—SPANIARD—FRENCH—ANGLO-SAXON—
FORMATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER—ELEMENTS OF SOCIAL LIFE—
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE—PARENTS
AND CHILDREN—SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES—THE PRESS AND ITS AGENCIES
—NAMES, SECULAR AND SACRED—ADMINISTRATION OF LAW, LOCAL AND
GENERAL—NATIONAL HAPPINESS—ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Four questions gather round the history of the American Indians. To what race do they belong? whence came they? how did they reach America? and at what time? These are questions more easily asked than answered. There are few races in the world about whose origin and history less is known. Some naturalists have assigned them a distinct place or type among the races of the world. Some have allied them to the Tartar tribes of north western Asia, and have inferred that they crossed the north of Europe, passed over into Greenland, and thence to the American continent. Some have allied them to the Japanese races, and have thought they crossed by the Aleutian Isles and Behring Straits to the Pacific coast, and poured down south and west. This accords with their own tradition, which is, 86 that they thus came in successive waves of emigration, following each other at different times.

About A.D. 648, the Toltecas descended from the region of the Rocky Mountains, and settled about Mexico, and called the country Anahuac. These flourished for four centuries, and were subdued by the Chichemecas, who arrived about A.D. 1170. These again were overthrown by the Acalhauns about 1200. About the same time the Aztecs reached the Pacific coast at California, gradually pushing their way south and east, founded the city and the empire of the Montezumas in Mexico.

The empire of the Incas in Peru arose under similar circumstances, and spread over South America. The founders of this empire, called “the children of the sun,” transmitted to their descendants, the reigning Incas, a civilization and a government more like that of the Chinese empire than any other semi-civilized nation. The Spainard discovered there gold,

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took possession of their country, annihilated their nationality, and almost exterminated their race.

The ruins of the palaces of the Incas in Tlascala, of the Montezumas in Mexico, and the shrines and temples of their gods in the forests of Yucatan and central America, show what that civilization was, and that it belonged more to the arts of peace than those of war. Nought but the relics of these ancient races now remain, and these are melting fast away before the onward march of civilization over the continent. Nothing can save them from entire extinction but Christianity.

To save the Indian from utter ruin, Las Casas introduced the African, and now the latter numbers by the 87 million more than the Indian on the continent and West India Islands. He has borne his bondage with a patience, and his sufferings with an endurance that the Indian could not exhibit, because of a prouder spirit, a weaker body, and more manly soul. Nearly ten millions of the African race surround the Mexican Gulf, people the West India Isles, and much of the empire of Brazil. These, when fully free, regenerated and civilized, may make a powerful empire around the Gulf of Mexico, having Cuba and San Domingo as their central seat of power, and from which may yet go out the Heralds of the Cross, and pioneers of civilization to Christianize and civilize the continent of Africa.

Italians and Spainards were the first of European nations to discover and settle America; their descendants there are now the Creoles of the surrounding coast and islands. Greedy of the gold and silver of Peru and Mexico, they established a reign of despotism, beneath which the native races have almost melted away; and their own descendants unable to develop the resources of the country, have fallen into feebleness and effeminacy.

The French settled on the shores of the great lakes, and the banks of the great rivers. The gates of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi they once held, but the keys have passed into the hands of the Anglo-Saxon. The names of the oldest and largest cities along the banks of this vast water-shed of 4000 miles in length, still attest their French origin, as Quebec

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and Montreal on the St. Lawrence, Detroit on the lakes, and St. Louis and New Orleans on the Mississippi. The French 88 are not fitted for colonization and frontier life; they are too social, cling too much together, live in the same towns, cultivate the same fields, and divide the same harvests. Not so the Anglo-Saxon, *free and independent, selfish and self-reliant*; he cannot live where these are cramped; he cannot exist where these are hindered. Sacrificing home, friends and all, he goes out to a sphere where these can be developed, to a field where they can be cultivated.

As from the inner life the outer body comes, so his life and character are formed by the religion he professes. His providential mission is to lead the van of colonization, to be the pioneer of civilization and religion, to plant colonies, to organize governments, and to found empires, and leave his religion, his language, and his laws, as monuments of his greatness and his work. Away out on the frontier of civilization, and the confines of barbarism he is found, whether in the Arctic Regions, or Antarctic Circle; on the shores of Labrador, or the coasts of New Zealand, the south of Africa, or the plains of India, he is laying the foundation of future nations, and building up society on a solid basis of government and law, religion and justice, the fear of God, and the rights of man. His home is his palace, his farm is his empire, and his family his government, where he reigns supreme. Of such families great nations are made. Yet this character was not formed in an age, but has come down from the ages that preceded this. *The bravery* of the Ancient Briton—the valour of the Roman—the symmetry of the Saxon—the endurance of the Dane—the chivalry of the Norman—and the spirit 89 of the Reformation, have all blended together, and formed a unique character that has fixed the gaze of nations, occupied the thought of statesmen, and the pen of the historian.

To all of the above may be added, in the American character, the vivacity of the French, Swiss and Italian, the sombre sadness of the Spaniard, the gravity of the German, and plodding labour of the Dutch and Scandinavian races; the practical utility of the Anglo, the thrift of the Scotch, the wit and impulse of the Irish, and the fossilized stoicism of the

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Chinese. These all enter into the warp and woof that weave the web of Anglo-American life-character.

America is a vast laboratory into which is thrown much of the mind and muscle of the Old World. Soon the material becomes melted, moulded, fused, and prepared for speedy use in the great republic. No country produces a change so radical, so rapid, or so great upon the foreign populations that land upon its shores. Thousands of those who were the scum of the Old World have come forth regenerated and reformed in the New. If the millions landed on the shores of America were placed on the shores of any other country in the Old World, they would have overthrown its institutions, or dragged down its government with themselves; but these have all been met and moulded by the political and religious institutions of America. A few simple principles, moral and political, universally prevalent, produce these changes: the sovereignty of God; the equality of man before law, human and divine; his freedom and accountability, with the means of self-culture, 90 self-reliance, and self-respect, lift him from the low plain of humanity where he stood, to the lofty height of *citizenship*, where he may stand in the future. That these institutions stood against the imported infidelity and false religions of the Old World, and the immorality and war which slavery produced in the New, only show their great moral power over the national mind and heart.

From the examination of the traits of national character, I pass to notice the elements of social life and progress. These have their shady as well as sunny sides. I aim to present a true picture of things *as they are*. There are three Institutions of God: the Family, the Church, and the Nation or Government. Around these, those elements gather and cluster, bearing fruit, happy and joyful, with here and there some "sour grapes that set the children's teeth on edge."

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

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The *Marriage Institution* is honored and respected by all, and the attendants at its altar are numerous. The people generally enter into married life early, and few remain in single blessedness, at least in the West, as the cost of living and the means of family support are abundant.

But the facility with which *divorce* is granted, in some States at least, threatens to unbind the sacred bonds thrown around this first and most sacred institution of God, to sap its foundations, and confound the paternity of some of the rising generation. Too many have been the petitions for divorce during the last few years; too 91 trivial have been the reasons given, and too frequent have the requests been granted. Long and loud the church should sound the note of alarm on this subject, deeply should legislators look into its workings: for if the foundations be destroyed what will the nation do? One law, with closer bonds and stronger sanctions, should be for the whole nation—not separate laws for each State, The French custom of hotel-life has been too prevalent in America with persons of small means and small families. Of course this destroys much of the sacredness and power of family ties and government, and exposes the parties to temptations that some are not able to bear. It is a cause of thankfulness that this evil is abating, and that now married ladies gene. rally prefer to go to their own housekeeping.

TEMPERANCE *versus* INTemperance.

There is no country where the sin of intemperance is so much abhorred, and where the victims of it are more pitied, or the vendors more detested. I know of no church but two where the manufacturer or vendor of intoxicating drinks could hold a membership, and no respectable society where he would be tolerated; and no ministers who, if they drank strong drink, could enter the pulpit, or get a congregation to listen to them. What then becomes of the wholesale slander of a late writer from England, who represented forty thousand women in New York—many of whom moved in fashionable life—addicted to this sin? The writer well knew he uttered what was not true when he wrote it, or was misinformed. The American people have 92 made great sacrifices—spent millions for the

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promotion of the temperance cause, and there is no country where it has achieved greater triumphs. Almost every sabbath school of every church has its temperance society, and the children are plainly taught the evils of intemperance, and few of them ever touch strong drink.

RESPECT TO THE AGED AND AFFECTION FOR THE YOUNG.

On the whole, there is too little respect paid to the aged, too little regard for their sayings, and too little reverence for their persons. This is a great evil, but is giving way to a better state of things. It probably arises out of the circumstances of a new country, and is generally connected with it, whether it be under monarchical or republican form of government.

But no people can excel them in affectionate regard for their children, or tender solicitude on their behalf. Perhaps this is often carried on to an indulgent excess, that too generally results in an early precociousness that is often unbecoming. The bud that opens before its time, the flower that blooms before its season, however beautiful and precious, is in danger of being blighted by an early frost, or blasted by a piercing wind.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

No effort has been spared by parents generally to give their children a good education, and no means have been spared by the States to educate the rising generation. Beside a regular tax on property for the support of schools, millions of acres have been devoted by State legislatures for the same object. A good education is at a premium in the States. *High schools* and *seminaries* are numerous and well supported, and the higher branches of education successfully taught to numerous students. State universities receiving State or national support or endowment are few; but great attention is given to normal colleges for the education of teachers, and State agricultural schools to disseminate proper ideas about agriculture. In the new States large quantities of land are devoted to these purposes. *Harvard* and *Yale* are the largest and the oldest universities. These have received from

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time to time large endowments and donations, and have sent out through the country some of the finest and most successful scholars, who fill with honor many of the highest offices in the gift of the nation or the church.

The most numerous and successful colleges are those which are under denominational support and control. Instead, however, of building up a few large institutions in the country, around which they might gather all their strength and aid, they have too generally divided their strength by patronizing too many weaker and rival institutions, which has tended to bring the whole into discredit and some to utter ruin. This is the rock on which many split, but there is now a tendency to avoid it, and the evil will soon be cured; so that generally these institutions are now largely attended and successfully carried on. They also show the wonderful effort that a young and rising nation makes for the education of its people.

In the common schools portions of Scripture are 94 generally read, the Lord's Prayer repeated, and some hymns sung by the teachers and children.

THE PRESS AND ITS AGENCIES.

I regret that I have not at hand the means of knowing to what extent this agency is used in America. Some of the city dailies and weeklies have circulations larger than all the papers published in some of the smaller kingdoms of Europe. Many of the dailies reach a circulation of nearly 100,000, and some of the weeklies 200,000, while some of the monthlies have gone up from 200,000 to 500,000. Works on the war literature have sold from 200,000 to 800,000 volumes. So much for the secular press.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in America publishes above a *million* copies of periodicals every month and week. If this has been so great for one tribe of God's Israel, what must the entire circulation of the religious press in books, papers, and periodicals be? With a reading population of 85,000,000 the circulation of books and periodicals, the power of the press must be enormous. The Sunday-school literature, even of volumes in

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libraries, and singing books amounts to millions of volumes. Yet this is nothing to what it will be in fifty or a hundred years, when thousands now shall be millions then.

NAMES, SECULAR AND SACRED.

The political, literary, and religious tastes of the people are often manifested by the names they give to persons, places, and things. There are thousands of 95 Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, Franklins, and Lincolns, &c., applied to persons and places. By the name of a son, you can easily discern what was the political creed of the father; by the name of a place, what were the political views of the founders.

Denominational names are about as numerous as political, or rather more so. Wesleys, Cokes, Clarks, Fletchers, and Asburys may be met by the thousand, and lead you at once to think to what church the parents belonged. Bishops, presiding elders, and popular preachers have the honor of having their names repeated as household words in numerous families. Whenever we heard a Luther, a Calvin, a Knox, a Ridley or a Latimer, a Carey or a Hall, we always knew to what church the parents of these belonged.

But the *sacred* is as remarkable as the secular. Passing through New England you would find Old England represented in the names of almost every town and village, field and farm. But going westward you find the names change, and for a moment you are ready to think that the promised land is on either shores of the Ohio and Mississippi. For here is Goshen, there is Shechem, and yonder is Egypt; while far out on the prairie is Mamre, and beyond is Shaaron, here are the vineyards of Engidi, and yonder lies the valley of Eshcol. Hermon, and Lebanon are applied to many a hill, while in the north lies Dan, and to the south Beersheba. Jerusalem and Jericho, Salem and Hebron, are well represented by many a town and village. The Jordan is applied to this stream, and the Nile to that river. On one small circuit on which the writer 96 travelled, were Gilead Zion, Carmel, and Pisgah. On Sunday morning he preached at Mount Gilead, in the evening at Mount Zion; the next Sabbath at Mount Carmel in the morning, and Mount Pisgah in the evening.

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Names, commemorative of the great discoverers explorers and navigators, are numerous, such as the Hudson Bay, and the Hudson River, and Davis' Straights, Columbus and Columbia, De Sota, Marquette and Joliet. Other places, as if considered deficient in the grace of Christian holiness, have the want supplied by the application of nearly all the names of the saints in the Romish calendar. Hence, San Juan, San Jos# San Jacinto, and San Maria, are names numerous, wherever Spanish and Mexican rule bore sway, especially on the Pacific coast and the south-western States. The Greek *Polis* is attached to many a town whose founders wished to make them cities; hence, we have *Indianapolis*, *Illiopolis* , and *Minnapolis* , cities of Indiana, Illinois, and Minnesota. The heathen gods and goddesses are commemorated, for although there be no Jupiters nor Junos, there are Apollos and Belvideres, Minervas and Astartes.

And the god of war is still enthroned on some Mar's hill, and the Druids and nymphs have still their sequestered groves, sylvan scenes, in Pennsylvania and Transylvania. Geographical names of ancient Greece and Rome are numerous; there are Bellfontains and Castillian springs, Parnassis hills, and Mounts Ida, the passes of Thermopolie, and the pillars of Hercules. Almost every State has its Athens and Corinth—its 97 Rome and Naples, its Carthage and Syracuse, and lately, some have Pompeii and Herculaneum.

The Greek philosophers and Roman sages are not forgotten. Socrates and Plato are still remembered, so are the twelve Cæsars, and Cato and Cicero.

It is said that the late Bishop CHASE was asked to baptize the child of a well-known lawyer. When he came to that part of the ceremony where he asked the father to name the child, the father answered in sonorous sounds and solemn words, "Marcus Tullius Cicero."

The bishop, presuming on the kindness of the father, and his own better judgment, said, "Tut! none of your heathen nonsense. 'Peter, I baptize thee, &c.:'" and the child received and retained the apostolic name of Peter, instead of the classic name of Cicero.

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No country can excel America for the universal respect paid to the female sex, and no man can excel the Yankee for marked attention to woman. There are four leading motives that move him to thrift, ingenuity and speculation—to get the means of living, to educate his children, to make his wife happy, and his home comfortable. For these objects he will toil or travel, invent or speculate, and in some way find the means of doing the above where others might fail. In the family, the social circle, the scene of public worship or of resort, on the city side-walk, the street rail-car, or railroad-carriage, she meets with deference and respect. The choicest place or the best seat is freely tendered as her *right*. Wherever the influence of Christianity is most felt and its power most realized, there woman is most elevated, and her true primæval dignity restored and sustained. And in proportion as woman is elevated in society, so much the more will she lift up the family—society—the nation. Standing as the guardian angel of the fountain of life, having first access to the infant mind, and first control over the youthful heart, her mission is to guide that mind, direct that heart, and gently lead that will to holy and useful purposes—to active and earnest duties in the service of its country and its God.

The character and administration of law in America must necessarily affect the character and condition of the people. English law lies at the base of American law. English judges are quoted as authorities in her courts, and English practice as illustrations in her pleadings. The law making power, whether local or general, lies with the State legislatures and United States' Congress. The interpreters of the law are the judges of the supreme courts. The execution or administration of the law lies with the President and State and United States' officers of every grade and form. The local administration of the law is often very lax, because the officers are elected by the people instead of being appointed by the government. Yet it might be argued that the people who sit in judgment on criminal cases of life or death ought also to be the best judges of the way their local officers execute the law among them. And if they elect the higher administrator to office, why not the subordinate or lower?

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Before the rebellion broke out the administration of criminal law was fearfully defective. However clear the evidence of the transgressor's guilt, or unimpeachable the testimony against him, yet it was hard to find him guilty through the subterfuge of lawyers or laxity of jurors. Since the above time, however, a change for the better in this respect has taken place.

The *tedious* and *expensive* litigation about the rights of property in courts of justice, so common in Great Britain, is scarcely known in America. In the former place thousands of the poor and many orphan heirs have had to sacrifice their little property and just claims, because of the enormous expense attending the adjustment of the same, in favor perhaps of their more wealthy competitors.

It is not so in America. The poverty of the aggrieved, or the orphanage of the heirs awakens a deeper sympathy, secures speedier decisions, and the expenses on the whole are scarcely a *tenth* of what they are in older countries and under other governments. The expense of the local execution of the law is comparatively small, as the officers and crime cases are few, while every citizen is supposed to assist the law-officer if called on and found necessary to help. The people are taught from their childhood to honor and obey the law, consequently it is not easy for the guilty to escape detection, as all feel interested in the support of that institution that throws its safeguards and bulwarks around them and their families. Nine-tenths of the riots and lawlessness of city mobs are connected with the foreign populations, and especially the turbulent sons of the Emerald Isle, who are hard to govern whether at home or abroad.

I have heard many during the late war express their fears for the security of life and the welfare of society, when so vast an army should be disbanded and return to their former life in the country; but to the astonishment of all, life has been perhaps more secure, society preserved, churches sustained, law better executed and obeyed. By the force of law, by the ties of home, by the preaching of the Gospel, and the holy influence of

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American wives and mothers, *two million* and a *half* of soldiers have been transformed into quiet and peaceable citizens following the industrial pursuits of life.

The social life and happiness of the American people is unparalleled. After a close scrutiny of *individual, domestic, social* , and *public life* , after travelling through different States, and mixing with almost all classes of people, I am prepared to say there is no country whose resources are so vast—no people whose privileges are so great—no nation whose liberties are more secure. A country where there is, or need be, no poor; where food, fruit, and fuel are abundant; where the means of living, and the cost of life are so easily obtained; where millions live in their own homestead with no landlord above them but the Lord of Heaven; where the pride of caste is thrown down, and the middle walls of hereditary partition are levelled to the ground; where the highway to fortune, wealth, and office, in the gift of the nation, is open to all; where the farmer, artisan, mechanic, the judge, juror, and millionaire stand before the law of God and man on an *equality*. A country where the *feudal* and artificial distinctions of society have been swept away, and in their stead a new order of society has risen up in the Providence of God, based on the 101 Mosaic and Christian Institutions, as taught in the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Sermon on the Mount.

How appropriate the language of Moses to the Israelites, “The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”

“Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency! and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee; and thou shalt tread upon their high places.”—Deut. xxxiii. 27, 29.

O England, this country was once thine own, these children were thine, thy blood flows in their veins, thy language is on their lips, thy laws guard their feet, thy religion lives in their hearts. Their history and their triumphs ought to reflect lustre upon thee, and thine upon them.

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And thou Columbia, eldest daughter of Albion, with whom thou art one in race; one in blood, language, laws, and religion, be thou more united still in the bonds of amity and friendship, until Britain and America, in their march of triumph through the world, carry the tidings of Salvation, the star of hope, and the law of freedom to all nations; until every sword is beat into a ploughshare, and every spear into a pruning hook, and the nations shall learn war no more.

The following beautiful thoughts and touching appeal to America from one of England's most gifted sons, may close this chapter.

“Our conquering hour was yours. You, too, were then English citizens. You welcomed the arms of 102 Cromwell to Jamaica. Your hearts thrilled at the tidings of Blenheim and Ramillies, and exulted in the thunders of Chatham. You shared the laurels and the conquests of Wolfe. For you and with you we overthrew France and Spain upon this continent, and made America the land of the Anglo-Saxon race. A Scandinavian hero, as the Norse legend tells, waged a terrible combat through a whole night with the dead body of his brother-in-arms, animated by a demon; but with the morning the demon fled. Do what we will now, we shall not cancel the tie of blood, nor prevent it from hereafter asserting its undying power. The Englishmen of this day will not prevent those who come after them from being proud of England's grandest achievement, the sum of all her noblest victories, the foundation of this the great Commonwealth of the New World. And you will not prevent the hearts of your children's children from turning to the birthplace of their nation, the land of their history and of their early greatness, the land which holds the august monuments of your ancient race, the works of your illustrious fathers, and their graves.”*

* Professor Goldwin Smith, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

CHAPTER VIII. THE LATE WAR AND ITS LESSONS.

SLAVERY, THE UPAS TREE OF THE SOUTH—THE SLAVE-SHIP AND MAY-FLOWER—THE CHEROKEE INDIANS AND BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA—THE SLAVE AND PRISON PENS OF THE SOUTH—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND ITS VICTIMS—MARGARET GARDENER—SLAVERY AND THE SINS OF THE NATION—ORIGIN, PROGRESS, CLOSE, AND RESULTS OF THE CONFLICT.

The description given in the last chapter of the American people was intended to apply principally to the people of the Northern States as we found them. A very different state of society existed in the South. There was poison in the fountain, rottenness at the root, a cancer at the heart, and a worm in the bud of the nation's life that threatened to destroy its national existence. A worse than fabled *Upas* arose, that overshadowed all the land with its baneful influence. It was slavery! The stars that rose above this “*upas tree*” were destined to fall, the sun that shone upon it was doomed to be obscured, and the moon to set in blood, while a long night of sorrow with worse than Egyptian darkness was to settle upon the nation, during which the Lord was to bring forth *four millions* of his ransomed ones from worse than Egyptian bondage.

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THE SLAVE-SHIP AND MAY-FLOWER.

About two hundred and fifty years ago, there was seen a Dutch slave-ship sailing along the west coast of Africa. Soon villages were seen on fire, and natives fleeing from the face of the man-stealer who had landed on their shores. Many of the young were caught, and dragged amid the shrieks of anguished parents and broken families to the slave-ship, and chained in the hold of the vessel. Strange and discordant sounds arose. There were the curses of the officers, the shouts of the crew, the threats of the slave-catcher, the moaning of the sea, the sobbing of the winds, and the cries of the natives on shore; when there arose, above all, the wail of sorrow from the captives in the hold to the ears of Him who hears the faintest sigh of a broken heart. *But the time of deliverance was not yet, and the year of His redeemed had not come.* With anchor weighed and sails unfurled, the slave-

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ship put to sea, and sailed toward the New World, to plant slavery in the British colonies, and blast the produce and resources of her virgin soil, and spread a moral leprosy over the country. Was there no way by which this might be prevented, or the leprosy removed? As Dutchmen carried the plague from Africa to America, Dutchmen were to assist in its destruction: as Old England allowed its introduction to her colonies, the sons of New England were to utterly destroy it.

While the above was taking place, there might have been seen a few congregations and families of the persecuted “Pilgrim Fathers” assemble in a few places in England to worship in private, for they dare not do it ¹⁰⁵ in public. Some of them came to the painful resolve of leaving for ever the land of their forefathers, and go to the New World, where they might found a church for their God and an empire for their children. Some remained as salt to preserve Old England from corruption, and some went to save New England from slavery. That was a touching scene, where the elders and their families fell on Paul's neck and kissed him at Miletus, on the shores of the Mediterranean, sorrowing most of all for the words that he spake, that they “should see his face no more.”* This was also a weeping occasion, as the “Pilgrim Fathers” and their little families parted on the shores of Old England, and stepped on board the “*May-flower*” to plant the Tree of Life in the virgin soil and verdant forests of New England. Soon both ships were seen sailing on the same sea, at the same time, and to the same continent. At length, both take divergent courses along the coast—one sails to Virginia in the South, and one to Massachusetts in the North: that, to plant slavery; and this, freedom.

* Acts xx.

On the 22nd of December, 1620, the slave-ship landed at Jamestown, Virginia, and sold TWENTY SLAVES. On the same day, and at the same hour, the *May-flower* landed the “Pilgrim Fathers” on Plymouth Rock, who consecrated the continent to freedom and to God. The one ship brought the whip, the chain, and bondage; the other the charter, the Bible, and the spirit of liberty. Yet from both came the principles and powers, the

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106 elements and agencies that shook the nation, convulsed the continent, and led the nations to express their sympathy on the one side or the other, as they were free or bound themselves. The monster was slain, and *four* millions of bond-slaves were rescued from his grasp; and the nation passed through a second regeneration to purge it from the evils of the past, and set it forth on a new mission of freedom and justice!

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS AND BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

On the confines of the States of Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee lay a large and beautiful tract of country, 12,000 square miles and 8,000,000 acres, two-thirds of which lay within the State of Georgia, and up and down the Chickamauga creek, where it empties into the Tennessee river at Chattanooga. This belonged to the Cherokee tribe of Indians, among whom the American Board of Missions had established several missions, and were fast Christianizing and civilizing the people. Mission churches and schools were built, and missionaries preached, and hundreds of converts were gathered, and the whole tribe was settled down under the process of civilization, when the Georgia people coveted their lands, divided their territory into farms among themselves, broke up the mission and imprisoned the missionaries, and appealed to the United States' government to assist them in the work of spoliation. Although the government had bound itself by treaty stipulations with the Indians to secure to them their country, Jackson, who was then president, broke the covenant, and sent the late General Scott 107 with the United States' troops to drive the Indians from their homestead, and place them beyond the Mississippi in a far distant country. His only excuse was—either the Indians must obey the laws of Georgia, or leave, although their stipulations guaranteed to them their homes under the administration of their own laws. *One-fourth* of the tribe perished on its way to the new settlements. A few years passed away, and on the same territory hostile armies met, and *Chickamauga*, *Chattanooga*, and “*Mission Ridge*” became the scene and centre of bloody battles. The fields were stained with the blood of white men. Thousands of the sons of Georgia fell in battle! In 1838, the United States' troops and Georgia militia burned up the dwellings, and drove 11,000 Indians from their homes, and took possession of the

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land. Twenty-five years after, Sherman drove the Georgians from the same places and destroyed many of their homes, and above 21,000 Union and rebel soldiers fell dead and dying on the battle-field of Chickamauga on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863.

THE SLAVE AND PRISON PENS OF THE SOUTH.

A few years ago a minister from Europe was on a visit to America. While passing through a city of a slave State on the border of freedom, he visited the general assembly of a church then in session in the city, and was surprised to hear the cause of slavery advocated as a Divine institution by some of the leading ministers. In disgust he rose and left the church, and wandered along a street, until he came to where a large and gloomy building stood; with a crowd he passed into a yard, and saw an auctioneer sell slaves to purchasers. One stood on the block before him in sullen sadness and mute grief; others stood behind, weeping in an agony of distress. Some were torn from their families, husbands from their wives, and parents from their children. These were sold and going south, to the rice, sugar, and cotton plantations of Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, and Mississippi. The stranger retired with sad feelings for the slave, and more sad for the nation guilty of such deeds of horror and inhumanity. He asked in the words of the Lord, through the prophet, “ *Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord?* ” The stranger asked the name of the building, he was told it was a “ *Slave Pen* ,” where they sold slaves. Had he visited the South a few years later, he would have seen Libby prison (where thousands of free white men were imprisoned) look as bad as the “ *Slave Pen* ,” and the prisoners as wretched as the slaves! Had he gone to Bellisle and to Andersonville, he would have found *thirty-seven thousand white men* in prison there, of whom 13,000 died of starvation. Had he asked, by what name the prisons of the South were called, he would have received for an answer, “ *Prison Pens.* ” Were he to ask the cause of all this, the answer would come from the cries of the prisoners in the Prison Pens, the groans of the dying, and winds that blew over the battle fields of the South saying—“Slavery!”

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW AND ITS VICTIMS.

Perhaps it was natural for Virginia, the mother of slavery, through one of her leading sons, to originate 109 and bring through congress a law, by which the men of the North were compelled to aid and assist in the catching and returning of the fugitive slave back to his master and to bondage. However contrary to the word of God, and revolting to the nature of man, the bill became law on the 10th October, 1850, and then began the era of slave-hunting and catching in the northern States. Scarcely had the poor slave fled from his master through the night, with perhaps a bleeding back, when the bay of the blood-hound was heard on the fugitive's track early next morning. Or if he chanced to lie in the swamp through the day, and escape through the woods at night, following the polar star to the land of freedom in the North, the United States' marshal was on his track; and, if discovered, men in the free States were bound to assist in restoring the slave to his master. The history of slave-catching under the fugitive slave law was a mournful prelude to the "*Rise and fall of the great Rebellion*;" and the introduction to the *era* of hunting white captive prisoners in their escape to the North, from the Prison Pens of the South. Under the operation of this law some of the most affecting incidents occurred, and some amusing. In southern Illinois, a man was arrested as a slave, and brought to St. Louis to be sold, or returned to bondage; when some of his friends found him in this state they interfered, and testified that the man was *white* and not Mulatto; an American, and not an African; as free, and not bound. He was liberated. The writer well remembers the excitement that arose on the following occurrence in the winter of 1856.

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MARGARET GARDENER.

On Sunday evening, January 27, 1856, two slaves with their wives and four children escaped from Boone county, Kentucky, drove sixteen miles to Covington, and crossed to Cincinnati on the ice. They were missed before nightfall, and the master of five of them followed rapidly on horse back. After a few hours enquiry, he traced them to the house of a negro named Kite, and procuring the necessary warrants, with a marshal and assistance,

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proceeded thither on Monday. He summoned them to surrender. They refused; whereupon the officers broke in the door, and were assailed with clubs and pistols by the desperate fugitives. On the first survey of the premises they had captured, a horrible sight met the officer's eyes. In one corner of the room a child, nearly white, lay bleeding to death, her throat cut from ear to ear. A scream from an adjoining room drew their attention thither, when a glance revealed a negro woman holding a knife, dripping with blood, over the heads of two children, who were crouched upon the floor, uttering cries of pain and terror. Wresting the knife from her hand, they discovered that the children were cut across the head and shoulders, but, though bleeding freely, not dangerously wounded. The woman proclaimed herself the mother of the dead child, as also of these whom she desired also to kill, rather than see them return to slavery!

An inquest was held on the body of the dead child, over which the mother uttered cries of mourning, lamentation, and woe. The body of the child was 111 buried, and the slaves were dragged back to bondage again! What became of them since, we have never heard. The woman's name was “ *Margaret Gardner*. ” The author of the fugitive slave law, *Senator Mason* , is still a fugitive from his country!

SLAVERY AND THE SINS OF THE NATION.

Society in the South became corrupt, vice stalked abroad as in the days of Noah. The land was fast becoming a Sodom—Mulattos swarmed like locusts; pride, luxury, and idleness were general; almost all the commands of the Decalogue were trampled under foot; freedom fled; tyranny and lust reigned; no man dared to speak his mind; there was no redress for the victims of tyranny and cruelty. The law was in the hands of the slaveholder; he administered it to his own necessities, and suited its execution to his own caprices. The poor whites, who were not able to have slaves, were little above them in degradation and thralldom. The local legislatures were all in the hands of the slave master, as well as the land and capital. Soon the government of the United States was in his grasp too, and for nearly sixty years he held it. Patronage and power were prostituted to

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further the interests of slavery. The fountains of national life and prosperity were poisoned, and soon the morals and corruption of the South began to work like leaven in the North, especially in the large cities connected with southern trade. The ruffianism of Charleston was transferred to Washington the capital, and the custom of the southern legislature was transferred to the national 112 congress. Northern senators were smitten down by southern men, in the national capital, for uttering words of freedom. The press was also in danger. From the national congress the corruption spread to the State legislatures in the North. A large political party in the North, calling itself the “ *democracy* ,” was taken into southern pay, and voted for the South and slavery. Society caught the contagion; profanity and licentiousness began to abound; life and property were becoming less secure; steam-boat and railway disasters were common; the love of many waxed cold, and the love of money grew strong. Murder, arson, and crime passed through the land like giants of evil, or antediluvian monsters. It was hard to find a murderer guilty. In some places it was hard to find witnesses to testify, lawyers to plead, jurors to convict, or a judge to condemn; and murderers were let loose in society, until summary justice overtook them by Lynch law, or divine judgment. From the cotton and sugar plantations of the South; from the rice fields of Georgia and South Carolina; from the slave pens of Virginia, Maryland, and Kentucky; from the tobacco fields of the border States, and corn fields of Texas, Tennessee, and Alabama; from the plantations of Louisiana and Mississippi; from the murdered victims and crushed hearts of four millions in chains, there went up a cry of blood!—blood! Many a faithful Abraham prayed for this southern Sodom; but like the first, there were not righteous men enough to save it. God had tried every moral means upon it. *Anti-slavery* societies were formed, but like another Pharaoh the slave owner replied to 113 their appeals by increasing the bondage of the slave. *Colonization* societies were formed to purchase the freedom of the bond, and send them back to Africa to Christianize it; but to this the slave owner answered by importing more slaves from Africa. The servants of God were sent with the Gospel of Christ, but some of them they banished, and some they hung and put to death; some they silenced, and some they converted into slave propagandists, who preached the Divine institution of slavery. If the Son of God himself had gone down to his

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southern vineyard, and preached among them his Sermon on the Mount, or his Sermon at Nazareth, they would have “crucified Him afresh, and put Him to open shame.” It was impossible for society to continue much longer in the state it was in. There was but one remedy to heal the evils, and root out the leprosy, and save the nation.—It was war! A fearful remedy—yet this only could extirpate slavery, root and branch, lift the fallen up, set the bond free, change the social aspects of society which slavery created, and regenerate the nation, and put it on a new basis of law, order, government, and freedom. This only could restore to the South the factory and capital, the church, the school, and the college, light, life, liberty, and Salvation.

But how was this to be accomplished? The slave owner was not content with slavery where it was—he wished to bring it into the new territories where it was not. He threatened to force it into the free States of the North from which it was driven. The government was in his hands, the supreme court was at his back, when H 114 he attempted to force it into the new territories. Less than the right to carry his slaves where he pleased he would not have. Not getting that, he would break up the government.

RISE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

In the month of May, 1856, a few men met in the town of Bloomington, State of Illinois, while the writer was there as stationed minister in the second Methodist Church. They drew up resolutions, and formed a *plan* to resist the further encroachments of slavery. The party was denominated Republican, and soon rose to power in the country, and like the stone cut out without hands, smote the democracy at the ballot-box, and scattered its remains to the winds of heaven. The State that gave the party to the country to save it, also gave the president to emancipate 4,000,000 of slaves, and the general to execute the orders and overthrow the rebellion. The republican party—President Lincoln, and General Grant —arose in Illinois, and from thence went forth with 258,000 men to save the nation.

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The year after the republican party arose a wonderful revival of religion took place, and spread through all the churches. One church alone received nearly 200,000 as an accession of members. The other churches must have received at least *half a million*. The river of life rolled on, bringing joy and gladness to every heart, and Salvation to many a soul. It is remarkable that this revival passed by almost every southern State, and rolled on its mission of mercy to Europe. From the 115 bosom of the church, and the strength of this great revival, a new power rose in antagonism to slavery, and ultimately overthrew it! In the fearful conflict that ensued, the churches of the North became the right hand of the government in carrying on the war and saving the nation. One church alone sent above 250,000 men into the Union army, of whom Mr. Lincoln said, "She sent more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospital, and more prayers to Heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist Church; God bless all the churches; and blessed be God who has given us the churches."

RISE, PROGRESS, AND CLOSE OF THE CONFLICT.

When the South found that she was defeated in the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, and that the administration was about to go out of her hands, she resolved to break the Union, divide the country, and overthrow the government, and in its stead establish another in the South founded on slavery. Soon star after star fell from the national flag, and State after State went out of the national Union. Arsenal and forts, stored with ammunition and guarded by men, were within her borders, belonging to the national government, to preserve its rights and secure its unity. These the South proceeded to take, and thus commenced the war!

At half-past four on the morning of April 12, 1861, Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter, one of the United States' forts in Charleston harbour, South Carolina. The next day it surrendered, and the garrison 116 left for New York. Long before they reached it, the telegraph bore the news to all parts of the United States. Great was the excitement, as men met their fellow-men in the streets of the northern cities and towns: they grasped

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each other's hands and pledged themselves to restore the fallen flag, retake the fort, and crush the rebellion in which Americans trampled on the flag that defended their fathers. That flag once waved over *four millions of slaves in bondage*; it was doomed to rise no more until baptized in blood and the slaves were free!

On the 14th, President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 volunteers—it should have been 500,000. To this call volunteers from all parts of the North responded. In four days some regiments were formed, wheeled into line, and marched to the scene of conflict. Others rushed to the rescue by the different railroads. Washington was turned into a military camp, and the capital into a barracks. Volunteers and soldiers slept on the cushioned seats of senators and representatives. The shrill fife, the beat of drum, the trump of war, and the sound of alarm called the nation to arms. Thousands rushed from the store, the shop, the mechanics' room, the merchants' office, the college hall, the farm-field, and the tender home. The South was not idle. She was better prepared. The means, the arms were in her hands; her men were drilled; her army ready at a moment's notice to march to the scene of strife. The government was in her hands: she robbed its treasury, mint and arsenals of money, means and arms, while she left her perjured senators 117 and representatives in Washington to tie the hands of congress until her plans and preparations were ready for secession. Immediately after Lincoln issued his proclamation, Davis issued his. The call was almost as quickly answered by as many or more men. There was a great uprising of the foes and friends of freedom. The United States' mints, forts and arsenals in the southern States were immediately seized and appropriated by the southern men, who turned the guns upon the defendants, or made the garrisons prisons, and the United States' soldiers prisoners of war. South Carolina, the first in revolt, was soon followed by Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas. Other States quickly followed. They founded a provisional government, with Davis for president, and “slavery for a corner-stone.” But the foundation was on the sand, “*and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell, and great was the fall of it;*” while the North, founded on the principles of the

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“Pilgrim Fathers,” who landed on Plymouth Rock, stood the storms of the conflict, because it was founded on the ROCK of justice.

On the 19th of April, 1775, the first blood was shed in the revolutionary war at the battle of Lexington. Eighty-six years after, on the anniversary of the same day, 19th April, 1861, the first blood was shed in the slaveholders' rebellion in the streets of Baltimore, where some four or five soldiers were slain by the pro-slavery mob—the soldiers being on their way to Washington to join the Union army. This increased the intensity of the excitement already up, and roused the North to 118 more determined effort to crush the rebellion. In the meantime the South was making more united effort to resist the North and divide the Union. Had the southern people been allowed to give a legal vote on the subject, the majority of the people would have voted against secession, as some of the States did, which after were forced into the rebellion, But the leaders of the revolt took measures, and adopted means by which the majority of the people were coerced into the position they occupied, and all who lifted up their voice against it were crushed by the threat of violence. The seat of the provisional government was fixed at Alabama; but it was thought better to move it to Richmond, Virginia, in order to draw in that State, and throw the line of defence and seat of war along the border States and northern frontier, so that there might be left a wider base for defence in the South. This was wisdom in the South, and strategy according to the art of war; but it was justice by the Almighty that Virginia, the mother of slavery, should be the battle-field of the rebellion; and Richmond, the great slave-mart, should be the Armageddon of the war. From Richmond, on the James's river, to the Rio Grande in the Gulf of Mexico, nearly the whole of the Atlantic coast was in their hands, and the Mississippi, from its mouth at New Orleans, to almost St. Louis in Missouri. Along the south side of the Potomac and Ohio rivers, across the Mississippi at Cairo to New Mexico, trending towards the Pacific coast, a line of fortifications extended defending the northern border of the southern confederacy. Within its bounds lay a country almost half the size of 119 Europe. Along this line of battle gathered an army of about *four millions* men, the largest that was ever marshalled on the face of the earth. The conflict was one

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of the greatest; the results—in the emancipation of 4,000,000 slaves, and the opening of the country to freedom, right, and God—are the most stupendous. That line had to be broken, those fortifications taken, the whole coast and its forts reoccupied, and the Mississippi opened, and the entire country brought back to the Union, and the people to their allegiance by the power of the sword.

Of old, Jehovah said to the Jewish nation, “ *Egypt have I given for thee, and Ethiopia for thy ransom.* ” It is a remarkable fact, that God, in the course of His Providence, redeemed these *four millions* slaves of the South by an army of 4,000,000 men—man for man, life for life, and blood for blood. Ostensibly *two millions and a half* of northern men fought for the Union, and *one million and a half* of southern men for disunion, while God overruled both for the emancipation of the slaves and the salvation of the nation. Around the southern coast, and along the above line of fortifications, the tide of battle raged with garments rolled in blood. Cannon boomed and sabres clashed, and the groans of the dying mingled with the shout of triumph, and victory seemed now on this side and again on that. From the 19th of April to the 21st of July several severe skirmishes took place, some of which might be called battles. But on Sunday, the 21st of July, 1861, was fought the celebrated battle of Bullrun, where fell about 5,000 men on both sides, in killed and wounded. 120 The northern army was overthrown, the northern States were deeply humbled, the pride and pomp and beast of braggart men were cast down; prayer was made to God in all the churches, but still “*they would not let the people go.* ”

Expeditions were fitted out to re-take the forts along the Atlantic coast, and on either shore of the Mississippi. These were connected with great expense, and greater loss of life; many perished by storm at sea, and many in the attacks by land. Union raids and large campaigns were planned and executed with great loss of life, and fearful dangers and disasters. Thousands fell in the assaults on Charleston, and in the evergreen glades of Florida. The waters of the Mississippi and Missouri, the Cumberland and Tennessee, the Potomac and James's rivers, were tinged with the blood of the slain who fell in naval conflict, or around the forts upon the shores. At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville above

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15,000 fell slain in battle. Forts Henry and Donaldson, Memphis, Shiloh, and New Orleans became the centres of great conflict—the scenes of great carnage. Thousands fell around the hills and forts of Vicksburg, Blackbridge, Champion Hill, and Port Hudson. The waves of desolation swept over Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas. Wilson's Creek, Prairie Grove, and Pea Ridge, were battle scenes of fearful struggle, where thousands fell. Mission Ridge, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, and Perryville, in Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee, were memorable as fields of blood and conflict.

But the South was not content with acting on the 121 defensive—rebel raids on Union soil were organized on a vast and effective plan, and executed with dexterity by the raiders, and desolation to some of the northern States. Maryland and Pennsylvania were invaded by the troops of Lee and Jackson. The battles of Antietam and Gettysburg were fearful scenes of conflict, where nearly 50,000 fell in killed and wounded. The Chickahomony swamps and battles of the Wilderness were almost as fatal. Nearly a 100,000 soldiers of the northern army taken prisoners on battle fields, were held in prison pens in the South, in worse than southern bondage. Above 30,000 of these were imprisoned in the prison pen of Andersonville, Georgia, of whom above 13,000 were really starved to death! And some returned as maniacs never to recover their reason! Some lost their feet and hands, which literally rotted off the body, and when released were the most piteous objects of charity. Others, who had endeavoured to escape, were chased through woods and swamps by scouts, and run down by blood-hounds trained to run on the track of the fugitive slave; these were returned to more servile wretchedness. Almost every morning around the prison pens of the South, and through the woods and swamps adjacent, the bay of the blood-hound was heard on the track of the fugitive prisoner, who was brought back with his legs bleeding, and flesh torn by the dogs. Many within prison enclosures were shot down while crawling over an imaginary dead line, to get a drink at a muddy stream which sluggishly rolled by.

More than a *million* lives were lost *directly* and 122 *indirectly* through the war! Of these the *graves* of thousands are only known to the omniscient eye of God. Nothing is known of the

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graves of most of the rebel dead who died in battle in the South. Many a weeping wife and widowed mother are forced to exclaim, in the anguish of their hearts, "No man knoweth of his grave to this day," and many a father is heard to say, "Would God I had died for thee, my son, my son." Of the known graves of the fallen dead, the following have been ascertained. There died of southern soldiers in northern prisons during the war 26,436.

The known graves of the Union dead, as ascertained June 30, 1866, were:

Virginia and Washington, 100,000

Maryland, 17,236

Eastern and middle States, 9,760

Carolinas, North and South, 17,885

Georgia, 27,500

Florida, 1,200

Alabama, 1,730

Mississippi, 35,000

Louisiana, 31,500

Tennessee, 67,000

Kentucky, 17,000

Ohio department, including the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, 13,545

Military departments of the Missouri and the Platte, 11,817

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Department of the Pacific, 169

Total, 351,342

At the commencement of the war, the Confederate States gave up the raising of sugar and cotton on their 123 plantations, and set their slaves to the cultivation of corn crops, and the building of fortifications. This enabled them to put a vast army of white soldiers into the field against the North. The Union generals soon saw the effect of this, so that Fremont and Hunter proclaimed emancipation in their military districts, but President Lincoln forbade it—the time was not yet—“neither would they let the people go.” It was necessary for God to scourge the nation with severer strokes, to plague it with greater disasters, to humble it with repeated defeats. Soon judgments came in rapid succession: the nation was humbled, prayer was made to God in all the churches, days of fasting and humiliation were appointed; when from the churches, press, and army in the battle field, a cry arose, “*Free the slaves.*” At length, on the 1st January, 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, and knocked off the chains of four millions slaves. Great was the excitement, and great was the result. The South, exasperated, threatened to raise the black flag, and show no quarter. The North replied by calling into their service 200,000 colored troops, who fought as brave as the bravest of the white soldiers. The South carried out its threats by giving up its prisoners to massacre, as in Fort Pillow and other places! Finding the North was about to retaliate, they changed their tactics, and starved to death thousands of northern prisoners who were in their hands. But “the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.” Judgment began at the house of God—it was transferred to its enemies. The Confederate government, founded on human slavery, was doomed to fall. The decree went forth: several of the forts and cities on the Atlantic coast were taken by the Union fleet; the northern line of southern defences was broken in the west; the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers and their fortifications fell into the hands of the Union army; New Orleans was taken, and the Mississippi opened from its source to its mouth. The Confederacy was divided in twain: Sheridan Cut off the resources around

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Richmond; Sherman, with a vast army, knocked at the gates of Atlanta—they opened, and he marched through the Confederacy to the Atlantic coast; Charleston, Savannah, and Columbia fell before him; Grant thundered at the gates of Richmond. The rebel congress, in its distress, decreed the emancipation of all colored men who would fight in its army. It was too late!

On the afternoon of April 2nd, 1865, while Davis was worshipping in Richmond church, a telegram reached him from Lee, stating that his lines were broken. The rebel president fled, and Richmond fell before the arms of Grant. The Confederate armies were overthrown, and the last battle was fought. President Lincoln fulfilled his mission. As the North was intoxicated with national delight, and in the midst of its triumphs, their beloved president was assassinated, and the fugitive rebel president arrested. Strange scenes of sorrow and joy followed in rapid succession. Thousands of those who rejoiced in the triumph of the nation were clad in mourning, and the badges of joy and sorrow hung side by side on the nation's banners. At length, the smoke of battle cleared away, the boom of cannon faintly echoed, and the groans of the dying ceased. The light began to shine. A form was seen walking on the troubled waves like the Son of God, and a voice was heard amid the tempest saying, PEACE! and there was a great calm—slavery was destroyed; *four* millions slaves were emancipated! 4,000,000 freemen fought around the bond, 1,000,000 perished in the contest! and 3,000,000 returned home to the bosom of their families. "The Lord reigneth, let the nations tremble."

CHAPTER IX. OLD AND NEW AMERICA.

THE NATION'S SECOND BIRTH—POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CHANGES—EMIGRATION—AGRICULTURAL AND NATURAL PRODUCTIONS—THE NATIONAL FINANCES—AMERICAN NAVY—SANITARY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISSIONS—PROSPERITY: COMMERCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS—THE PRICE OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS' REBELLION.

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Nations are born amid scenes of sorrow and joy, and when fallen need *regeneration* as well as individuals. The transition from a state of sin to a state of grace is through the anguish of the second birth, and the recovered are received as “alive from the dead.” Many thought when the nation was in the late conflict that she was dying of consumption or old age: she was only passing through the throes of a second birth. Eagles renew their plumage and their youth by casting off the old feathers and receiving new. The demon of slavery had entered the body, soul and spirit of the great republic. It was impossible to exorcize it without convulsive throes of national agony. In the effort, the country almost lay paralyzed and prostrate for a time. But He, who commanded the legion to leave the demoniac of Gadara, spake the word, and it was done, and now the nation is sitting at the feet of Jesus, 127 clothed and in its right mind. Writers in England and America have charged each, the other's nation with the guilt of introducing slavery—England upbraiding America with adherence to this sin, and America England with the guilt of bringing it in. The controversy has become like that of our first father Adam, with the mother of all living, when they sinned in the first transgression. The facts are these: the colonists were the first to introduce it; some of them saw their Spanish and French neighbours possessed of slaves, and they thought they might be also. England sanctioned it, legalized it, and at last drew a revenue from it. When the States became independent, and retained slavery in their political system, of course they became responsible for its consequences to that system. One fact will illustrate the above. In 1733, General Oglethorpe and John Wesley—the one as trustee and founder, the other as missionary and pastor—obtained from the crown a charter for the colony of Georgia, by which the sale of run and the system of slavery were to be for ever excluded from the colony. After the humane general and devoted missionary left, the colonists introduced both with the sanction of England by changing the charter, and when the colony became the State of Georgia she retained her slaves, and, consequently suffered fearfully in the struggle that made them free.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL CHANGES.

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It was far more easy for Mr. Lincoln to destroy slavery at a stroke by the sword, with a large army at his back, than to destroy the *social state* which slavery 128 created. This will take years to accomplish and generations to complete: yet the changes wrought are really marvellous in so short a time. Hundreds of incidents, singular and humorous, might be brought to illustrate this. The United States' congress and the State legislatures have also constitutionally confirmed what Mr. Lincoln did by his proclamation, so that slavery is no more in the Union. The great question of the political status of the *freedmen* is the one now before the country. They not only have their freedom, but demand their RIGHTS, and these they shall have, though they be delayed for a time. So great has been the revolution in sentiment that coloured people may now vote in some of the States, if not in all. Many ride in the same railway carriage or street rail-car, which before they could not. Some may plead as lawyers at the same bar, and sit as jurors on the same case with white men, and preach occasionally in the same pulpits even to white congregations. That the races shall ultimately mix and amalgamate, I think most *improbable*, not even as much as before the war. Many of the southern white people have also changed their mode of life to meet their altered circumstances; hence, not long since, an ex-rebel general was found on his large plantation, working hard among his freed-men who were formerly his slaves. He declared that he tried the two systems, and he found the *new* better than the *old*; for he could raise more corn and cotton by paying the slaves than when he worked them in bondage.

At the commencement of the war it was thought emigration from Europe to America would cease, but 129 instead thereof, it increased with greater rapidity. Davis, at the beginning of the war, in one of his messages, exulted in the expectation that yellow fever would cut off the northern army in its approaches to the Gulf States. Instead of this the yellow fever disappeared from those States as the Union army advanced, and since then it has been scarcely known in its old haunts of power at New Orleans, Mobile, Charleston, and Savannah. At the close of the war Lincoln pointed to the providential fact that, notwithstanding the numbers taken from the industrial pursuits of life to fill up the army, that still there was abundant material left to till the soil and discharge the varied duties of

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civil and commercial life. More men were found in the northern States at the close of the rebellion than at the beginning, the increase being supplied by emigration. In the state of Illinois, where the writer lived, houses could not be built fast enough to accommodate the rush of emigration to the state.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTIONS.

As two millions and a half of men were called from the cultivation of the soil, the production of crops, and the varied pursuits of mercantile life, it was thought a famine was inevitable, especially if the war continued for more than a year or two; just then agricultural machines for ploughing, planting, reaping, and mowing were so improved and multiplied, that one man could do more than the work of two before the war commenced. During that time a member belonging to the church of which the writer was pastor, obtained a 130 patent right for a plough of which he was the inventor. It was in successful operation when the writer left. Upon it sat the ploughman holding the reins of two horses, turning two sods at a time, and ploughing six acres per day. The crops raised during the war supplied the population at home, the soldiers in the field, and a large amount for foreign exportation. A short time before the war commenced the Chinese sugar cane was extensively introduced into the north-western States, of which millions of barrels of molasses and pounds of sugar were made; so that when the war began, and the supply of sugar was cut off from the South, these States could not only supply their need, but export a large quantity of molasses. The same holds true in reference to light—almost every house in the North was lighted with camphene obtained from the trees of the Carolinas; but as this was cut off, the discovery of *petroleum* not only supplied the want, but left a vast quantity for exportation, from which a large revenue was supplied.

The South proclaimed slavery, the corner-stone of their confederacy, and cotton king, on which Europe and America were dependent; but Lincoln's emancipation proclamation knocked the foundation from the confederacy, and his kingship off the throne, and *wool* supplied the place of cotton. As the war advanced, the precious metals became scarce,

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and gold and silver almost disappeared; just then California opened her capacious bosom and laid her golden treasures at the nation's feet, and Nevada laid bare her silver mines, extending hundreds of miles in length, and to depths 131 unknown; Illinois and Missouri yielded lead and iron, and out of the hills of Michigan and Minnesota miners dug brass. The war debt swelled to enormous figures, but the precious metals alone discovered during that period would more than pay off the entire debt, beside sustain a circulating medium, and the foreign credit of the nation. Millions of the debt have been reduced already, and means are now abundant, and measures adopted to pay the whole off in *twenty-five years*. Upon these facts, and the ability and willingness of the people to sustain the war and meet the expenses, the government issued *bonds*, and *notes* of currency, and appealed to the people to sustain them. Thousands replied by putting their earthly all, and some their half, into the national treasury; many a poor widow cast in her two mites, which went to save the nation; while others did more, by giving up their sons to die for the nation's life. Cheerfully the people not only submitted to taxation, but called on the government to tax them rather than see their government broken and their country divided. Thousands have wondered at the accumulation of so great a debt, and the rapidity with which it is being paid off. Financiers and politicians would do well to study the following facts and figures, quoted from the Treasurer's Report. It is unparalleled in the history of nations:

“THE FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY SATISFACTORY.

“The report presents a much more satisfactory condition of our finances than one year ago the most sanguine could have anticipated. During the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1866—the last year of the 132 war—the public debt was increased 941,902,587 dollars, and on the 31st of October, 1865, it amounted to 2,740,854,750 dollars. On the 31st day of October, 1866, it had been reduced to 2,551,810,006 dollars, the diminution, during a period of fourteen months, commencing September 1, 1865, and ending October 31, 1866, having been 206,879,565 dollars. In the last annual report on the state of the finances, it was estimated that during the last three quarters of the fiscal

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year ending the 30th June last, the debt would be increased 112,194,947 dollars. During that period, however, it was reduced 31,196,387 dollars, the receipts of the year having been 89,905,905 dollars more, and the expenditures 200,529,235 dollars less than the estimates. Nothing could more clearly indicate than these statements the extent and availability of the national resources, and the rapidity and safety with which, under our form of government, great military and naval establishments can be disbanded, and expenses reduced from a war to a peace footing. During the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1866, the receipts were 558,032,620 dollars, and the expenditures 520,750,940 dollars, leaving an available surplus of 37,281,680 dollars. It is estimated that the receipts for the fiscal year ending the 30th June, 1867, will be 475,061,386 dollars, and that the expenditure will reach the sum of 316,428,078 dollars, leaving in the treasury a surplus of 158,633,308 dollars. For the fiscal year ending June, 1868, it is estimated that the receipts will amount to 436,000,000 dollars, and that the expenditure will be 350,247,641 dollars, showing an excess of 85,752,359 dollars in favour of the government. These estimated receipts may be diminished by a reduction of excise and import duties; but after all necessary reductions shall have been made, the revenue of the present and of following years will be sufficient to cover all legitimate charges upon the treasury, and leave a large annual surplus to be applied to the payment of the principal of the debt. There seems now to be no good reason why taxes may not be reduced as the country advances in 133 population and wealth, and yet the debt be extinguished within the next quarter of a century."

In 1861 the American government could scarcely be said to have a respectable navy, as the nation was at peace with itself and all the world. The few ships that were, were sent to cruise in the Mediterranean Sea, the Pacific Ocean, and the Chinese waters. Soon the distant fleet came home, and iron clads were formed, and the navy increased to one of the most formidable in the world. After reducing the fleet, selling off iron clads, and other vessels, it occupies the following position at present:

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

The following is a concise account of the distribution of the American navy:—

“The destination and strength of the several squadrons are matters of much interest. The European squadron, commanded by Admiral Goldsborough, consists of ten ships, carrying one hundred guns, and cruises along the west coast of Europe and Africa, as far south as St. Paul de Loando, taking in the Mediterranean and Baltic Seas, and visiting from time to time, with one or more vessels, such ports as those of Tripoli, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, reminding those semi-barbarous nations that the great republic keeps her starry flag afloat upon all the waters of the globe, the emblem and the safeguard of progress and freedom. The Asiatic squadron patrols the east coast of Africa and Asia. It consists of eight ships, carrying seventy-eight guns, and is commanded by Rear Admiral Bell. Within its jurisdiction come the newly opened ports of China and Japan, into which our advanced civilization is gradually creeping. The North Atlantic squadron, 134 under the care of Rear Admiral Palmer, has charge of the West Indian Islands, where American interests are closely involved. It contains fifteen ships, with one hundred and thirty-five guns. The South Atlantic squadron sweeps the eastern coast of South America and around the Cape to the eastern coast of Africa, meeting the patrol of the European squadron at St. Paul de Loando. This is commanded by Admiral Godon, and consists of eight vessels and seventy-five guns. In the North Pacific, Rear Admiral Thatcher has ten vessels, carrying one hundred and twenty-two guns, but for the past year their movements were confined to visiting the Sandwich Islands and various ports in Central America and Acapulco, running up occasionally to Puget's Sound to look after our interests in that quarter; conveying Queen Emma to Honolulu and making surveys of that portion of the Pacific Ocean. The coast line from Panama to Cape Horn and reaching as far in the Antarctic direction as the British colony of Australia, is known as the South Pacific squadron, composed of seven vessels, carrying seventy-one guns, recently placed under command of Rear Admiral Dahlgren. The Gulf squadron, which Commodore Winslow commands, has supervision,

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as its name suggests, of the Gulf of Mexico, and consists of ten vessels, with seventy-four guns. All the squadron together, it must be admitted, put a very effectual “girdle round about the earth” and represent the American nation most respectably on the sea.”

As hundreds of thousands of men were suddenly called to the field of battle, many wondered where will the clothing come from. But soon was heard in every home, hall, shop, and store throughout the land the clank of the sewing machine, and in a short time 2,500,000 men were clad, ready for the battle. The sewing machine is an American invention.

To induce soldiers to enlist and provide for their 135 families while at the war, the government offered large bounties to them; individuals, and municipal corporations voluntary gave £50,000,000 sterling.

Extra clothing and food were needed for the sick in hospitals: the sanitary commission was formed, and the people responded to the amount of £5,250,000.

As the conflict increased, the wounded and the sick became so numerous there were not chaplains enough in the army, or nurses in the hospitals to attend them. The thought oppressed the heart of a pious merchant in Philadelphia. Mr. Stuart, an Irishman by birth or descent, knelt in his office in prayer to God, and a new plan opened out before him. It was proposed to the churches to send some of their ministers and laymen down as chaplains in the field; and nurses in the hospitals, for six or eight weeks at a time, without remuneration or reward, but such as God would give in present peace and everlasting glory, at that day when He would say before an assembled universe, “Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me.”

The idea at once became popular. Many wondered they had not seen it before in that light, but the provision came as the nation needed it in its emergency.

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The people responded to it in £1,000,000; and an army of ministers and laymen hastened to the battlefield and hospital, many of whom fell in sickness while trying to save others. In a town where *four* or more churches were, one minister went at a time, and another relieved him as he returned. Thus Baptist, Episcopalian, Presbyterian, and Methodist ministers, relieved each 136 other in the field, and ministered to each other's congregations when one of the pastors or more were absent.

Thus was formed the Christian Commission. In addition to the above voluntary societies, the “ *Freedman's Aid Society* ,” and the “ *American Union Commission* ,” were formed, the one to provide food, raiment and schools for the slaves who were suddenly made free by the government; the other to relieve poor white Union families who lost all in the war. These societies received large and liberal aid to assist them, the former from friends in Great Britain and Ireland.

PROSPERITY: COMMERCIAL, LITERARY, AND RELIGIOUS.

Of the internal commerce, a writer has beautifully said:

“It is astonishing to observe the vast quantities of produce in course of transit throughout the country. Huge steamboats on the Mississippi and Alabama are loaded to the water's edge with bales of cotton; those on the Ohio are burdened with barrels of pork and thousands of hams; “propellers” on the lakes are filled with the finest wheat from Wisconsin and Michigan; canal-boats in New York and Pennsylvania are deeply laden with flour; railroad waggons are filled with merchandize, and locomotives struggle in the western wilds to drag trains richly freighted with the production of every country under the sun. The United States reminded me sometimes of a great ant-hill, where every member of the community is either busy carrying a burden along a beaten pathway, or hastening away in search of new stores to increase the national prosperity.”*

* Mr. Baxter, in Sir Morcton Peto's *Resources and Prospects of America*.

True as was the above of the whole country before the war, it was doubly true of the North during that period. Such commercial prosperity no country ever witnessed during a state of civil war. If it were Egypt in the South during that time, the North was literally a land of Goshen. The difference between the Jews and Egyptians in the times of the Exodus could scarcely have been greater than that of the South and North during the war! Some towns nearly doubled their populations, and all the cities increased theirs. Houses could scarcely hold the inhabitants, and the sight and sound of workmen building houses were everywhere to be seen and heard. Property rose in value, and produce nearly doubled its former prices, and the crops were abundant. Although a million of men were called away from the production of food, yet a greater area of land was cultivated, and larger crops obtained than before the war, on account of the increase of emigration and the improvement in agricultural machines. Old debts were paid off, and few new ones were contracted. The old State banks, which were a curse rather than a blessing to the country, were swept away, and in their place arose a new kind, based on large property and government stocks, which proved to be the kind just needed.

In the year 1860 the tonnage of the United States was 5,353,868 tons. Her import and export trade ranks next to England in value, that being £500,000,000. In 1861 the exports and imports of America were £152,600,000 sterling; in 1862 it nearly doubled that. For the next three years of the war the exports far exceeded the imports, the people denying themselves 138 the luxuries which formerly they prized, so that they might be enabled to pay off their war-debt. In 1862 the exports of agricultural products alone amounted to £25,000,000 sterling.

When the war commenced many feared the destruction of railroads in the North, and the interruption of trade and travel from rebel raids; but these were few and far between. The increase of travel became so great that companies could scarcely furnish carriages to convey passengers and the numerous troops hastening to the field of conflict in the

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South. Whole families, even of the poorest of the people travelled extensively; in fact the Americans are a travelling people, few living where they were born; and the most travel in search of better locations, so that railroads and steamboats are often crowded, and the vast prairies often dotted by the white tents and moving waggons of thousands of emigrants, going farther west with their numerous herds, in search of richer lands, larger farms, and better homes. As the European emigrants reach the shores of the Atlantic with small trunks and a little money, the American emigrant moves farther west with his vast herds and heavier pockets to settle the new country, and lay the foundation of churches, schools and colleges, in new territories and States, that shall throw their Christianizing and civilizing influence over the whole country, and mould the foreign emigrant and make him a faithful and industrious citizen.

In the year 1861 the number of miles of railroad in America were 31,168, and the property invested in them, £235,600,000 sterling. Since then the number 139 of miles have greatly increased, and the amount of property vastly augmented; for, during the war, the old lines were extended and new ones projected. From St. Louis at the south end of Illinois, and Chicago at the north, with 300 miles between, lines of railroad run westward, converging in one centre near the Rocky Mountains. Already the lines have reached Fort Kearney; soon they shall meet in Salt Lake, Utah, and develop the vast resources of the country on either side. On the California side of the mountains there are 3,000 Chinese working on the roads. In the summer of 1868 it is expected both roads shall meet, and form a connexion between east and west in Utah territory. Along this line of travel and track of commerce thousands shall move, and towns and cities shall rise, and schools, colleges, and churches shall be built, and the wilderness shall become as Eden, and the desert as the garden of the Lord. The locomotive, with its train of cars, shall traverse the vast plains, where the Indian and buffalo roam, sweep round the curves of the Rocky Mountains, ascend the crest of the Sierra Nevada, or dash through its tunnelled sides, and hasten to the golden gates of San Francisco on the Pacific coast. The Pacific railroad stretching thus, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, nearly 4,000 miles, shall bind the east and west

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together, and open up the country to settlement and the development of its resources. Thus the general prosperity of the North became unparalleled, no poor suffered, for there was enough and to spare. Enough to feed the home populations, to send food to the starving in the South, and 140 export a vast quantity abroad. That this prosperity was not fictitious, nor based on inflated currency, is evident from the fact, that two years have passed since the close of the war, and still the prosperity continues. Many feared that if the war should cease suddenly (which it did) thousands would be broken up by the sudden change of circumstances; but instead of this, few became bankrupt, and the prosperity continued, as the people prepared to meet it.

Although thousands of the young men left the halls of colleges for the seat of war, the schools were filled with children taught by lady teachers, and the colleges with students who had taken the place of those who left. Twice young men left the Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, for the scene of battle; but their places were filled by others who were coming in; and to-day it is more prosperous than ever, as a letter from the President informs me. All literary and collegiate institutions flourished, and the debts they had contracted paid off. Books were written, and read by thousands more than they had ever been before. Those written on the war attained enormous circulation, some reaching 200,000 copies of one work. Annuals became quarterlies, and these were changed into monthlies, the monthly became a weekly, and the weeklies were turned into dailies, of even *first*, *second*, and *third* editions of 200,000 copies daily, as the war despatches came in.

The church charities and missionary societies shared in the general prosperity. As many ministers left as chaplains for the army, smaller congregations were united together, so as to be able to sustain a regular 141 ministry, but this was soon abandoned, as the population continued to increase. Through the war, and at its close, no congregation was left without a minister on that account, and their salaries were largely increased instead of diminished, and so continues still. Of course, it was very different in the South, where their churches and colleges were turned into hospitals, their congregations broken

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up, and their missionary societies bankrupt. In the North the religious life sustained the people; thousands flocked to the church of God, and prayer was made almost continually for those in the field of battle. Old churches were repaired, new ones were built, and contributions to the Home and Foreign Missions quadrupled what they had been before. The Methodist Episcopal Church at the close of the war, in the year 1866, received to her Home and Foreign Missions *one million dollars* , £200,000, the largest amount ever raised by any denomination for such a purpose. At the same period, 1866, was the year of her centennial existence in America, besides building new churches, sustaining the old, and supporting her ministry and institutions, she laid as a thank-offering on the altar of God, for charitable, literary, and religious purposes, *five millions dollars* , or £1,000,000 sterling.

The war is over, and the slaves emancipated; the country is saved; 4,000,000 soldiers have returned to the sanctities of home, and the peaceful pursuits of life. The nation, having passed through a second birth, or regeneration, is now again launched forth among the nations on a new career of prosperity. But let it never be forgotten that the slave holders' rebellion cost the nation more than a *million lives* , and EIGHT THOUSAND millions dollars, or nearly £2,000,000,000.

CHAPTER X. THE AMERICAN CHURCHES.

COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS—SEPARATION OF THE CHURCH AND STATE—THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE—THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES: EPISCOPALIAN, CONGREGATIONAL, BAPTIST, PRESBYTERIAN, AND METHODIST—THE CHURCH AND HER INSTITUTIONS: TEMPERANCE, BIBLE, MISSIONARY, AND SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETIES, COLLEGES—PRESS—UNITY—RESPECT—LOYALTY—THE NON-EVANGELICAL: ROMAN-CATHOLIC, UNITARIAN, UNIVERSALIST—TYPES AND SHADES OF UNBELIEF: MORMONISM AND SPIRITISM.

The founders and the fathers of the American churches were religious men. The fire of God burned in their souls, and the peace of God reigned in their hearts: men who

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sacrificed all that was dear in the Old World to found the kingdom of God in the New. They were tried men—whose faith and principles were severely tested, and who stood the fiery ordeal to which they were subjected; men of the zeal of Baxter, the faith of Owen, the genius of Milton, the patriotism of Hampden, and the bravery of Cromwell. Such men were the chosen instruments in the hands of God to found the churches in New England. The other colonists had the same principles and privileges. The Dutch and Swedes founded churches in New York and Delaware, 144 the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Huguenots in the Carolinas, the Episcopalians in Virginia, and the Presbyterians and Methodists in the middle States.

The *charters* which they obtained from the home government breathed forth the same spirit, and were founded on the same broad principles of religious and political liberty. They formed the basis on which the government of the United States was afterwards founded, the superstructure on which the churches rested. “ *The glory of God and the advancement of the Christian faith* ,” were the objects stated in their covenant engagements with one another. They were faithful to the trust reposed in them; posterity enjoy the exalted privileges flowing therefrom. During the century and a half of colonial connexion, they were like oases in the desert, gardens in the wilderness around, and light-houses along the Atlantic coast, to guide the feet of the “Pilgrim Fathers,” and their numerous children in the way of life and liberty. Prior to the revolution the light began to grow dim, the fine gold to become dross; the form of Christianity remained, but the spirit had well nigh departed. The Wesleys landed in Georgia as missionaries, and kindled a fire that never went out. Whitefield followed, and passed along the whole coast like a blazing comet, kindling a fire and a fervor wherever he went. New light shone upon the churches, new life was breathed into the fossilized forms, and new zeal was enkindled in their souls. Edwards was blessed in his labors at Northampton; the Tennants, at New Jersey; the Moravians, in Pennsylvania; Brainerd, in Delaware; and Eliot, among the 145 Indians. The Congregational Churches fixed their stakes in New England; the Episcopalians their tent in Virginia; the Presbyterians found a congenial home in the middle States; the Baptists

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passed from the limited dimensions of Rhode Island to the sunny slopes and flowing streams of the southern States; and the Methodists went everywhere preaching the word. The colonial churches were thus revived, and prepared to stand the storm that was about to beat upon them; they survived the shock—not one of them foundered—but remained to live and flourish.

The *Revolutionary War* originated in the foolish attempt, on the part of the home government, to lay upon the colonists burdens they were not able to bear; and when they resisted, their CHARTER RIGHTS were taken away, to recover which the colonists took up arms against the mother country. It is not necessary here to repeat what all who have read history know,—that after *eight* years of fearful conflict, the colonists obtained their *independence*, and the people their political and religious liberty. During that long period of war the churches suffered much; many of the shepherds fled, and the sheep were scattered abroad, and left without a shepherd. Nearly all of the Episcopal ministers left, and returned to England. Jarrett and White remained to gather the scattered sheep in Virginia and Maryland; Asbury and Strawbridge, the few Methodists that were in the middle States; while nearly all the pastors of the Congregational, Presbyterian, and Baptist, Churches remained with their people in the struggle. K

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ENFRANCHISEMENT OF THE CHURCH.

The union of one particular branch of the church and state is not of divine origin, or apostolic precedent. It was not known to Christ or to His apostles, nor was it in consonance with His Spirit, or His teaching. Let those who will plead for it, find the precedent with the priests of Egypt, Greece, and Rome; the prophets of Baal; the Brahmins of Hindoo; the llamas of Thibet; and the priests of China and Japan. Ever since the days of Constantine the unnatural union of church and state has been the prolific source of almost all the evils that have cursed the church, marred her beauty, and trammelled her steps in her march of conquest through the world. It was in reference to

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this event and its consequences that the seven apocalyptic angels sounded the trumpets of warning as indications of approaching danger. “ *He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.* ”

In only two of the early colonies was the church established by law, and the process of separation between church and state in these was gradual and not sudden. *First* , private meetings of dissenters in Virginia and Massachusetts were allowed; *second* , the meetings that were held in private soon became public; *third* , dissenters were relieved from paying tithes or taxes to the support of any state church; and *fourth* , the support of any church by law was abolished, leaving each church to the support of its own adherents, while the state protected all in their equal rights and privileges. The last vestige of state support was swept away in the Revolution, especially as the ministers, 147 generally of the Established Church, abandoned their flocks, and either retired to England, or went to British North America.

THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE.

The *voluntary principle* , by which all the churches are sustained, originated first in the inadequate support given by the home government to the colonial churches; and secondly, by the earnestness and energy of the colonists themselves to supply the want thus left vacant. If a new church was necessary to build, or an old one to repair, instead of waiting on some government official, who magnified his office by repulsive manners or tedious delays, the colonists put their hands in their own pockets, and said to each other, “Come, and let us build the house of the Lord.” In making the effort, they succeeded beyond their expectations, and soon found it was “more blessed to give than to receive.” In this way the separation of the church and state was effected, and in this manner the voluntary principle arose, and with it rose the condition of the churches; upon it all the American churches rest for support. The aggregate of that support in general, as well as the detail in particular, claims a passing notice. The amount of money spent in the support of the most costly

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State Church Establishment in the world is perhaps that of Great Britain; yet it does not excel the support given on the voluntary principle to the churches in America.

The amount paid the clergy of the Established Church in Great Britain and Wales by the State is £4,292,885.

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What the value of the church property is, and what the amount paid to the ministers of dissenting, churches, I cannot say. The voluntary principle in America, in less than a century, has accomplished a great work.

Value of Church Property in America £50,000,000

Average and total annual support (£150.) £7,500,000

Number of Churches 50,000

“ Ministers, active, superannuate and licentiate 50,000

Church accommodation sittings 25,000,000

The above are approximate figures, based on the census of 1860, and making allowance for the increased growth since then; yet the figures may be considered under rather than over what they really are at present.

The parsonage and collegiate property belonging to the various churches I am unable to give, but it is very large, as nearly all the colleges, seminaries and universities are endowed and supported by the churches and not by the State.

THE EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

The Protestant Episcopal Church was the first planted in America, and was for a time established by law, and nurtured and cherished by the home government. It received a

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precedence and support no other church did, yet its numbers increased but slowly until the revolution. During that time it was almost prostrated; but in 1785, when it was organized, it rose again, and has since gone on flourishing, if not so rapidly as 149 others, yet making considerable progress in the larger cities of the east. If the country had been left to its spiritual direction exclusively, it would have been a Sodom ere this: for a person may travel in some parts of the west fifty or an hundred miles without meeting with one of its churches, and visit hundreds of towns without finding one of its rectors. Yet we rejoice to say that this branch of the Church of Christ is becoming more useful, and extending her borders more widely. It is said that some *four* or *five* of her bishops are ritualistic, and several of the clergy, while the body of the people are sound in the faith, and some of the bishops and a large number of the clergy are devoted and laborious in their Master's service. Ritualism is not suited to the American taste. There are 33 dioceses, 43 bishops, 2,110 parishes, 2,073 clergy, 135,765 communicants or church members, and 118,069 Sabbath school children and young people in connexion with the Sabbath school and Bible classes.

The *Congregational* Church, or Church of the "Pilgrim Fathers," next to the Protestant Episcopal, is the oldest in the colonies. It is almost exclusively limited to the New England States, having never had an entrance to the South, on account of its hostility to slavery. In 1864, I went to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preach to a congregation in Philadelphia; it was about to organize into a second Congregational Church: he had come to assist it. It was the second in Philadelphia, a city of more than half a million population, where were already 58 Episcopal, 62 Presbyterian, 48 Baptist, and 64 Methodist churches. 150 In the west and north-west the Congregational churches are spreading and progressing; still, perhaps, this church has had the least increase of any other in the United States, which may be partly owing to her *want* of *connexional unity* in church government, which unity is a tower of strength to the other churches, as the Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Methodist. Although comparatively limited to New England and a few of the western States, her religious freedom and principles of political liberty

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have swept over the whole country, and have moulded its institutions, and guided the thought and course of the nation in some of its most difficult periods. It also sustains one of the most successful foreign missionary societies in the world, and has planted the gospel in Asiatic Turkey, Persia, Greece, and the Sandwich Islands. Churches, 2,500; ministers, 2,480; church membership, 257,634; Sabbath school children, 206,441.

The *Baptist* Churches form a large ecclesiastical family, and, next to the Congregational, are the oldest. They are also the second largest denomination in America. Like the Congregational churches, their form of church government is independent, each congregation being a church court in itself, and having no *legal unity* with any other congregation of the same body, consequently it suffers largely in having no central government to unite the efforts, or direct the energies of the whole. The only central idea of doctrinal unity among them being immersion as an exclusive form of baptism, there being a great variety of doctrines, usages, and opinions among them. This 151 denomination has spread extensively all over the United States, and has numerous churches, and many able ministers as preachers, writers and pastors. A large membership of generally devoted persons and zealous Christians are attached to it. There are 590 associations, 12,186 churches, 8,649 ministers and licentiates, and 994,620 church members. To these may be added half a million more of other minor Baptists, and about 5,000 churches, and as many ministers.

The *Presbyterian* Churches in America were founded by Irishmen. They may be divided into old and new school: United Presbyterian, Cumberland Presbyterian, and to which may be added the Dutch Reformed and German Reformed. The Presbyterian Churches have spread extensively over the southern, middle and western States, and have exerted a gracious moral influence over the minds of the people. They also sustain extensive foreign missions. Many of their ministers are eloquent and able expositors of the Word of God, and their members liberal and devoted in the cause of Christ. They are certainly more pious than the same churches in the old country, except it be the Free Church of Scotland, whom they most resemble in spirit and worship. The *Cumberlands* , although

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Presbyterians in their form of church government, are more methodistic in their spirit and manner of worship. The old and new school Presbyterian have 5,029 churches, 4,122 ministers, 417,620 church members; the other smaller branches would increase the entire membership to 550,000, the churches to 6,000, and the ministers to about 5,500.

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The *Methodist* Church in America, like the Presbyterian, was founded by Irishmen. Philip Embury, Robert Strawbridge and Robert King laid the foundation. It has spread over all the country, and has become by far the largest and wealthiest of the American churches, although one of the youngest of the whole. In the proper place we devote a chapter to this subject, and merely give the statistics here. The Methodist Episcopal Church and its cognate branches in the United States number about 14,000 ministers, 2,000,000 members, 8,000,000 hearers (including members), 2,000,000 Sabbath school children. Church, parsonage, press, and collegiate property, £10,000,000 sterling.

She has *one-third* of the church sittings and *one-fourth* of the church membership in the United States. In 1866, the centenary year of her existence, she raised for her home and foreign missions, £200,000. As a centenary thank-offering for collegiate and charitable purposes, £1,000,000.

The ratio of increase of the above churches for the half of this century, from 1800 to 1850, based upon the national census, has been as follows:

Congregational Church, as 2# to 1

Baptist Churches " 5# "

Protestant Episcopal " 6 "

Presbyterian Churches " 8½ "

Methodist Episcopal " 17¾ "

There are some minor denominations in the United States, who are not counted under the above heads, that 153 might claim a passing notice, such as the Lutheran, Moravian, Friends, and others, whose spirit, zeal, and labour to extend the Redeemer's Kingdom have been crowned with great success. It is a beautiful sight to see each tribe of God's Israel taking up its line of march towards the heavenly Canaan. As it was with the Israelites of old, as they marched through the wilderness with the cloudy pillar before them, four of the twelve tribes became standard bearers for the rest; so it might be said the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian are the standard-bearers of the sacramental hosts of God's elect, as they travel toward the promised land.

THE CHURCHES AND THEIR INSTITUTIONS.

The various Temperance Societies in America derive their life and support from their connexion with the churches. Many of the Sabbath schools are Temperance Societies, and often hold their week meetings in the church on turn.

The *American Bible Society* was organized in 1816, and has been a blessing to thousands since then. It has its branches and auxiliary societies in all the States and territories, and agents are numerous and active in raising contributions and scattering the Scriptures like leaves of the Tree of Life all over the land, and through the missionaries on the foreign stations, and among foreign nations. There is scarcely a hotel, ship or steamboat that is not supplied with the Word of Life, and scarcely an American home without a large family Bible laid upon the stand for daily use in domestic 154 worship. The translations of the American Bible Society are numerous and valuable, not only for her own polyglot emigrants, but also for transmission abroad. The contributions to the society are lifted annually in all the churches, and the anniversaries are held in some large central church

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where all can meet, or in alternate succession among the different churches in the smaller towns.

The *Missionary Societies* of the various churches have been numerous, successful, and well sustained. Those of the American board belonging to the New School Presbyterian and Congregational churches have been some of the most prosperous and successful in the world. The missions of the other Presbyterian bodies, and the Protestant Episcopal have been extensive, while those of the Methodists have been especially so. The Baptists also have extensive missions, begun by the immortal Judson and his immortal wives. After devoting large sums to the support of the home missions in the west, among the new settlers and foreign emigrants, the American churches have planted missions among nearly all the aboriginal tribes in the bounds of the United States; also in Central and South America, West Africa, and British India and Birmah, in China and Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Western Asia, and Eastern Europe. One of the American churches at the close of its first century, in 1866, raised for the mission work £200,000, which was the largest ever raised before by any section of the Church of Christ. If its mission fund was such last year, what will it be in another century to come. The American churches are destined 155 to be the mission churches of the world. Their missionaries even now traverse the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific, east and west of their own continent; the banks of the St. Lawrence, the Missouri, Mississippi, the Amazon, Laplatt and Parana, the prairies of the west, the Llanos of the South, the slopes of the Andes, the Cordilleras, and Rocky Mountains. Their voice is heard telling the story of the cross, with their brethren from Great Britain, on the shores of the Ganges and the Hoogly, in the plains of Hindoostan, and on the sides of the Hymalaya Mountains. Beautiful are their feet, as they carry the tidings of Salvation round the coasts of the Bosphorous, the Caspian, and Black Sea, the steppes of Northern Asia, and the mountains of Armenia, along the Syrian coast, and the dewy sides of Hermon, and the cedar slopes of Lebanon, the Isles of Greece, and the German fatherland.

The Sandwich and Japanese Islands have opened their coral gates to bid the messengers of Salvation enter. The doors of the Celestial Empire have been opened wide for their

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admission, while Egypt and Ethiopia have stretched out their hands to bid them welcome in the name of the Lord.

The *Sabbath schools* in America embrace about 5,000,000 pupils; they are in active and efficient organization. Each church has its own school, and each county a convention of the Sabbath schools of all. Each State a convention of all the delegates of these, and then there is a United States' Convention of the whole, which meets in Washington, or some central place in the Union. The Sunday school State Conventions are 156 meetings of great interest and profit, at which the best modes of Sabbath teaching are examined and discussed. In the county conventions, the delegates of the schools of the different churches meet for consultation and prayer. At the close of one of these conventions, which is generally held in the summer, the children of each Sabbath school marches in procession, with their own teachers at their side, under banners, to some neighbouring grove, where food is provided and eaten, and then speeches are made by ministers and superintendents, and songs sung, and harmoniums played; sometimes one Sabbath school sings at a time, and sometimes the whole together. Beside these, there are monthly concerts, at which the schools of the different churches meet in some central church for singing and addresses.

Classical Seminaries, Colleges , and *Universities* are nearly all supported by the churches, instead of by the state. Pleasant and healthy is the rivalry on this subject, and wonderful are the results. The college property, university endowment, and efficient teaching, with the army of students who attend, is really marvellous. True it is, the course of study is not so tedious or so thorough as in the old country, but is more extensive and practical.

The amount of money spent by the different churches in their different literary institutions is really marvellous. Dr. Elliott, an Irishman, the author of "Roman Catholicism Delineated," was the first to introduce young ladies' colleges to counteract the nuns' schools established by the Catholics. The Methodist Church 157 adopted the plan; all the other churches followed the example in swift succession; so that now young ladies' colleges, in

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which are taught all the higher branches of education, are crowded with lady students of from 300 to 400 in each college,—great has been the success. While the president, and, perhaps, one professor are gentlemen, all the rest of the teachers are ladies, who have graduated at other colleges.

The *secular press* cannot be said to be unfriendly to the churches, but often aid and assist them by the influence it wields in commerce and politics, for the entire community feel the necessity of sustaining schools and churches for the welfare of the people and the prosperity of the nation. Hence, ministers generally receive the papers of the secular press either free, or at half-price.

The *religious press*, however, is the right arm of the church. The weekly, monthly, and quarterly publications amount to *millions*, so do the books and periodicals of the Sabbath school. Each church has its own publication society, which caters mental and moral food for the youth of its Sabbath schools and congregations.

The *unity of the churches* is not so much seen in outward uniformity and external worship, as in the oneness of the doctrines they preach, the spirit they manifest, and the intercourse they have with each other. The fall of man, an atonement for *all*, the operation of the Spirit, and the need of a change of heart, with the profession of religion, are held forth in nearly all the churches. At public services and revival meetings, the ministers of the different churches often assist each other, while frequent interchange of pulpits on Sabbath days take place among the ministers of all. The *respect* paid to ministers of religion is general, and better evidenced by many tokens of regard, rather than obsequious bows, or flippant language. The nation feels the need of ministers and churches, and are not slow to manifest their appreciation by liberal donations. In fact, men of the world know that the presence of schools, churches, and ministers are essentials to the prosperity of the community, and the value of property. For property is often valued not only for the commercial, but also the literary and religious facilities around it. Take the Bible, the school, and the church away from the American nation, and the government would go

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to pieces, and the country to ruin. Never could the American government have been sustained in its late conflict were it not for the aid given by the churches in the prayers offered, the services they rendered, and the men they sent into the field of conflict to save their country. Into this struggle one church sent a *quarter of a million men*. The government was sustained, the country saved, the churches prospered, and slavery destroyed. "God bless all the churches, and blessed be God who has given us the churches," said the late President Lincoln.

THE NON-EVANGELICAL CHURCHES.

The *Roman Catholic Church* in America stands at the head of all the un-evangelical churches, as the oldest and the largest. Her increase latterly in the United States is almost exclusively confined to the Catholic 159 emigration from the old countries, Ireland furnishing about the largest contingency. Scarcely any native Americans belong to that church, and her converts from Protestantism have been still less. In the large cities and railroad and river towns she builds large churches, erects nunneries and monkeries, and schools attached, by which she tries to give her own children and others a higher and a lower education. In the smaller towns and country places, there are scarcely any Romanists to be found, and there they have lost *millions* of their people. The *National Intelligencer* gives the following statistics: Archbishops, 7; bishops, 35; priests, 2,215; churches and chapels, 3,884; schools and academies, 1,404; pupils, 30,000; convents and monasteries, 362; orphan asylums, 150, with 9,000 children. The Catholic population may be set down, in round numbers, at 3,000,000; yet the half of these could not obtain church accommodation from the number of churches they have built. There is no doubt at all but they have lost enormously in the United States. Bishop England, in a letter to Rome, said that 50,000 were lost in his diocese alone. Priest Mullen, writing from New Orleans, to the *Irish Tablet*, Dublin, in April, 1852, states that, after examining the statistics of Catholic emigration to America, from different countries, that at that time they had lost of their population in America, 1,980,000. Since then, they must have lost nearly another million, so that the number lost to that church of her people, up to the present

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time, is about 3,000,000. There are very few of the second and third generation of Catholic emigrants, who remain connected with that 160 church at all. On a small circuit the writer travelled in Illinois, he found about fifteen families of Irish Catholic origin, who had become devoted Methodists. The same will apply to the number that join Baptist and Presbyterian churches. In travelling extensively through the country, I have met hundreds of families who had thus left Romanism for Methodism.

A few facts have produced these results:

- 1.—There is a moral and political atmosphere thrown around the Catholic mind that is death to his system. The freedom of thought; the equality of man before law, human and divine; the right of private judgment; and accountability to God, meets him everywhere. To an American mind, no thought is more revolting or absurd than that “the priest can forgive sins.” Often, when pressed with this question, the tongue has denied what the conscience was trained to believe, and Patrick has often found himself in a dilemma between the two. The whole genius and spirit of the political system is opposed to Popery.
- 2.—A few years ago, the hierarchy with the priests endeavoured to obtain the public school funds, and appropriate them to the support of Roman Catholic schools, over which the priests had exclusive control. This led to a severe conflict, in which the priests and their adherents were defeated, several Catholic rioters being shot down in the streets.
- 3.—Another conflict arose in the church itself between the people and the bishops, in which the latter endeavoured to obtain the control of all the church and ecclesiastical property, by deeding the property to 161 themselves. The people objected, and laws were passed by the several legislatures requiring the deeds of ecclesiastical property to be vested in laymen for the benefit of the churches.
- 4.—The part the clergy took some years ago, in controlling and directing the votes of their people, led to the formation of the “American Party,” which was extremely hostile

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to popery; so that at the time I landed in America, popery was everywhere the object of hatred and contempt.

5.—The rioting propensities of this part of the population is remarkable—there being few riots committed in the United States in which they are not implicated—even in connexion with the most solemn events. Scarcely can they attend a funeral of their own people without either racing, drinking, or fighting coming home. The American people cannot understand the mixing things sacred and tender with the profane and savage. Yet, popery in America is of a much milder form and more enlightened type than in Europe. Although popery has lost in America *fully* as *many* people as she has now attending her mass-houses, yet the greatest danger to the American people will come from this source, and the next great conflict there will be with this political system.

The *Unitarians* arose in America in the New England States, at a time when the church of the “Pilgrim Fathers” was cold and dead, having little of religious life or fervor. The leaven spread secretly among ministers and congregations, and was not fully known until the heart-searching preaching and revivals of L 162 Edwards and Whitefield exposed it to view. As the number of those who were awakened and converted in these revivals became more numerous and decided in religion, so the rest who remained indifferent to either their own conversion or that of others, came out as Unitarians. The infidel Hume said, “If Christianity be true, it is tremendously true.” The Unitarians consequently rejected the fall of man, the Divinity and Atonement of Christ, the Divinity and Personality of the Holy Spirit, and the need of a change of heart as a preparation for heaven. Errors, so pleasing to corrupt human nature, and flattering to the pride of man, soon gathered round them the careless and indifferent in religion, the pride and wealth of the State, those who trusted in their own works instead of the sacrifice of Christ. In Boston, nearly every Congregational church became Unitarian, and throughout New England a large proportion of the congregations and ministers also. It is, however, principally limited to the New England States, the rest of the nation being too intelligent and sensible to receive its fallacies and vagaries. At present it is dying of consumption, and Episcopalians and

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Catholics are buying up its churches, and absorbing its congregations. The hearts of the young long for the Living Water and the Bread of Life, instead of the dry crusts of Unitarian sophistries.

About the same time, and in the same place, arose *Universalism*: the one from the Pelagian corruption that ensued from the spiritual death that pervaded the New England churches, the other from the hyper-Calvanism preached in those times. While Unitarianism ascended 163 to the upper strata of society, flattering its pride and pomp, Universalism descended to the lower strata, and ministered to the vices and the follies of the vulgar and the low; consequently, around this system gather all who entertain a hope of heaven, yet live in sin. Wherever you find a village or community whose morals are low, you may always trace their connexion with this blighting system; and wherever you find a man of loose or low morals he is sure to be one of this persuasion. Still I have found some persons among this people whose life and practice were better than their creed. While stationed in Petersburg, Illinois, a few years ago, as I was dressing one morning in my room, about the dawn of day, I heard a knock at my study-door, and went to see. A young lad said, "Sir, come down, my father is dying, he wants you to pray with him." I asked, who is your father? Having informed me: I remembered Mr. C—was a Universalist of loud profession. I went with the lad to his father's house; the candles were still lit, and the grey dawn was beaming through the windows. The rooms were crowded with Universalists and sympathising friends; eight children were about to be left fatherless, the weeping wife sat by the bed-side, and in the bed lay the man wasted by disease, and terror-stricken by unpardoned sin and a future judgment. Stretching out his hand to me, he said he was glad to see me; he had felt wretched and miserable on account of his sins, and could find no relief in the errors he embraced. He felt he must die, and he was unprepared for death. All this was said in the presence of his Universalist friends. 164 I saw he was awakened, and was ready to come to Christ. I tried to direct him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. He burst into tears. We knelt in prayer, and he called on the Name of the Lord. Next day I visited him again: he was not far from the Kingdom. I left him calling

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on the Name of the Lord. I was scarcely returned to my home when his sons came after me. I went in. The room was crowded with weeping friends whom I had left a few moments before. I drew near the dying man, his face was lit up with a heavenly light, and his soul was happy in the Lord: he had just obtained mercy, and was warning his friends and urging them to come to Christ. He died a few days after, rejoicing in the Lord.

Swendenborgians, Tunkers, Shakers, Winebrenarians, Christians, and Campbellites form the completion of the minor unevangelical sects, most of whom are immersionists in their views of baptism. The largest of these sects is the last mentioned. They are the followers of the late Alexander Campbell, an Irishman by birth, a Presbyterian minister in his younger days, a Baptist after, and lastly, the founder of a sect who are numerous in the west. Mr. Campbell was a fine scholar, an eloquent controversialist, and a voluminous writer. He died a year ago. His followers first assumed the name of Reformers, then Disciples, now Christians, and by others are known as Campbellites. Mr. Campbell and his followers made an earnest attack on the leading doctrines and institutions of the churches, and in their stead offered to the people *Salvation through immersion*. He ridiculed the necessity of a change of heart, or the 165 profession of the forgiveness of sins in any other way than by baptism. So easy a form of religion soon took hold of the indifferent and the irreligious: the system became popular, and thousands left the Baptist church, and some the Presbyterian and others to join it, so that the denomination is made up of nearly all kinds of *isms* —Unitarian, Universalist, and the apostates from other churches—the only bond of unity among them being *baptism for the remission of sins*. This denomination is feeling the outside pressure of the evangelical churches around them, and, as a consequence, they are becoming more evangelical themselves. They are at present in a transition state, and probably will, ere long, merge into the Baptist church from whence they came, or, being evangelized in spirit and doctrine, become useful in society, otherwise they are destined to melt away. Whenever the piety and zeal of evangelical churches become low and lukewarm, then the *un* evangelical prosper; and as soon as the orthodox are revived and flourish, the others die and perish.

TYPES AND SHADES OF UNBELIEF.

At the time of the American Revolution, the country was inundated with French infidelity; as the French Revolution acted on the American. Many feared for the Ark of God in those days, but there were always faithful men who stood by it, so that it never passed into the hands of the Philistines. From the Declaration of Independence and formation of the Union to the present time, there has been large importations of 166 German rationalism with every wave of emigration that rolled from the fatherland.

In the spring and summer months of the year, as the sun shines warm, and the dew falls gently, and the rains descend freely, and the breezes blow, the earth brings forth weeds as well as fruits, tares as well as wheat, thorns as well as flowers, and fungi as well as the useful vegetation. These must be separated the one from the other; the precious from the vile; then the vineyard of the Lord shall be filled with fruitful vines, and the churches with trees of righteousness. From these, several importations of French and German infidelity arose different circles and societies of Atheists, Deists, Socialists, and Fourierists, &c., who formed separate settlements and societies, and distinct organizations, which lived and flourished for a short time, until the stench of their corruption became so unbearable to the senses of refined society, and their immorality so dangerous to community, that in many instances the people broke them up, in others they died out from innate depravity, and the exhaustion of the means squandered by the leaders.

From the newness of the country, the liberality of the institutions, and the freedom of the government, America formed an attractive field for the varied forms of infidelity, and the spurious systems of false Christianity. But the country that was so well adapted to their introduction and trial, was also the means of their exposure and overthrow. For the people having once examined their character and tendency, abandoned them to foreigners, or to their own destruction. Some of these 167 societies and sects, though bearing the name of Christian, are in reality *anti-Christian* and anti-religious.

THE MORMONS

Claim an *outside* and *inside view*. Flippant and partial writers, such as Burton and others, who have seen the outside only of Mormonism, who have been feasted and flattered by Young, the high priest of Mormonism, who have sat at his table, and saw a few of his smiling wives and children, have written glowing descriptions of the city of the saints, its spacious streets, flowing streams, sparkling fountains, cultivated gardens, religious assemblies, and peaceable citizens. They saw not that the *hearts* and *homes* of these so-called saints who were whited sepulchres, which outwardly appeared fair to men, but within were full of ALL *uncleanness!*

Occasionally there escapes from this den of lions, some faithful Daniel to tell the tale of his sufferings and woe; not unfrequently many a modest *Vashti* escapes from the harems of these beastial lords, to describe the domestic circle of Mormon life in Utah, where crying children, scolding wives, jarring husbands, crushed hopes, and broken hearts, make the leading elements of the inner circle. The inner life of Mormon families is written in *lust, deceit, blood*, and *murder*, and shall never be known until the last day reveal it. Originating in York State, it grew for a while in Nauvoo, Illinois, on the banks of the Mississippi, until the people could not bear its corruptions; they shot the founder, Smith, burned his temple, and drove the saints out of the Garden State to Missouri. Not at home there, under 168 the leadership of Brigham Young, they moved to Utah, and settled between the mountains on the shores of the Salt Lake, as if conscious of the need of that mineral to save them from putrefaction; or unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy of Ezekiel who said, "that the miry and marshy places should be given to salt."—Ezekiel xlvii. 11.

The Mormon church and settlements are now exclusively dependent upon foreign emigrations and foreign converts. Their missionaries are out in all parts of Europe, even in Asia and Africa, disseminating their views and gathering their converts from all parts—scarcely can they find one now among the American people at home. This nest of hornets, this Augean stable will shortly be disturbed, and cleansed of its foulness.

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Numerous settlements of Christians are encircling the city of the saints, and the railroad and telegraph will expose its weakness, and, ere long, after a short, sharp contest, the Mormon settlements shall be filled with Gentile converts, and the Mormon church shall be either purged of its sins or overthrown, and the pollutions of polygamy shall give place to the sanctities of Christian married life.

SPIRITISM, Or as it is misnamed Spiritualism, is a far more corrupt system than Mormonism, more secretly carried on in domestic life and social circles, and more widely extended in its ramifications through society, and far more dangerous, as it threatens to sap the foundations of society itself, and overthrow the most sacred and 169 solemn institutions of the land. There is no doubt but ancient sorcery and modern Spiritualism are the *same*, and that the anathemas of heaven levelled against it in ancient times, belong to modern *Spiritism*. From this source the ancient Jewish church met with much trouble. It early tried to ally itself to Christianity, even in the days of Christ and his apostles; it obtained a foothold in the churches of Pergamos and Thyatira; it re-appeared in the dark ages, and in the early history of New England. The great Teacher said, "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil." "Neither come they to the light, lest their deeds should be reprov'd." The agents of this foulest of all systems of error can perform only in the night, or in the dark. The *teachings* and *principles* of the priests and priestesses of this dark demon system would defile these pages to quote them. Lasciviousness, fornication, adultery, witchcraft, hatred, strife, murder, have all followed the track of these unclean spirits in human form, as so many monsters from the lower regions. If a person were to take and mark the number of *suicides* and *murders* mentioned in the United States' papers for the last twelve years, he would find a very large proportion of them derived from this system. Generally when a banker fails, a clerk robs, a merchant breaks, or a husband leaves his wife and family, it has been found he was *rapping with the Spirits*. Or, if a woman abandons her husband and her family for a vile paramour, the cause has been traced to her presence in the *Spirit Circle*. Here Satan has his seat and synagogue. Let each one say to himself, or herself, " *My 170 soul come not thou*

into their secret, mine honour be not thou united to their assembly.” Hundreds of those who have attended the Spirit Circle are now mentally wrecked, and confined within state asylums, while the moral wrecks that lie on the outskirts of society might be reckoned by the thousand!

CHAPTER XI. AMERICAN REVIVALS.

THE NEED AND THE PREVALENCE OF REVIVALS OF RELIGION—THE GREAT AWAKENING AND REVIVAL OF 1857–8—THE PUBLIC PRAYER-MEETINGS—REPORTS OF MEETINGS AND CONVERSIONS FROM THE CITIES, TOWNS, STATES—THE CONNEXION OF THE AMERICAN REVIVALS WITH THOSE OF GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND FIJI—ITS RELATION TO THE LATE CIVIL WAR AND EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES—THE BLESSED EFFECTS ON THE HOME CHURCHES, AND THE STATE OF THE NATION.

No church can live without revivals. They are as necessary to its existence and prosperity as the April shower to the autumn vintage, the warmth of spring to the golden fruits of harvest. There may be churches without life, lamps without light, trees without foliage or fruit, and fields without vintage or grain, but they are only like the fossils of the Miocene ages, the statues of the gods, the relics of Pompeii, and the vintage of the Campaigna around the city of the Cæsars.

Showers of blessings, streams of refreshing, and wells of Salvation, have ever characterized the progress of the Church of God in this world. The prophet, in his enraptured vision, saw the living streams flow from the threshold of the temple and the south side of the altar, 172 until they reached the ankles, the knees, the loins; waters too deep to be passed over.—Ezekiel xlvii. 1, 12. No doubt the successive measurements and depths indicated successive eras of revival in the Church of God, and the ultimate triumphs of His cause in the world. The apostle, in his apocalyptic visions, saw the River of Life gushing out from the Throne of God and of the Lamb, flowing through the midst of the

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Paradise above; while on either bank grew the Tree of Life, whose fruit and leaves were for the healing and sustenance of the nations.

The church has ever had seasons of revival, and showers of blessing. What were the days of the apostles, but “times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord?”—Acts iii. 19. The Pentecostal effusion of the Spirit was the spring time of the church—the harvest is to follow. These were the *times* which prophets sang, and patriarchs longed to see. The Reformation era was a great season of revival, and time of refreshing from God. The church of the Pilgrim Fathers and the churches of the other colonies have been founded in revivals, and have continued to live only through the same reviving influences from on high.

From the declaration of independence, and formation of the United States' government to the present time, the churches have been blessed with many and great revivals. It is not the object of the writer to narrate these, but to give a brief sketch of that great awakening of 1857–8, which preceded the late civil war, and prepared the country and the churches for the approaching conflict.

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THE GREAT REVIVAL OF 1857–8.

In the autumn of 1857, God laid His hand on the commercial relations of the country, which became suddenly deranged. He overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of the stock-sellers. Thousands who had been rich, suddenly became poor; many who were in affluent circumstances were left penniless. The gay trappings of fashion were laid aside for the robes of mourning. The mind of the nation was absorbed in dollars, dimes, and cents; it suddenly found it was grasping only a shadow. There was an empty void that nothing earthly could fill. Merchants and their clerks turned from the shrines of mammon to the altar of God. The churches were opened for daily prayer, the stores and shops for prayer-meetings; merchants who lost all their earthly goods, began to seek the

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pearl of great price. Those who lost their earthly estates and became bankrupt, were made rich in faith, and heirs of the inheritance of the saints in light; men who could only talk of mammon and the world before, now talked of Jesus and the revival. Great was the change—great were the results.

On the 14th October, 1857, the financial disorder which had prevailed with increasing severity for many weeks, reached its crisis in an overwhelming panic that prostrated the whole monetary system of the country. Virtually in one hour, the struggle was over. While the conflict for life was yet intense, an humble individual, unheard of in Wall-street, had been prompted to do something for the relief of the distressed merchants of the city. He was a down town missionary, one of 174 the feeble few whom Divine mercy, kinder to us than ourselves, had spared to this church-deserted quarter of the city. This missionary, sustained by the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in William-street, to explore the surrounding field, visit the sick and the poor, and bring in the inhabitants and strangers to the house of God. According to the statement published, while walking down town one day, conceived the thought that an hour of prayer could be profitably employed by the business men; confining no one to the whole hour, but coming in and going out at their convenience. He mentioned the idea to one or two persons, but no one thought much of it; yet he resolved to carry it out. The hour appointed came; three persons met in a little room on the third floor, in the Consistory building hi the rear of the church, and prayer was there offered. Mr. Lampheer, the missionary, presided, and one clergyman was present. The next meeting was composed of six persons; the next, of twenty persons; the next meeting was held in the middle room on the second floor, and now on every Wednesday noon, the business men's prayer-meeting attracted increasing numbers. Its striking fitness and increasing usefulness were noticed in the newspapers, secular and religious, and the suggestion was earnestly made, that it should be opened every day instead of weekly. This was promptly done, and the meeting room overflowed and filled a second, and eventually a third room in the same building, making three crowded prayer-meetings, one above another in animated progress at one and the same hour. The seats were all

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filled, and the passages and entrances 175 began to be choked with numbers, rendering it scarcely possible to pass in or out. The hundreds who daily went away disappointed of admission, created a visible demand for more room, and the John-street Methodist church and lecture room were both opened for daily noon prayer-meetings, by a committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, and were crowded at once with attendants.

Meetings were multiplied in other parts of the city, and the example spread to Philadelphia, to Boston, and to other cities, until there was scarcely a town of importance in the United States, save a few in the south, in which the business men's daily prayer-meeting was not a flourishing institution, and a leading agency in the unprecedented awakening of public interest in religion, which now cast all the other wonders of the age into the shade.

To trace the origin, or rather the original agencies, of this Divine work is a deeper task than we here propose. We should be led more immediately to consider the revival conventions and synodical visitations of churches, the Sabbath school conventions, and systematic visitation of parishes, which have been held in various parts of the country for some two years before. We should then find that only a few of the more recent and general symptoms of the Divine movement in the heart of the church had been touched; and the linked succession of events would lead us farther and farther back, from one past revival to another, and from one instrumentality to another, until we had lost sight of the present state of things from which we started, among the endless ramifications of its complex origin.

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The Noonday Prayer-meetings. —First in order, we have taken the noonday prayer-meetings, not deciding the degree of priority to which this movement is entitled among the instruments of the present state of things, but regarding them simply as the first and most remarkable public demonstration of the national awakening. The remaining pages will be mainly a compilation of records and reports, in the language of others.

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Systematic visitation, on the part of the ministers and churches in New York, with greater effort and activity in the Sunday schools, were found efficient means for promoting the revival. The visitation first commenced among the poor, until it reached the rich, the number of whom who attended no place of worship was found enormous. Several Sunday schools originated city missions, and these became, in a short time, self supporting churches.

The Prayer Meeting in John-street Methodist Church. —The noon prayer-meeting, held daily, in the Methodist church in John-street, was opened in February, after three rooms in the Consistory building of the Reformed Dutch church, in Fulton-street, were found to be too small to accommodate the increasing multitudes, who were desirous of assembling at noon, at some convenient place down town, for devotional exercises, similar to those in the Dutch church. The meeting was composed daily of about two thousand persons, consisting of two audiences—one in the main audience room, and the other in the basement.

Burton's Theatre. —On the 17th of March, Burton's theatre, in Chambers'-street, New York, was thrown 177 open for prayer-meetings. Says a writer: "Half an hour before the time appointed for beginning the exercises the house was packed in every corner, from the pit to the roof. By noon the entrances to the hall were so densely thronged, that it required great exertions to get within hearing distance. People clung to every projection along the walls; they piled themselves up on seats, and crowded the whole stage beneath and above and behind the curtain. The street in front was lined with carriages.

Daily noon prayer-meetings were established in other parts of the city, in connexion with several mission churches; these were also largely attended, and became great centres of life, light, and blessing. A weekly bulletin of the various prayer-meetings in the city was posted at the steam boat and ferry landings, railroad depots, and newspaper offices, and other public places throughout the city.

THE FLYING ARTILLERY OF HEAVEN.

Among the Methodist agencies in the revival was a prayer-meeting association, composed of many of the prominent laity of the denomination, a retired merchant being its leader. They went around to different churches on Sunday, and in many instances initiated the work. The exercises consisted of short prayers, hymns and exhortations. Among the most energetic members of the prayer-meeting was ex-Alderman Wesley Smith, assisted by ex-Councilman Jonathan Purdy. The prayer-meeting association achieved great success. In consequence M 178 of their zeal in the work, they were called by the profane, "The flying artillery of heaven."

Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia , was opened to noon-day prayer-meetings, which, probably, were the largest prayer-meetings ever hold on the American continent—thousands attending. At one of these meetings a request was made, that persons desirous of prayer should rise and raise their hands. A hard-featured man, long an infidel and an enemy to all good, arose with both hands above his head, and tears streaming down his cheeks!

At *Newark* , morning as well as noon prayer-meetings were established. These meetings were attended to overflowing. Thirty pastors and preachers in the city reported about 3,000 conversions.

At *Patterson, New Jersey*; in *Plainfield* and *Hoboken* , union prayer-meetings were thronged with anxious inquirers, and so in Jersey city.

In *Albany* , two union prayer-meetings were held daily, beside special services in nearly all the churches. At half-past eight o'clock every morning the Court of Appeals rooms were thrown open for the members of the legislature, and all who could attend them.

At *Troy* , the prayer-meetings were well attended, and hundreds were brought under the power of the gospel, among whom were many noted for wickedness before.

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At *Hudson* , all the churches united in holding a union prayer-meeting, which became the means of good to many.

At *Poughkeepsie* , the union prayer-meetings were held 179 at four o'clock, P.M. Above 300 persons professed conversion, and united with the several churches.

At *Peckskill* , five o'clock prayer-meeting was commenced in the Methodist church, which was largely attended. The work of revival commenced in the Sabbath school of the above church, and spread through town to the other churches. Conversions about 350.

At *Utica* , the churches united and held daily union prayer-meetings. The noon and afternoon meetings became so thronged that some of the largest churches were thrown open to morning meetings, which were also crowded.

At *Schenectady* , two daily prayer-meetings were held, and in the evening every church-bell sounded for prayer. A large number were converted to God, and such a time of gracious visitation the oldest inhabitants had never seen.

In *Buffaloe* , the revival influence was greatly increased in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, and German churches. Hundreds were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

At *Geneva* , a revival of great stillness, depth and solemnity was prevalent at the Presbyterian church, under Dr. Winslow, which was extending to the other churches.

At *Pittsburg* , the daily prayer-meetings were thronged, and crowds surrounded the altars for prayer in the different churches.

In *Cleveland* , daily morning prayer-meetings were held in nearly all the churches, which were largely attended. One church held five daily meetings, commencing at 180 six in the

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morning and closing at *nine* at night. About 1,000 persons professed religion and united with the different churches.

In *Cincinnati* and *Indianapolis* , the daily prayer-meetings were introduced with similar results.

In *Chicago* , more than 2,000 business men met at the daily prayer-meetings, and the churches received showers of spiritual blessing. Many merchants from other places coming on business to the city almost forgot their temporal for their eternal interests.

At *Detroit* , nearly all the churches were quickened, and received large accessions of converts.

At *Louisville, Kentucky* , more than 1,000 attended the daily prayer-meeting.

At *St. Louis* , Mo., all the churches were crowded, and many conversions took place.

From *Washington* the capital, to *Omaha City* , in Nebraska territory, a line of prayer-meetings extended the whole length of the road about 1,000 miles, so that wherever a Christian traveller stopped to spend the evening he could find a crowded prayer-meeting across the entire breadth of the great republic.

In *Washington* , five daily prayer-meetings were held, at some of which not less than a thousand persons attended.

In *Baltimore* , days of fasting and prayer were held at different churches, union prayer-meetings were also held, and many were brought to the knowledge of the truth.

At *Richmond* and *Lynchburg* , similar meetings were held with like results.

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In *Boston* , the labours of Professor Finney, of Oberlin college, were greatly blessed. Almost all the churches shared in the heavenly influence. The same might be said of *Springfield* , Massachussetts.

At *Lynn* , working men's prayer-meetings were daily held, at which much good was done. The churches were greatly blessed.

At *New Bedford* , the business and young men's prayer-meetings were greatly blessed. Over 8,000 persons professed religion.

In *Haverhill, Massachussetts* , so profound had been the Divine impression that often half of the assembly was in silent weeping. Some of the most hardened men in the place were converted, and in many of the families there was not one that was not either deeply penitent or rejoicing in the Lord.

At *New Haven* , the revival influence in connexion with the daily prayer-meetings was remarkable.

The revival in *Yale College* was, perhaps, without precedent. A large number of the students were brought to Christ.

In *Hartford* , the fire-men were holding meetings in the several fire-engine houses. Hundreds from among the fire companies were saved while the work went on in the city churches.

At *Bethel* , Connecticut, above two hundred professed religion and united with the different churches.

In the city of *Portland* , morning and noon prayer-meetings were held, at which thousands attended. The watchmen were also holding prayer-meetings in their watch-houses.

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In *Providence* , such times of religious interest were never known before.

In *Concord* , the prayer-meetings were crowded.

In almost all the cities and towns of the New England States, daily union prayer-meetings were held, at which crowds attended, and many were converted.

A summary of the revival from the following *seventeen* States will present the results in a more condensed form:

New York State , reported 200 scenes of revival and above 6,000 converts, while New York city reported 10,000.

Maine had 88 towns, in which were great revivals, numerous conversions, and large accessions to the churches.

New Hampshire , reported 40 towns and 4,000 conversions.

Vermont , 39 towns and above 600 conversions.

Massachussetts , 147 towns and 5,000 conversions.

Rhode Island , 36 revivals and 1,000 conversions.

New Jersey , 60 scenes of revival and nearly 5,000 conversions.

Pennsylvania , beside the number of conversions already referred to in some of her larger cities, had 65 other scenes of revival and 5,000 conversions.

Ohio , 200 towns and 12,000 conversions.

Indiana , 150 towns as centres of revival, and 5,000 conversions.

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Illinois , 150 towns and 4,000 conversions.

Michigan , 60 towns and 1,500 conversions.

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Iowa , 60 scenes of revival and 1,500 conversions.

Minnesota , 11 scenes of revival and 1,000 conversions.

Missouri , 50 scenes of revival and 2,000 conversions.

Virginia , 50 places of revival and 1,500 conversions.

Maryland , 25 revivals and 1,500 conversions.

Southern States , about 30 scenes of revival and 10,000 conversions, "of which," says the *New York Examiner* , " *one-third* belonged to the Methodists."*

* From *Narratives of Remarkable Conversions and Revivals, &c.*, by Rev. William C. Conant, New York.

It will be seen that nearly all of the above revivals have been reported from cities and towns, with scarcely any from the country.

The country revivals would have swelled the number reported to more than double its record; beside those reported were given not at the close but in the process of the revival.

The Methodist Episcopal Church received, as the results of this great awakening, nearly 200,000 accessions to its membership. Supposing that all the other churches received 300,000, the whole number gathered into the American churches, as the result of that revival, could not have been less than *half a million* of converts.

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The wave of the River of Life rolled over to Ireland, swept along the shores of Great Britain and the German fatherland, until it reached the Coral Islands of the South Seas, and above 20,000 cannibals in Fiji bowed the knee to Christ, and became the freedmen of the Lord. Strange as it may appear, the wave of this revival rolled, passed the southern States to those far-off lands without touching the South at all, except a few oasis 184 in the moral desert. There was a cause—slavery was there then. From the bosom of the church, and the *outgush* of this revival a new *power* rose which smote the fetters of *four millions slaves*.

The frequent and powerful revivals with which the American churches have been blessed have saved them from spiritual apathy and icy formalism—from the floods of French and German infidelity—from the unclean spirits, like frogs, that croak in Mormon temples and spirit circles, and from the followers of the man of sin and false prophet. Long may these showers of blessing continue to fall, until the whole country is filled with the light of Life Divine.

CHAPTER XII. THE RANDOLPH GROVE CIRCUIT.

ENTERING THE ILLINOIS CONFERENCE—RANDOLPH'S GROVE—M. RANDOLPH, ONE OF THE OLD SETTLERS—LYTTLESVILLE—CONVERSIONS—LONG AND SHORT POINT GROVES—RELIGIOUS PROSPERITY—WAUPELLA—MYSTERIOUS AFFLICTIONS—FUNK'S GROVE—SENATOR FUNK AND FAMILY—SPRING'S SCHOOL-HOUSE—LOST IN THE WOODS—CONVERSIONS—UNION CHURCH—BLESSED REVIVAL—BETHEL CHURCH, CONTINUED REVIVAL—BLOOMING GROVE—THE FIRST MISSIONARY AND FIRST CONVERTS—TWIN GROVE GREAT REVIVAL—LEYROY CAMP MEETING.

The annual session of the Illinois conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church was held in Springfield, Illinois, early in October, 1854. From some of the leading members of the conference I had received a cordial invitation “to come over and help them,” as they

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needed ministers to fill the new and increasing openings which Providence was placing before them in this new and enterprising State. Having been converted through missionary instrumentality, and believing that the foreign mission work was my providential field of labour, I parted from my Irish brethren and friends with mutual prayer for one another. Through excessive toil in the Irish conference, my health became 186 somewhat impaired—a change of climate and lighter labour were thought necessary. Already my father's family had preceded me to Illinois, and united with the Methodist church there, having been members of the Wesleyan church in Ireland. Although the conference closed its session before I arrived, a place was reserved for me on the *Randolph Grove Circuit*, near Bloomington, where I was to reside. The Rev. Benjamin Barthelow was superintendent of the work, and I was appointed as assistant under the Rev. George Fairbank as presiding elder.

The work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America is divided into conference territories for the bishops, districts for the presiding elders, circuits for the country preachers, and stations for the town and city ministers. The bishops meet once a year and divide their territorial work among sixty conferences, and about forty States and territories over which they travel, presiding at the conferences, and superintending the work generally. The elders travel over districts embracing twelve or twenty circuits, or stations, preaching in each once a quarter, and holding the quarterly session of the circuit or station. The country pastor superintends four or more appointments, aided by a junior preacher, each follows the other in alternate succession to the different appointments on the circuit. The stationed minister has but one church and congregation to attend to, over whom he is placed as pastor, and to whom he preaches every Sabbath as their stated minister.

On the Wednesday evening after I arrived, I preached 187 in the West Charge (second) Methodist church, Bloomington, to a large and deeply attentive congregation. On the following Sunday I preached in the West and East Charge churches morning and

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evening; while the Rev. William J. Rutledge, the pastor, improved my father's death in an impressive discourse from 2 Tim. iv. 6–8, to a large audience that afternoon.

RANDOLPH GROVE.

The following week was spent in receiving and returning visits, looking at different parts of the city, the aspects of the country, and observing the changes and variations of the climate. The equinoctial rains were all past, and already the dust of the Indian summer was on the roads. The trees looked sere in their foliage—some flowers yet bloomed. Occasionally the atmosphere was as warm as a hot-house in Ireland, and lingering traces of tropical heat and vegetation marked the first week of November, and the last of October. Swarms of house flies had to be fanned from the table during meals, by a fly-broom made of peacock's feathers, the wing of a wild turkey, or the branch of a peach tree. At night in the church, the congregation presented a novel scene—a sea of faces and of fans; fans moving in every hand, and waving before every face. Often the preacher preached with a fan in his hand, another in the pulpit for an assistant if needed, while the thermometer stood at 75° or 80°.

Early in November, I rode with the Rev. George Fairbank, the presiding elder, to Lyttlesville, in Randolph's Grove, to see my colleague Mr. Barthelow. 188 Mr. Fairbank was one of the most modest men, an excellent preacher, and a sound administrator of church discipline. A few years ago he died in the joyful triumph of the faith he preached to others; his name is held dear in the memory of many, and of the writer. He was as a father to the junior preachers—tender and affectionate. Soon we drove into the little village seated in the centre of a grove, beside a stream of water, a saw and a flouring mill, a post-office, and a shop or two. Here was the *parsonage*, and at home we found the minister, his wife, and little family. Brother Barthelow stood above six feet in height, with muscular size proportioned, his wife as tall for her sex, but not so strong, was indeed “an help-meet for him.” Beside him she prayed in the prayer-meeting, after he preached from the pulpit. Their children were early consecrated to God; in their youth they were converted; went

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to college, and from college to the field of battle in their country's cause, and came home safe, in answer to prayer. The father, though not a brilliant, was a faithful and a useful preacher, presenting the truth often with great force and power.

Randolph's Grove formed the centre and the head of the circuit. The grove derived its name from an old gentleman of the name of Randolph, who was one of the first white settlers, having come when the Indians were there, and remained long after they left. He enjoyed frontier life much more than one spent in civilization. He wished to hunt the deer when he chose, and to angle and to fowl when he pleased. The Illinois central railroad ran through his farm, killed some of his 189 cattle; and the puffing noise of the engine, the rattle of the cars, and the sweep of the train, disturbed his primæval tranquility. He sold out his farm, and removed to Kansas, 500 miles farther west, to escape the bustle of the road; but since then, the railroad has reached him in Kansas, and gone 500 miles farther toward the Rocky Mountains, on its way to the Pacific. A year later, he returned to receive the last payment for his land. He sailed down the Missouri from Kansas to St. Louis, where he ventured on the train for Bloomington, near his former home. On arriving at Bloomington, the shouting of carriage and omnibus drivers was so great, the moving to and fro of so many people so exciting, and the din and bustle of moving trains, railroad bells ringing, and steam whistles blowing, that he became nervous, and hesitated to step on the platform, lest the train should move from under him. While he hesitated, the bells rang, the whistle blew, and the train started and brought him to Chicago, 130 miles farther. There he got out, and returned the next day to Bloomington, and ventured out, being assisted by the conductor.

The grove contained three preaching appointments—two in school houses, at either end, one in a church, in the village already referred to. Around each of these appointments, a class and congregation gathered to worship. In the old frame church, the writer preached and held watch night services, on the last night of that year (being Sunday). Congregation was very large; the services were deeply solemn, and continued there and in the neighbourhood during part of the week. At 190 these meetings, some came forward to

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seek, and found religion. The shower of blessing that thus fell at Christmas and new year was as an earnest of a much larger, that came at the following Easter, when, in connexion with the labours of two Baptist ministers, a blessed revival followed the united labors. On Easter eve, the writer preached to a crowded congregation; at the close of the meeting, several persons were converted, and united with the Methodist church, and some with the Baptist. In all, there were above thirty persons professed religion, more than half of whom cast in their lot with the Methodists. At the close of the meeting, one of the Baptist ministers, while administering the rite of baptism to his converts, in the water, took a chill, which turned to fever, and resulted in his death! When dying, I visited him; he told me the above facts. He felt convinced he was going to die, but was not afraid; he was ready, and rejoiced in anticipation. His soul appeared very happy while I prayed with and commended him to God. Shortly after, he went triumphant home. In and around the grove, where the old church and two school houses stood, are now four new churches, each of which would hold more than attended the first three. From one Sabbath day to another all of these churches are crowded with attentive hearers.

LONG AND SHORT POINT

Occupied the two extreme ends of a grove that stretched in crescent form, about six miles to the south and southwest of the above grove referred to. At *Short Point*, 191 the meetings were held in a school house. Here some young men gave their hearts to God, and offered their lives to their country's service during the war; they returned home with the honorable scars of battle. At *Long Point* was a large society, full of zeal and energy in the cause of God. The class meetings, where old and young met and spoke, were Bethels, marked by the Divine presence and power. At almost every meeting good was done, and the work of grace begun in the hearts of the young people, began to take deeper root, and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

At the close of the conference year, in September, a camp meeting was held in the grove, at which many attended, but there were no conversions. The preaching was long, dry,

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cold, and argumentative, which chilled instead of quickened the revival feelings of the members. As the camp was breaking up, some of the leading members besought me to remain with them, and transfer the meeting to a school house in the grove; to this I consented, by getting my superintendent to fill my other appointments. At night we met in the old log school house, and while I was preaching, the power of God came down, and several rushed forward to the altar of prayer. Weeping parents knelt beside their sobbing children, and prayed for them with yearning love and tender pity. In a short time some seven or eight were made happy in the Saviour's love, most of whom continue in his service to this day. This was the beginning of a glorious work, that still lives on in that neighbourhood. In the grove, where the old school house stood, is now a large and comfortable church, where the word is preached, a large congregation assembles to worship, and the grove still echoes to the voice of praise ascending to the sky.

WAUPELLA

Lay a few miles further south of this: a small town, suddenly created on the Illinois central railroad, where the railroad company have a machine shop, hotel, and some of their largest buildings. A local preacher of the name of Borders had preceded me a few meetings; he was the first preacher there. A few years since, after bringing up a large, respectable, and religious family, he died in peaceful triumph, and went to Christ in Paradise. A young son, in his nineteenth year, preceded his father to the heavenly world. I was with him when he was passing away, and preached his funeral sermon to a large congregation. The surviving children are following in their father's footsteps. May they meet him in heaven. As there was no church in the place, a kind-hearted Universalist, whose wife was a Methodist, opened his house for the preaching of the word. Here we often had some blessed meetings, and seasons of refreshing from on high. The pious woman, in whose house we met, has since died and gone to heaven. She was an humble, faithful woman. Her sorrows have been turned into joy. Her eldest son sought the Lord, and found salvation; went to the field of battle, returned safe, and is now at home.

Not far from this lived a family of the name of Hammond, the subjects of a succession of mysterious and afflictive providences. I knew them well—the 193 father was an exhorter in the Methodist church, a man of fine mind and devoted piety; the mother was also a deeply devoted woman, so were nearly all their family then grown. The eldest son, a fine young man, perished in his country's conflict. The eldest daughter was married to a class-leader—he was killed by a stroke of lightning. The second daughter married—her husband was lost. The third daughter married—her husband was killed on the railroad, while attending to the train in the above town. The father was returning one cold night from the meeting in the above place, where he laboured hard for the conversion of souls during the evening; he fell, fainted, and *died* in his daughter's arms in a moment, on their way home, as they sat in the waggon; so that he that laboured to bring souls to Christ a few hours before, was with his Lord and Master before the sun rose. The wife was left a widow, with three widowed daughters, and three younger children, and two grandchildren. “Thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name.” “Leave thy fatherless children unto me.”

“God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.”

In Waupella, a good society and a large congregation have been gathered, and a neat new church has been built. The chimes of its bell fling their echoes on the passing breeze, as it sweeps the surrounding prairie, and calls the people to worship, and the children to Sabbath school. N

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FUNK'S GROVE

Lay a few miles north-west of this. It was the possession and the home of the late senator, Isaac Funk; now of his children and heirs. About forty years ago, Isaac Funk and his brother Jesse left their home in Ohio and moved out to Illinois. They were poor young men, but honest and industrious. They married, united with the church, purchased small portions of land around them at 1.25 dollar per acre, traded in stock, added farm to farm,

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became rich. Isaac sold above £10,000 worth of stock in Chicago the winter after I arrived at his house. When he died, two years ago, he was possessed of above 30,000 acres of some of the richest lands in Illinois, and his brother had about 15,000, half of that number. Both were stewards and trustees in the Methodist church when I went there. Their homes were the stopping-places of the preachers on the circuit and district. At camp-meetings they took a leading part, not so much in the devotional exercises as in the physical. If there happened to be any rowdy fellows of the baser sort that attempted to disturb the meeting, they were sure to feel the muscular grasp of these powerful men, and sue for peace and promise amendment. Their tables spread at these primæval feasts were covered with the richest meats and the finest viands, open to all who might come and partake. Mrs. Isaac Funk was a noble and devoted woman, one of the best of wives, and the most affectionate of mothers. Few persons could be kinder to those who ministered at the altar and visited her house. She would remind you of the portrait of the true woman given in Proverbs, xxxi. 195 It seemed as if her life was a copy of that picture. Early in the spring of 1864, while attending his duties as senator in Springfield, the State capital, he was taken sick, reached Bloomington on his way home, became worse, and died of malignant erysipelas, at the residence of his son. On hearing of his sickness his wife hastened in to attend her husband, but becoming deeply affected at his approaching end, she, too, took sick and died on the same day! Two weeks after, his brother Jesse also took sick and died of the same disease. Both have left large families to mourn the loss of their departed relatives, and to inherit the riches which they gathered.

Funk's Grove was often made to resound with the voice of prayer and the song of praise. Often at camp-meetings have we heard those men bemoan their sins, and pour out their hearts in prayer to God, and call upon Him for mercy for themselves and others

Some of the largest trees of oak, ash, walnut, and hickory, we have seen in this grove. So dense was the overshadowing foliage of the trees in summer that the sun's light and heat were shut out from the ground beneath. Sometimes the silence and solitude of the forest

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were broken by the echoes of the woodman's axe, the scream of the woodpecker, or the shrill sound of the rail-car whistle, or the call of the herdsman bringing home his flock.

Farms are cultivating and houses building around the grove, which give more signs of life and comfort, while within, where the old school-house and the grave-yard stood, and the sleepers slept in the leafy grove, is now building a beautiful house of worship by the children of 196 the late senator Funk, and the members and friends of the church around.

SPRING'S SCHOOL-HOUSE

Stood in the south-west end of Oldtown Timber, a grove about eight miles south-east from Bloomington. It was the scene of an old camp-meeting, the grounds of which stretched along the heights of the Kickapoo creek, and by the side of springs which fed this stream. Here gathered the tribes of the Methodist Israel from far and near to worship in this forest sanctuary. Here many a soul was converted to God, many a straying one was reclaimed, and many a believer was made to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. The preacher's stand, the congregation's seats and wooden tents still stood as mementos of the times when churches and school-houses were scarce, and the people gathered for a week or two in the fall of the year to worship God in the leafy grove. Old members often referred, in their religious experience, to those scenes of grace and times of refreshing from on high. The school-house was also old; yet here the teacher met the children daily, and the Sabbath school met every Sunday morning, while the house was generally occupied in the afternoon by the preaching of the Word of Life.

LOST IN THE WOOD.

For this appointment, the writer left one Saturday afternoon the city of Bloomington. The sun was high, but as he rode on, it began to descend, as he thought, more rapidly than in Ireland: a latitude several degrees 197 farther north. Nor was he much mistaken; for scarcely had the sun gone down, when the night fell suddenly about him, but the darkness was again lit up by the rising moon. At this time I reached the edge of the grove, and had

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to go near three miles farther before I could reach my destined place. As I had never been this way before I was constrained to inquire the way; but instead of going the right way I wandered into the wrong, and followed it far into the woods and into the night. The road led me on to a beautiful hill in the grove, and then divided into divergent roads for different directions. Here I halted, not knowing whither to go or what to do. To lie out in the wood all night did not appear at all desirable. I lifted up my heart to God and prayed for direction. I then arose and listened if, perhaps, I could hear some human sound or voice, as I could see neither face nor form. Scarcely was I a moment listening, when I heard the sound of a woodman's axe, and marked the direction from whence it came. Grateful to God for this mercy, I rode on in that direction, and soon came out on the edge of the grove by the side of the right road, where a log-house stood, and a man outside of it chopping wood. I asked was this the way to Squire Price's? He said it was. After he described the way I thanked him, and rode on. He called me back, saying, "I suppose you are the preacher?" I said, "Yes." "I have thought as you never came this way before, you would find it hard to get the way; and although I am a very bad man, if you would stay with us to-night, we will go with you to meeting to-morrow." I thanked him, and said I would 198 accept his kind offer. Calling out to his son at the distant stable, he said, "Here, John Wesley, take the preacher's horse." John Wesley, a fine boy of fourteen years, came and took the horse. I remarked, "It appears that although you may be a bad man, as you say, there are still some traces of goodness about you." "Oh, yes," said he, "though I am not what I ought to be, I like good people," He brought me into the house, introduced me to his wife and family, who welcomed me as a messenger of mercy. The table was spread with the supper viands, of which we eat heartily: for, in America, the food of the poorest is both rich, varied, and abundant of meats, bread and fruit. The poorest log-houses are neatly carpeted, and the buildings comfortable. After supper, before the children retired, the Bible was taken down, and the dust wiped off it, for it had not been used, perhaps, for months or even years. Out of this I read, and then went to prayer, after singing a verse or two. While at prayer, I was led to refer to the time when we first believed—when the candle of the Lord shone upon us. Just then, I heard the sobbing cry of the man behind me. When

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done, he rose with the tears streaming from his eyes, and rushed out of the house. Like another Peter, he went out to weep bitterly; nor did he return until the most of the family had retired to rest. When he came in his eyes were red with weeping. He then drew near me and said, "It was the Lord that led you here to-night. I am," said he, again weeping, "an old backslider. I know what religion is: for I have felt its power and tasted its blessings. My father and mother 199 lived and died members of the Methodist church. They died in the triumphs of faith. I sought religion and found it. I left Ohio some time ago for Iowa, and reached this far in my journey. Here we thought we would remain for a while, and I neglected handing in my letter to the church, or to unite with it. I then neglected meeting, prayer, and fell into sin, and have kept irreligious company, and now I am one of the worst men in this place. But my desire is to return unto the Lord that He may have mercy upon me. And now I believe that God sent you this way to-night that I might be recovered. It is as if an angel had visited me, when, in your prayer, you referred to the time when the candle of the Lord shone on me. The Spirit of God again returned to my soul, and I felt as if my heart would break."

During this recital the man wept and sobbed alternately. I could not but see the hand of God in it. I tried to direct him to the Lord, against whom he had sinned so grievously, and again we knelt in prayer before God, when he appeared to have obtained relief from his burden and pardon for his sin.

Early next morning, December 31st, we went to the school-house; the congregation gathered; I preached. After preaching a large number remained for class-meeting. The above man referred to, with his wife, remained, and told how he had wandered from God, and in what a providential manner he was brought back, and now he wished to return and live to God. Subsequently, some of his family professed religion, and shortly after they removed to Iowa, farther west. 200 There were several devoted members belonging to this society and congregation.

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On Sunday, the 18th of the following March, we commenced a protracted meeting here, and continued it for several days. The weather was cold, but the congregations were large, and the people listened with deep attention. On the nights of Tuesday and Wednesday several persons came forward seeking and found Salvation. On Thursday night, about nine o'clock, an overwhelming power came down on the meeting. In a few moments seven or eight persons were converted; the old people wept for joy, and the young people shouted aloud the praises of the Lord; mourners were comforted; sinners were smitten; all were deeply impressed. It was with difficulty we could break up the meeting at eleven o'clock. Next night was also a scene of great power: several were blessed! but one remained unconverted. He besought me to continue the meeting. I told him we could not, that we should have to close it that night. He caught me in his arms and cried, "What must I do to be saved?" I directed him to Christ. The meeting broke up. He did not continue seeking, and remained unsaved for four years longer, until I returned to the same place, when he found Salvation. His name shall come up again. The effects of this blessed revival lasted a long time. My colleague, Mr. Barthelow, laboured in it with zeal and energy. On one of the nights of the meeting, an unconverted but friendly man asked me to go home with him. I declined; but he pressed: I consented. As we rode through the timber he said to me, "I shot a large 201 deer to-day, and I want you to come and partake of it." I said I was glad to taste venison; it was a favourite meat with me. We reached the house. The winds were blowing and the snow falling. As we entered a large log-fire blazed away in the open chimney. The children lay between two beds, in Dutch style, like turtles, with their heads sticking out. I never saw it before on this fashion. A large deer, skinned and cleaned, lay several hundred pounds weight upon a low, long table, waiting to be cut up in the morning. I need hardly say that the venison was excellent. In the early times the old settlers in Illinois lived principally on venison; for deer were then numerous, and wild honey abundant. At present herds of deer are scarce, but in the winter they frequent the woods, and in summer they may be caught on the prairies.

UNION CHURCH

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Was a church about three miles further east in the grove, built by the Cumberland Presbyterians and the Methodists. Each denomination had preaching in it once in two weeks, which gave preaching every Sabbath to the people. On Saturday, January 13, 1855, the Methodist quarterly meeting was held at this church; the writer preached at night, and the Rev. George Fairbanks, P.E., preached in the morning, I again at night. Congregations were very large, and the people serious. The night following the Rev. Mr. Barthelow preached an impressive sermon, and I followed in exhortation, during which several came forward to seek religion, and many were blessed, while old members rejoiced in 202 the Lord; many of these forward were their children, not a few of whom were Presbyterians. The next evening I preached, and invited persons forward to seek the Lord; the altar was crowded with mourners; the great power of God came down; a loud shout of glory went up; sinners began calling on the name of the Lord; mourners were passing from death unto life; great grace rested on many. During the next two nights Mr. Barthelow conducted the meeting; I was absent, but the Lord was there to wound and to heal. On Friday I returned, took charge of the meeting; through the day prayer-meetings were held. At night I preached, invited forward, many others came, and several found peace in believing that night. The following day and night the work continued on, several of the Presbyterians assisted; many of their young people were converted. At the close of the meeting this night, some had to be taken away in deep distress; their cries echoed through the surrounding woods going home; many found it hard to leave, for the power of the Lord was present to heal. That night came on a fierce snow storm. The next day the snow fell fierce and fast, and the winds whistled through the surrounding grove—many cattle perished. At night the storm ceased, and the snow was about sixteen inches on the level, and very deep in drifts. It was the greatest snow storm that had been for twenty years before. Our meeting was necessarily closed, as the people could not get out. Large congregations and very blessed meetings continued to be held in this place during the remainder of the year, and the young converts generally continued to 203 walk in the light

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of God's countenance. Four years later the writer returned, but the *exciting story of that time* he leaves to another chapter, being its most appropriate place.

BETHEL

Was the name given to a place where a Baptist church stood, some four miles further east in the same grove. The church was newly built, and its owners somewhat indebted to the Methodists for assisting them in building it, hence, they willingly gave it to them to hold occasional meetings. It was arranged for me to hold a protracted meeting there, the week following my labours at "Union church." A young man came with me to show me the way, and break the snow-drift if necessary; on our way we met a waggon—a man and his family in a drift, so deep the horses could not draw them out; we assisted, and they finally succeeded in getting out on their way. I went to the house of Mr. James White, one of the stewards of the circuit: we went to the church but no one came, the snow was so deep, and as yet the roads and lanes through the drifts unbroken. At this time there were not more than some seven or eight members in the neighbourhood, consequently the prospect of revival was very slim, and the labourers to assist very few; but God could raise out of these stones children unto Abraham. For several nights we continued meetings here, but the weather became so cold we adjourned for a while. Shortly after we resumed it again, when a young woman, whom I married a short time before, came forward to seek religion; her husband also appeared much affected. Two young men came together and knelt down side by side, some whispered to me that they were not sincere, but mockers. I stooped and saw their faces, but no sign of penitence on them, spoke to them, but there was no emotion or feeling in their voice, but a waggish smile upon their faces. I felt awful. I had never met the like before. I called on the congregation to unite with me in prayer. I prayed that God might smite some of these young men with the mark of his displeasure as a warning to others lest they also should come to mock, but spare the guilty, so as to lead him to repentance. When prayer was over the young men arose and retired; one of them was smitten while I was praying over him. That night he appeared on the verge of death, several went in different directions for physicians: none could be obtained until morning.

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At that time he began to get some relief, and finally recovered. Shortly after he became a sincere penitent, sought and found mercy, and is now a member of the church he thus maligned, and the mercy he thus mocked. The fact of his being thus afflicted, created at the time a wide spread reverence for the cause and the services of God, and was the beginning of a gracious work. A few nights after, a leading merchant in the community became deeply penitent, united with the church, and the same night received Salvation. He is now a talented local preacher, and successful physician in Bloomington. When made a partaker of divine grace, he became active and zealous in the cause of God. Congregations increased, sinners were saved, and in the place where I found but some 205 four or five members, I left above sixty at the end of the year. Classes were formed, leaders appointed, and the work of God greatly prospered. I baptized a large number of children in this Baptist church, at which services Baptists as well as Methodists devoutly worshipped. The gracious presence of God was manifest: many tears were shed, and the power of the Lord was present to heal. At the close of the conference year, in September, we had an excellent missionary meeting—the church could not contain the people; we adjourned to the grove, and there I preached a missionary sermon, and invited all who felt it their duty to give, to come forward and lay their offering on the table before which I stood, under the shade of a tree. Several advanced and laid down their offerings until they amounted to a sum four times larger than I at first expected. It was hard to part from such a people as this. Four years later I returned, and nearly all of those who professed religion in the above meetings remained faithful, but there was an unpleasant feeling arose between the churches on politics,—to this I will refer again.

BLOOMING GROVE

Adjoins the city of Bloomington, lying south of it. It well sustains the name it bears, being beautiful for situation, and blooming with the beauties of varied vegetation in the summer months. One of the first white settlers in the country was a family of the name of Hendrix, who pitched their tent in this Grove about fifty years ago. Varied tribes of Indians dwelt then in the land. From these wandering sons of the forest, 206 Rev. Jesse Walker, the

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Methodist missionary, learned the fact, and set out on his lengthened journey to reach them. The snow covered the ground, the weather was cold, but the missionary travelled on until late one evening he reached the grove: saw the smoke of the lone white house ascend above the trees; he rode up. Those within heard a faint call outside. On going out, Mr. Hendrix saw the missionary, invited him in, but he was not able to alight from his horse, being frozen almost to death. He was carried in, laid by the side of the warm log-fire until he revived. The result was, the missionary brought Salvation to that house, for they had entertained an angel unawares. Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix were converted, and united with the Methodist church. The husband lived and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The wife was alive when the writer reached America. From her lips he had the above story in the same house, and by the same fireside. Since then she also has gone to her reward above. Jesse Walker was the first missionary, Mr. and Mrs. Hendrix the first Methodists, and their home the first preaching place in central Illinois. In those days no other denomination followed the white settlers as the Methodist itinerants did. The result is, Methodism possesses half the professing membership of the churches in the west.

East and west of this grove were two school-houses, at which preaching appointments were held, and to which the people gathered. At the Brick school-house in the east, we held a protracted meeting in the winter, at which some good was done and some souls were 207 blessed. At Henshaw's school-house, west of the Grove, we held extra meetings, winter and summer, at which several conversions took place, and some that came to scoff remained to pray. Congregations increased; a class was formed, over whom I placed a leader, who was instrumental in doing much good. In the summer the cholera was severe: many fell in town and country. While visiting the sick, praying with the dying, and burying the dead, John Adams was faithful. He caught the disease, fell before it, but died in the triumph of faith. I hastened to visit his family: I knelt beside a cholera child in the cradle, and with the weeping wife and widowed mother. Never shall I forget that hour. The power of God came down. The bereaved family were comforted; the fatherless child recovered; and the mother, who up to that time had opposed her husband, was a stranger

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to religion, now melted into contrition, gave her heart to God, and her hand to the minister. I received her into the church; and when I had last seen her, she and her mother-in-law and little family were regular in their attendance on the house of God. Between this Grove and "Funk's Grove" a prairie of some miles extended. Over it I rode from one appointment to another. About midway between, a new and solitary house stood. Where that house then stood, a town and railway station now stand. It is the beautiful little town of Shirley, with one of the most picturesque and beautiful landscape views spread out before it.

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TWIN GROVE.

About two miles west of Bloomington stood two groves but a short distance apart. To these was given the appellation of "*Twin Grove*." A society of some four or five members were here gathered, and a congregation from time to time assembled to worship in a school-house in the edge of the grove. The steward's name was Gillespie, the son of an Irishman who was a Catholic. *Hundreds of thousands* of such persons may be found in the United States, whose parents or grandparents were Catholics; while the children or grandchildren are devoted Methodists, pious Presbyterians, or Baptists. The church of Rome in the United States lives mostly by the emigration from Catholic Europe, there being few of American birth who belong to that church. Father Gillespie, as he was generally called, had a large family of interesting children, while himself was of Irish descent, his wife was of Dutch connexion. Their house was the home of the Methodist minister. Anthony Hazebaker was the class-leader, a man of faith, energy, and power in prayer, a sweet singer, and a good exhorter. A few Dutch families from Pennsylvania also moved into the neighbourhood, purchased land and settled there. The parents were religious people, and their children brought up under religious training.

On Sunday, the 10th of June, Brother Barthelow, my colleague, held a meeting in the grove: a very large congregation attended, and a gracious influence rested on the people, some of whom wished to have a protracted meeting. He announced for me to preach

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the 209 next evening and continue the meeting. At the above meeting a young minister the name of Leard, a member of one of the Ohio conferences, preached—a descendant of one of the Leards of Drumsna in Ireland—to whom reference is made in the beautiful volume of the Rev. William Crook, on “Ireland and the Centenary of American Methodism.” On Monday evening I went to the school-house in the grove, the congregation was large, and while preaching an extraordinary power came down on the people. The weather was warm, the season was busy; some thought the people could not attend. I announced for meeting the next night. Through the following day I visited and prayed with several families. At night the congregation was so large that we could scarcely find room to stand. While visiting in the forenoon I went into a house by mistake, which I thought was one of our own people. An old and a young woman sat quilting as I entered. Finding I was not asked to sit down—which is remarkable in America—I took a chair and sat down. I asked several questions; I was answered in monosyllables. I asked, “shall we have prayer?” They said, “you can pray as much as you like.” I wished for a Bible to read, they not rising to get one, I rose and obtained one, and read; they continued quilting. I knelt down to pray, and they quilted on. I rose and left, having never met with the like before or since. They were *Campbellites*, a sect of people to whom I shall refer again. A young man, a member of this family was paying his addresses to a young woman, the daughter of one of our most devoted women. The above family were afraid if the young O 210 woman got converted they should lose her; to prevent this they brought her off from the meeting to distant dancing parties, but Catherine was not happy at the dance. Her mother was praying for her at home. Under these circumstances the writer gave her up, but her mother would not. I had no faith for her conversion, her mother had.

At night I announced for a prayer-meeting at ten o'clock the next morning, and invited all who longed for Salvation to come. Early in the morning I heard old Mrs. Gillespie praying in her room up stairs, that God would at this time convert her family. The tones of her voice trembled with emotion; when I heard that prayer I believed the Lord would answer it. At ten A.M. the people began to gather; we commenced the meeting; that morning several

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souls were converted—It was a time of great power. At night the congregation was so large, that the house could not hold more than half. Every person seemed deeply affected—an awful solemnity rested on the people. Next morning the prayer-meeting exceeded the one preceding, some six or seven more were converted. At night the congregation was still larger, and the people hung on the ministry of the word. The following morning was another scene of great power. At night while addressing the people about their eternal interests, I remarked that, perhaps this time would be the last that some there would ever have of seeking Salvation again, and just then a loud scream of terror rose from a young woman on my left; the mother rushed from where she stood to the young woman who had fallen down, threw her arms around her, weeping, “O Catherine, my child, my child!” It was the above young woman referred to. Having heard of the numerous converts, many of them her young associates, she could stay away no more—to-night she was smitten—her mother's prayers were answered—mother and daughter wept in each other's arms; the congregation wept too. All the way home she wept, and all that night she prayed. Early the next morning she came to the meeting, and as I invited forward, she came saying:

“I can but perish if I go, I am resolved to try, For if I stay away, I know I must for ever die!”

With her came forward a large number, every one of whom was converted that morning. The last was a young lady of sixteen, whose father was an infidel; he was on the outskirts of the crowd looking at his daughter, when the heavenly light shone on her face, and her soul was made happy in God. He burst into tears—bowed in prayer—called on the name of the Lord—was clearly converted—joined the church—and afterwards became a useful class-leader. His wife was religious, the youngest daughter, fourteen years old, also sought and found. An old woman who was an Universalist, became deeply moved; bursting into tears, she began calling on the Lord and found Salvation. Twelve years have passed, she is yet faithful; her youngest son was powerfully converted while I knelt by his side. The above young woman referred to had her sorrow turned into joy. She sacrificed the person to whom she was engaged, 212 as he and his family were scoffing unbelievers. She has since married a pious man with whom she lives happy. Several of the young Dutch

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people were also converted, and their parents rejoiced as well as prayed over them in Dutch. We sometimes sang the same hymn and tune in Dutch and English together. Mrs. Gillespie, the praying mother, had all her children converted, four sons and one daughter; the youngest, that was then a child, has since been saved. About forty persons were converted at that meeting, the five members became fifty, and the fifty since increased to a hundred. The old school-house has been replaced by a new and large one, and quite near it a new Methodist church is now filled with a large congregation from Sabbath to Sabbath. A few months since, they contributed above £100 (500 dollars) to the centenary offerings of the church of their choice, some of which goes to the Irish Mission.

LEROY CAMP MEETING.

The town of Leroy lies about sixteen miles south-east of Bloomington. It is spread out on a small green prairie, almost entirely surrounded by timber. In the town, and around the edge of the groves, are several wealthy merchants and farmers. Some three churches and a seminary adorn the town, beside several shops and stores. On Sabbath, 16th of September, after preaching in Randolph's Grove, I set out for a Methodist camp meeting in a grove near Leroy, having been invited to preach for them at the camp meeting that evening. The day was fine, the afternoon warm, the 213 evening pleasant. On riding with some friends into the grove, we heard delightful singing. On approaching the camp the crowd of people appeared about 2000; horses, waggon, and carriages were all round the camp. The pulpit-stand was erected for the preachers, and numerous plank seats beneath the trees for the people; on either side of these were the numerous tents, and soon the people retired for evening tea, or supper. Shortly after the camp fires were kindled, the lights hung up to the trees shed down their radiance. The people came thronging in at the sound of a horn, and soon the vast area of plank seats was covered with a large congregation. I preached, toward the close of the sermon a shout of Glory to God went up from the preachers around me on the stand, and the members around the altar. I sat down in the midst of this excitement. Rev. S. Martyn, the son of an Irish Catholic, but one of the most eloquent preachers, gave an exhortation. While speaking, twenty-eight persons

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came forward to seek religion, many of whom were converted before midnight—the rest continued all night in prayer. At two A.M. I retired to get some sleep, but could not, from the cries of the mourners and the songs of the pardoned. At the morning meeting the last of them had obtained mercy. “ *It was a night much to be remembered.* ”

CHAPTER XIII. BLOOMINGTON WEST CHARGE.

TRIP TO PARIS CONFERENCE—METHOD OF CONDUCTING CHURCH COURTS IN AMERICA—METHODIST EPISCOPAL AND PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCHES—CITY OF BLOOMINGTON: POPULATION, CHURCHES, ETC.—THE WEST CHARGE METHODIST CHURCH—REVIVALS: IN THE EAST CHARGE CHURCH, BETHEL, DECATUR—GENERAL CONFERENCE AT INDIANAPOLIS—FIRST SESSION OF THE CENTRAL ILLINOIS CONFERENCE AT PEORIA—ILLINOIS CONFERENCE AT QUINCY—SICKNESS AND RECOVERY—APPOINTMENT TO PETERSBURG STATION.

Our labours on the Randolph Grove circuit closed harmoniously. Our congregations had more than doubled; our membership had nearly doubled; our finances were greatly improved; and our missionary collections were larger than ever before. We found it hard to part the old members, and harder still the young converts. Having commended them to God, we prepared to depart for the session of the Illinois conference at Paris. On Monday, September 8, 1855, Rev. Mr. Barthelow and myself set out for Paris, in the south-east part of the State, one hundred miles distant, in a carriage, across the Grand Prairie. The day was very warm, the roads good, and our horses strong and spirited. Soon the 215 Grove was far behind, and we were fairly launched on one of the largest prairies in the world. Far as the eye could see before us there was no grove, and scarcely any settlement: only the natural meadow spread out before us in undulating form, and with little variation. At noon we, however, reached a small settlement, where a few farmers pitched their tents, built their shanties, and were turning over the virgin soil, some of which already was covered with a heavy crop of Indian corn, from the last year's ploughing and this year's planting. Here we remained, dined, and rested for some two hours, and set out again for

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our lengthened journey. In the evening we reached Monticello, the county seat of Pyatt county, a town of about 1,500 population, with some four churches, one of which was a Methodist. We drove through, and hastened forward to reach a country tavern, about two miles from town, on the crest of a beautiful hill that overlooked a vast stretch of prairie toward the east. Here we remained for the night, supped heartily, had prayer with the family, and retired to rest. When leaving in the morning the landlady would receive no payment either for ourselves or horses, as we were ministers. This custom is more the rule than the exception in America. Hundreds of instances of kindness shown to ministers by the people, even by the unconverted, are quite general. As we drove on, the grass in some places was so high as to reach the top of the covered carriage in which we rode. In the distance we saw the whitened covers of tented waggons with large droves of stock moving westward, perhaps, 500 miles to Kansas, or 1,000 to Colorado. 216 They were emigrants journeying to a distant State or new territory to find a larger farm and a better home for themselves and their children. How remarkable, that as hosts of emigrants land upon the eastern shores and melt into the surrounding population, the native American is moving westward, spreading the language, laws, and institutions of his country, so that as the wave of European population rolls on, it falls into the grooves and channels already cut for it, and so on takes the national type, and assumes the national form already prepared for it.

About noon we reached Sadora's Grove and passed by a lonely settlement. In the evening we reached a small village, where we spent the night, and resumed our journey next morning. In the forenoon we got out of Prairie country, and skirted the bank of a stream and the edge of a grove. Having crossed both we entered a beautifully picturesque country, with rich farms, fine houses, and large orchards, the trees of which were laden with apples and peaches. Soon the spires of the Paris churches were in view, and we drove into the streets, passed through the square, and found our lodging-place at the residence of a local preacher, Brother Anderson. His house stood in the midst of a beautiful grove in the suburbs of the town. Here we found a very pleasant home with this

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kind family, with whom we enjoyed sweet intercourse in social and religious conversation. The town of Paris, Illinois, is very unlike its namesake in France, on the banks of the Seine. While the latter numbers more than a million of souls, the other did not number two thousand. 217 But names in the Old World are often reproduced in the New.

The conference opened its session in the Presbyterian church, as the new Methodist church was not quite ready. In America the custom is, whenever a synod, assembly, association, or conference of any of the churches meets in any town or city, all the churches and pulpits (except Episcopalian and Catholic) are open to their ministrations, and the families of the different denominations welcome the ministers to their respective homes, during the sittings of these ecclesiastical courts. Many a time during the session of his conference has the writer stayed at the home of a pious Episcopalian, Baptist, and Presbyterian, who received him as the messenger of the churches. It is a beautiful illustration of the unity and catholicity that exists among the churches in America.

As the method of carrying on ecclesiastical courts in America is somewhat different from the course pursued by similar bodies in the Old country, a brief description may not be out of place. About six o'clock, A.M., an early prayer-meeting is held in the church, at which several ministers, members and visitors attend. Such meetings are often seasons of great power and blessing from on high. About half-past eight, A.M., conference opens with singing, reading, and prayer. The secretary then calls the roll, and the by-laws or rules are read for the government of the body during its session, especially when in debate. The various committees of the Bible, tract, and missionary cause are read out. If there are clergymen belonging to 218 other churches present, they are introduced by the presiding bishop to the conference, and invited to a seat in the body, the conference remaining open nearly all the time. If there are cases of trial, these are given to a committee elected by the conference, to whom the committee report, and upon the report the conference decides. Then come in the reports from different fields of labour and different parts of the work. At this time much of the business is done up in a hurried manner.

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As the method of conducting church bodies of this kind in America is very much modelled after the political customs of the country, so to the mind of Europeans a great deal of disorder and confusion will appear, especially at the close of a session, when often important questions are rushed through without proper examination, some of which often have to be repealed at the ensuing session of the following year, when their action is found injurious. There is much room for improvement on this subject, and improvement is going on as the country becomes more settled, and the customs more fixed. All American assembly, or conference, will despatch more business in half the time that a similar body would take in Europe.

In the afternoon, or at night, the conference seldom holds a session, for during that time the presiding bishop is in consultation with the presiding elders as his cabinet council, to assist in forming the stations of the preachers. During the same time the conference committees of the Bible, tract, and missionary cause, are busy preparing their reports for the morning session. Committees for the examination of candidates for the 219 ministry are also proceeding with their work; also on candidates of the *first, second, third*, and *fourth* year's probation, before admission to ministerial orders. Candidates who have honorably fulfilled their *two* years of probation are now eligible to deacon's orders, and deacons who have filled their four years, to elder's orders. Each night a missionary, tract, Bible, or Sunday school meeting is held, at which several eloquent speeches are made, and contributions taken for the objects presented—these meetings are generally crowded.

On Saturday, appointments are announced for ministers to preach in the different churches in the city. About half-past eight on Sunday morning, the conference love-feast commences, at which many of the ministers speak; these are often powerful scenes of refreshing from on high. At half-past ten, or eleven, A.M., the bishop preaches. At the close of his service, he ordains the candidates for deacon's orders. In the afternoon, at the close of a sermon by some leading minister, the bishop ordains the elders, in which service he is assisted by the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. The whole service

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is very solemn, the form being that of the Episcopal Church, as abbreviated by Mr. Wesley. The Methodist Episcopal Church has been considered by many as legitimate a successor of the old Established Church in America, as her junior sister the Protestant Episcopal. Francis Asbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was the first, and for years the only bishop, in the United States, and as real a bishop as ever trod in apostolic steps, since the days of the Apostles Peter and Paul; and the church of 220 which he was bishop was organized before the Protestant Episcopal was formed at all. While the latter does not subscribe to the *Thirty-nine Articles*, or the Athanasian Creed, the former makes *twenty-four* of the Thirty-nine Articles her standard of doctrine, binding both on ministers and members. While some of the bishops and ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church preach doctrines, and use practices, contrary to the doctrines and usages of their church, and yet are retained within it, those ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church who dare preach doctrines contrary to the *same standards*, would find themselves debarred their own pulpits, and excluded from their own ministry. But if it be objected that the Methodist Episcopal Church has abridged and altered the Articles of Religion, and ritualistic services of the Established Church, so has the Protestant Episcopal. But, after all, the unity lies in the oneness of faith and love, more than in the outward and ceremonial conformity. In the unity of the Spirit and the bonds of peace, may both these churches be one in Christ, with all the true Israel of God, in every place, who call on the name of the Lord, both theirs and ours.

The last business done, at the close of a conference, is the reading of the appointments and stations of the preachers by the bishop, in the presence of a crowded congregation, who are waiting with anxiety to hear where the ministers are to go, and who shall be their own. The ministers, old and young, with many of their wives, attend, and are waiting to hear their names and appointments read out; then the doxology is sung, 221 and the conference is dismissed with a solemn benediction. The preachers, knowing in a way no other ministers know, that they are *itinerants*—leaders indeed of the church militant—bid

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each other farewell, most of them to meet no more for another year, and some never, until they meet in heaven.

The meeting of a Methodist conference of 200 or 250 preachers, with their powerful preaching, earnest prayers and sweet singing, attract crowds to their services from town and country, and produce a wonderful excitement in any town where they are assembled. Every church where they have ministered appears to catch something of the heavenly fire, and the unconverted are moved to hear the Gospel once more, and are often melted to tears if not converted to God. Seasons of revival generally accompany or follow the session of an annual conference. Special trains or extra carriages await the ministers at the close of conference to bear them to their different homes by the different roads at *half fare*. For the railroad companies generally allow Methodist ministers who live on their roads to travel for half fare all the year round, as well as to and from an annual conference.

At this conference Bishop Janes presided, and was assisted at the close by Bishop Ames. Both bishops are very popular with the Illinois conference; both are excellent presiding officers, and eloquent preachers of the Word.

On Sunday, the services were held in the New Methodist church. At the close of the morning service a debt of £650 was paid off in a few moments, and 222 the building was consecrated to the Triune God for Divine Worship. The church was a beautiful structure: cost about £3,000. At night the Rev. Dr. Cartwright preached his semi-centennial sermon—having travelled fifty years in the ministry. The church was crowded to overflowing, and the Backwood's preacher recorded the events of his life in brief but graphic style, and so exciting as to move the audience to frequent bursts of laughter and weeping. Many of the facts he mentioned are told in his autobiography, and produce the same effects.

At the close of the conference, the writer was received as a member of the Illinois conference—his ordination in the Irish conference being recognized—and his name was read out as stationed minister of the West Charge Methodist Church, Bloomington. Late on

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Monday night the conference closed its session, and early next day the members were on their way home to their different fields of labour. On our way home we passed through the towns of east and west Urbana, the former numbering about 1,500 inhabitants, the latter had but a few new houses built around the railroad station. It has since changed its name to Champaign city, and has now a population of about 6,000, and is the seat of the next session of the Illinois conference for September, 1867. So rapidly do towns expand and cities rise in this new country.

As we drew near to Bloomington we learned that a great fire broke out in the town the night before, and burned up a large proportion of the best business houses. On reaching the place we found that a considerable 223 portion of the shops around the square was burned down, amounting to a loss of several thousand dollars. Many suffered in this disaster; but the town has gained, for where wooden buildings stood, large buildings of brick and stone now stand, of four and five stories high. City fires are very frequent in America on account of the dryness of the climate, the combustible nature of the buildings, and the scarcity of water. Bloomington has since then a regular fire company, with all the appliances attached thereto.

BLOOMINGTON

Stands on the north edge of Blooming Grove, and covers a large surface of beautiful undulating prairie, with several natural groves in the distance around it. It is one of the most beautiful sights for an inland town in the country. It stands in Central Illinois, sixty-one miles north-east of Springfield, the capital, and 128 south-west of Chicago. The first settler was Mr. JAMES ALLIN, who purchased the land on which the city stands, and laid it out into town lots about the year 1831. He was chosen its first senator to the legislature; was a member of the West Charge Methodist church, at the time the writer was appointed pastor, in 1856, and so continued until I left a few months ago. With the founder and father of Bloomington, the writer lived on intimate terms, and when leaving received from him one of the highest testimonies to the effect of his labors in the church. He was waiting, in

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feebleness of health extreme, for the Master's call to the Paradise above, when I left last October.

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The town of Bloomington, which he founded, has since become a city, with regular city charter, corporation, wards, mayor, aldermen, &c. It had a population of 4,000 when I entered it in 1854; it has now above 13,000 inhabitants; two railroads run through it, the *Illinois Central*, and *Chicago and St. Louis*. The foundry and machine shops of the latter are located here, and give employment to about 1000 men, and support to above 2000 families, and an annual circulation of nearly £100,000. Here are some of the most highly-finished railroad carriages built that runs on any railroad in the world. I have travelled thousands of miles by railroad in different nations, but I never saw any as large or as beautifully finished as those in Bloomington, belonging to the Chicago and St. Louis railway company. Several other foundries, factories, mills, and machine shops, give a business aspect to the place that increases the trade and traffic. There are several banks and large hotels, about twenty churches, four of which are Methodist, three Presbyterian, two Baptist, one Episcopalian, one Roman Catholic, and one Lutheran. There are two young ladies' seminaries, and the State Normal Institution for the training of teachers for the district schools of the State; this is one of the largest institutions of the kind in the United States; it has a regular faculty, and about 400 students. Here is also situated the Illinois Wesleyan university, of which Dr. MUNSELL is President, with a very efficient faculty to assist, and a roll of students of nearly 300; this institution is principally patronized within the bounds of Central Illinois, and Illinois conferences. It has an endowment of £20,000, and has educated some young men that are now filling important offices in church and state; it has often been blessed with great revivals, at which numerous students have been converted. A letter just received from Dr. MUNSELL, President, informs me, that the institution is this year in a very prosperous condition.

The city of Bloomington will figure in the future history of the country, as the birth place of the republican party that overthrew the rebellion, emancipated the slaves, saved, and now

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rules the nation. Here in May, 1856, the year I was stationed there, the party originated, which afterwards became national and world-renowned.

THE WEST CHARGE METHODIST CHURCH

Was a new church, lately built in the west part of the city, Professor Sears, President of the Illinois Wesleyan university, was its first pastor. He was a finished scholar, a devoted Christian, one of the most faithful pastors, and a forcible preacher. From an intimate acquaintance with him the more I knew him the better I was enabled to appreciate his lofty religious character. Like the devoted Judson, he was blessed with three devoted wives, two of whom shone as lights in the churches, and passed before him to heaven, the third survives him. In the late war he entered the Union army as chaplain, and while attending the sick and dying soldiers, caught disease and shortly after died, rejoicing in the Lord.

The Rev. William J. Rutledge second pastor P 226 and my predecessor. He was eloquent as a preacher, and one of the most genial men. After the lapse of twelve years he has returned to the East Charge church in Bloomington, with a pastoral charge of about 700 souls. At the time I was appointed to the West Charge church there was a membership of 90; and I returned, when leaving it, a membership of 116. My work was to preach twice every Sabbath to this congregation, teach a Bible class in the Sabbath school, meet two classes in the week, and conduct a weekly prayer-meeting every Wednesday, and an official meeting every Monday night. In the winter we commenced a series of protracted meetings, at which several souls were converted, and a number joined in church fellowship; congregations increased, and the classes were well attended. Rev. HIRAM BUCK was presiding elder on the district, of large and muscular frame. In the use of his voice he was a Boanerges, a powerful and effective preacher.

After closing our protracted services in the West Charge I was asked to assist in a meeting commenced at the East Charge, under the care of Rev. Mr. WHITE, the pastor. His health was not good, and he did not succeed in getting his brethren to work harmoniously. One

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night he left me in charge of his meeting, and, instead of coming himself, dropped a note requesting me to preach and continue the meeting, or close it, as I thought best. This placed me in a position I did not like: everything appeared to discourage. I lifted my heart to God to direct me, preached as best I could. The power of God came down, and some sixteen or 227 seventeen persons rushed forward to the communion rails to seek the Lord. The stewards and leaders gathered round, and that night some six or seven persons were converted. The work of God now commenced, and the pastor took courage. A large number were converted to God, and great grace rested upon all. The East Charge Methodist church has been often blessed with large and great revivals, and able and eloquent ministers. It has a very large membership, some of whom are leading men in the State, as well as in the city, whose distinguished position, liberality and brotherly kindness, stamp a character on the church, that make it a Mount Zion in gospel privileges and spiritual blessings.

At the earnest request of Rev. John S. Barger and several of the friends, I went out to the Baptist church in Oldtown in the month of February to assist them in a protracted meeting. I remained with them for nearly a week, preaching every night. At the close of each sermon from fifteen to twenty persons came forward, and each night witnessed the conversion of many. Here was the place where, a year before, my labors were so greatly blessed of God. The showers of blessing still continued to fall, and many sought and found Salvation. Scarcely had I reached home when five or six other pressing invitations came, urging me to come and assist at protracted meetings in different towns and places. As it was impossible for me to go to all, I went, at the request of Brother MONTGOMERY, to Decatur, to assist him. On reaching the place I found a gracious work already commenced. That night, at the close of my 228 sermon, *twenty-eight* persons came forward seeking religion, many of whom were powerfully converted. It was a night never to be forgotten: such a scene of rejoicing I had seldom seen. The work went on until above sixty persons professed religion and united with the church.

GENERAL CONFERENCE AT INDIANOPOLIS.

Having labored hard through the winter at different and various protracted meetings, I took a respite in the beginning of May by going to the general conference at Indianapolis. On Thursday, the 8th of May, I set out for the seat of the session by the Illinois central railroad to Pena. Pena was then a railroad junction where the Terre Haute and Alton railroad crossed the Illinois central railroad. A few new houses gathered round the station on the open prairie. Now the place has a population of about 2,000, with several important churches. It is a busy, thriving, and successful town; and as the country around becomes developed the town will continue to increase in population and commerce. Having spent the night in Paris, early next morning I started on the train eastward. About nine, A.M., we crossed the Wabash river, which separates Illinois from Indiana. On the eastern side, stretched from the sandy beach along rising ground, the city of *Terre Haute*, built originally by the French. It has a population of about 15,000, with 20 churches, and two young ladies' seminaries. The streets are sandy and clean, and the sidewalks shaded with beautiful trees, which is generally the custom in American towns.

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In the afternoon we reached *Indianapolis*, the capital of the State of Indiana. The city lies about the centre of the State, is also one of the greatest railroad centres in America. Almost all the railroads of the State meet or pass through it. Six railroads meet in one central depôt, and above 100 trains per day pass in and out of the city, with from 3,000 to 5,000 passengers. The streets are wide and spacious, the side-walks shaded with trees; the shops, hotels and residences are very fine. There are about *twenty-five* churches, and a population of about 40,000. Here are also located asylums for the blind, deaf, dumb, and lame, and some educational institutions of marked repute. The State-house stands in the midst of a beautiful grove, 180 feet long by 80 feet wide. It is modelled after the Parthenon at Athens. Here the State legislature meets to pass its laws; and here, by invitation, the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church met to pass its laws

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for the government of the body, elect its officers and transact its business. The general conference meets every fourth year in some large city of the Union, and lasts from three to four weeks in session, during which, sometimes, very important changes take place, not in reference to doctrine, but in relation to the boundaries of annual conferences. The members of it are elected by the annual conferences to which they belong. It is the highest church court in the body, and the most important in the United States. It wields an influence in the country unequalled by any other ecclesiastical court. It sustains a relation to the annual conferences somewhat like the United States' congress to the State legislatures. At this conference the bishops are elected; to it they are amenable. The conference assembled in the large hall of the State representatives, and the committees met in the committee rooms of senators and representatives. Here we met the English, Irish, and Canadian deputations. Drs. Hannah, Jobson, Scott, Revs. Ryerson, and Jones.

Early on Sunday morning I accompanied Professor SEARS to a love-feast in Wesley chapel; the crowd was large, the speaking most excellent; ministers spoke, some of whom were born in Germany, France, Switzerland, England, Scotland, Ireland, the eastern and the western States; some were converted in London, Dublin, Belfast, Old Virginia, and Boston; some had come from Maine and New England, from the middle and western States, the South, and Pacific coast. At the close, an old lady rose to declare what the Lord had done for her soul; while speaking, the cloud of glory seemed to rest upon the meeting, voices of "glory, glory to God" arose from the lips of many, while all were melted into tears. That morning meeting was a beautiful type of the great multitude around the throne in heaven.

After this we went to hear Dr. Scott preach in Robert's chapel: the congregation was large, and the sermon a most excellent one. In the afternoon I attended and addressed the Sabbath school in Robert's chapel. In the evening we heard Dr. Eddy at the Christian college, and at night the late Dr. Perry on Christian perfection. After bidding good-

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bye to several of my acquaintances, I left with others on the train of 231 Tuesday for Bloomington, where we arrived safe, and all well.

Through the summer the church continued to prosper, congregations were good, and finances excellent; a very delightful state of feeling prevailed. A new conference, called the Central Illinois conference, was about to be formed, and the church of which I was pastor was to be given over to it: they cordially invited me to go with them and be their pastor for another year, but I declined, as I did not wish to leave the conference to which I belonged. My year's salary was paid up at the end of the *third* quarter. I attended a large number of funerals, and celebrated a great many marriages.

PEORIA

Is distant from Bloomington about forty miles. On Thursday, 11th September, I accompanied Professor Sears to the opening session of the Central Illinois conference at the above town. The day was fine, the trip by railroad pleasant. At noon we were in the city. Peoria stands on the west shore of the Illinois river, at the outlet of Peoria lake, a beautiful expanse of water through which the river runs. The ground on which the city stands rises with a gradual ascent from the river to the beautiful bluffs above it, which are crowned with costly residences and lovely gardens; the streets are 100 feet wide, and cross each other at right angles. It is the largest town on the Illinois river, having a population of about 25,000, numerous mills, factories, hotels, stores, and shops; the natural scenery about it is some of the finest in America. The coal is 232 seen cropping out of the sides of the hills, and valuable coal mines are in the neighbourhood. It contains twenty-eight churches, several of which are Methodist, and some of very fine architecture. The conference opened its session that morning and proceeded with business; the usual Bible and missionary meetings were held at night through the week, and the attendance was very large. Professor Sears and myself stopped at Mr. Keyon's, one of the kindest families. On Sunday morning I preached at the Congregational church to an excellent and deeply attentive congregation; in the afternoon heard Dr. Foster preach a powerful

sermon. Next day, Monday, I returned to Bloomington; shortly after I took a severe attack of bilious fever, which prostrated me for several days, so that I was not able to attend my own conference at Quincy a few weeks later. Never shall I forget the kindness of the Bloomington friends in that sickness. During the session of the Illinois conference at Quincy, arrangements were made for the transfer of the West Charge to the Central Illinois conference, and I was appointed to Petersburg station; soon my health began to recover, and I was enabled to part with my late charge, and prepare to go to my new one.

CHAPTER XIV. PETERSBURGH STATION.

PETERSBURGH—PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW'S SON—THE CHURCHES, PRESBYTERIAN, BAPTIST, METHODIST—DR. CARTWRIGHT—CONVERSIONS—A THREE MONTHS' TRIP TO THE OLD WORLD AND BACK—JOURNEY EASTWARD—RETURN VOYAGE—SAFE ARRIVAL—FINANCIAL CRISIS AND INDIAN REBELLION—VISIT TO SCOTLAND, CLYDE, GREENOCK, GLASGOW, EDINBURGH—THIRD ATLANTIC VOYAGE—NIAGARA FALLS—SAFE ARRIVAL IN BLOOMINGTON—REAPPOINTED TO PETERSBURGH—SECOND YEAR'S LABOURS—CLOSE.

On Friday, the 31st October, I left Bloomington, and reached Petersburg next day. The town of Petersburg stretches along the side of an elevated ridge that overhangs the Sangamon river, and forms a very picturesque appearance. It is the county seat of Menard county, and contains a population of 1,500 persons. A railroad runs through it, designed, when finished, to connect the place with St. Louis on the one side, and Chicago on the other. Near this place, at a country shop, the late President Lincoln, when a young man, did business as a merchant's clerk, and studied law in the neighbourhood. The family with whom he lived, in later years lost the father; the widowed mother struggled to bring up her family in decency. One of her sons, whom I knew well, was charged with the crime of murder. The whole county was excited by the trial. Mr. Lincoln, believing the young man was not guilty, volunteered his services as a lawyer for the widow's son. The testimony on the part of the witnesses had closed, and the lawyer for the defence arose. He fixed

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his attention on the testimony of the principal witness, who he thought was influenced by revenge. Having observed that this witness swore, on cross-examination, that he saw the accused commit the crime by moonlight, at such an hour. Mr. Lincoln obtained an almanac, and proved there was no moonlight that night at that hour. He then appealed to the jury in a most touching and powerful address, and closed the defence. The jury retired, and in a few moments returned with a verdict of acquittal. The mother of the accused could not control her feeling: she burst into loud Weeping, threw her arms round the neck of her son, and fell at the feet of her deliverer to thank him. The whole court was affected to tears. A few years later she followed the remains of the assassinated president to the grave, weeping.

For many years the place was a scene of great ungodliness: *Universalist* principles were professed by many of the leading men; the moral effect of this on the place was very blighting. There were three churches in the town—Baptist, Presbyterian, and Methodist; the latter stood on the side of a beautiful hill, an excellent brick structure; its sonorous bell was heard along the side of the hill and the bank of the river for 235 miles, calling the people to worship, and the children to Sabbath school. In the towns of the West the bells of all the churches may be heard ringing together, for the same time of worship on Sundays, and the same hour of prayer on week evenings. As much of the immorality of the place was connected with the sale of whiskey, the churches united, and in the corporation vote put down the sale of intoxicating liquor. The moral effect on the community was most beneficial. In olden times, before the railroad reached the place, the merchants chartered a steamer to bring their goods from St. Louis up the Sangamon river; but the masts and chimney of the steamer caught in the branches of the trees that overhung the stream, and the labor of disentangling the vessel prevented the success of the plan.

The churches in Petersburg were not in a prosperous condition: the Methodist church suffered from a series of difficulties between some of the members, which divided many of the families in the town and of the congregation. One of the principal actors died suddenly at a camp meeting shortly after, and the other has since left the church under censure.

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My boarding place was at Mr. Thomas Peak's, the Presbyterian minister boarded with his brother. Mr. Peake was a man of larger soul than body, a good steward, class-leader, and faithful Sunday school superintendent. His wife was an industrious house-keeper; both brought up a large and interesting family of children. My study was nicely fixed on the sunny side of a hill, and the shady side of a grove, where I spent many an hour in meditation and prayer.

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Two country appointments were attached to the town, and received occasional preaching. Twice every Sabbath I preached in town to the same congregation, super-intended, or taught in the Sabbath-school, met one or two classes, and conducted the weekly prayer-meeting, and presided over the official board. There were about seventy members in church fellowship, some five classes, and some talented class and prayer-leaders.

The congregation, at first small, began to increase until, in the summer when I left, there was not room enough to contain them; every pew was filled, and the aisles occasionally. The singing was fine, and a very solemn feeling rested on the people. In the winter protracted services were continued for a short time, and some souls were converted. The class-meetings were well attended, and the Sunday school was in a prosperous state. My presiding elder was the venerable DR. CARTWRIGHT, Of Backwoods notoriety. To those who never saw the Doctor, I might say that he is a man of large muscular frame, brilliant dark eyes, that always twinkle like stars when some witty saying is about to be expressed. His wit jets forth like streams from a fountain and moves his hearers to the most boisterous laughter. He never loses sight of the point before him, but carries it with ease against his antagonist. His powers of imagination are vivid in graphic description; his ideas appear clothed with flesh and sinew, and are so full of life and energy as to move before you like living realities rather than mental images. I remember once 237 hearing an aged minister take farewell of the conference in very affecting language, so as to draw tears from the eyes of many. Cartwright was not so moved—for he thought the brother could have labored a few years longer—he rose and said, that several years ago he offered to

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enter into covenant-relation with the devil, and proposed to his satanic majesty a truce, that if he would locate and give up going about as a “roaring lion,” he would locate also; but the devil would not consent, and Cartwright said, “As long as the Lord gives me life and strength I mean to travel and preach, winning souls to God.” The effect of this on the conference was remarkable: those that shed tears with the old preacher burst into laughter at the contrast.

No man ever had such influence in the Illinois conference as Peter Cartwright, and no man was kinder to the young preachers on his district under him. Many of them were his own sons in the Gospel. No stranger can understand his book: and the man is like the book. Five different editions of his *Life* have been published in England and Ireland, and one or two in France in the French language. He is liberal to all the institutions of the church, and always one of the first to assist his suffering brethren. His ministry in Petersburg, as he came once a quarter, always drew crowds to hear him, and these were always affected to tears as well as smiles. In his younger days he was one of the most powerful preachers of the west. In addressing the great centenary meeting at Bloomington, October, 1866, he said he could not say, “Men, brethren, and fathers,” as he had no fathers there. He is now in the 238 83rd year of his age and 65th of his ministry, still travelling and preaching on his district, and winning souls to God. His powerful and withering rebukes of sin seemed to burn into the conscience, and the sinner often quailed before his searching appeals. All systems of false doctrine and heresy looked as if shrivelled up in his mental grasp, and the teachers of them dreaded to see or hear him. Several conversions took place in the church and some in families that I can never forget that winter in Petersburg.

Reference has been already made to the death of a dying Universalist, who abandoned his heresy and fled to Christ and found Salvation, and died in peace.* At the request of some friends I called to see a dying infidel: his physician had given him up. It was a beautiful day in May. He lay on his bed the picture of despair, and was fast sinking. His wife and children were around his bed weeping. I spoke to him of Salvation. He said it was too late! He had no hope: he was an infidel: had read the writings of Payne, tried to believe

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them, but could not. He had tried to turn away his wife from the truth. I dwelt on the sparing mercy of God, the willingness and ability of Christ to save, and tried to point him to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. As I spoke his heart began to melt, his proud spirit to yield, his eyes filled with tears. We went to prayer, and while at prayer God blessed his soul, removed his guilt, and pardoned his sin. The man began to praise God aloud,

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239 and shouted, "Glory, glory to God," so loud, that a man and his wife living next door rushed in and stood amazed! The wife threw her arms around the husband's neck: both rejoiced together. Immediately the fever left him. Next day he was up; in two days after he was better. But as the disease and danger left him, so did his goodness vanish, "as the morning dew and early cloud;" for, subsequently, he did not prove faithful to his vows, and fell into "the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity."

It was not so with Mr. Wilson, an aged man, whom I had called to see, at his request. One Saturday morning, while kneeling by his side and praying for him, the Lord converted his soul, and made him rejoice in hope of the glory of God. He asked me to receive him into the church as a member. I took his name, and read it out next morning in the church after preaching, and stated that while I was receiving him into the militant church on probation, perhaps the Lord Jesus was at the same moment receiving him into the church triumphant in full connexion. It was even so: for I hastened from the church to his residence, but he was just after breathing his last when I reached it. Several remarkable conversions and triumphant deaths took place while I was there.

On the 4th of July, the national holiday, I attended a large Sabbath school meeting in an adjoining grove, and addressed about 4,000 people. The day was very fine; but I had taken the ague, and rose that morning from a bed of fever to attend the meeting. Other important circumstances constrained me to give up the 240 pastoral charge of my church for the next three months of the year and return to Ireland, with the consent of the

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members, and Dr. Cartwright, Who said, "Go, brother, and the Lord go with you." The step thus taken led to a change in my subsequent relations of life, and to the publication of this volume.

A THREE MONTHS' TRIP TO THE OLD WORLD AND BACK, BY THE SHORES OF THE HUDSON AND NIAGARA—THE JOURNEY EASTWARD.

On Sunday, July 5th, I preached three times, the last time at night; the church was densely crowded, the singing was fine, and the congregation appeared very much affected. On Tuesday I left with the prayers of our people for my safe return. For a week I remained in Bloomington prostrated with fever and ague; getting a little better, I left there on the night of the 14th, reaching Chicago next morning, and Detroit in the evening. All day Thursday I travelled on the New York and Erie railroad; the weather was very fine, and the country looked beautiful; arrived in New York in the evening, and retired early to rest. Friday was spent in visiting the greater part of the city, the Methodist book room, Harper's publishing house, and the John-street Methodist church, the cradle of American Methodism.

THE RETURN VOYAGE.

On Saturday I took passage in the Columbia steamer, Captain Berry, commander. This vessel ran a singular course in the late war, was taken at first by the Confederates, 241 and subsequently retaken by the Federals; she was a small vessel of speedy sail, hired by the Collins company to fulfil their contract in carrying mails and passengers between New York and Liverpool. At two P.M. the vessel started amid the booming of cannon from ships and batteries. The evening was very pleasant—and I soon found the sea air invigorating my agueish system. My room was pleasant, and every thing comfortable. I formed the acquaintance of many of the passengers, among whom were officers going to England, sugar planters from Cuba, and cotton planters from Alabama, many were from the southern States, and a few from the northern; one of my most pleasant acquaintances was Mr. William Tate of Detroit, and a gentleman hastening to England, from what he

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called a great commercial panic that was coming all over America; he was a large dealer in railroad stocks: scarcely had we reached Liverpool, when the next steamer brought the exciting news of the great commercial crisis begun in Wall-street, New York, and swept over the country, deranging the finances and commercial relations of all nations. The first Sabbath the sea was rough, and the vessel rolled greatly, many were sea sick, and we could have no religious service. Through the week we had very pleasant weather, and occasionally saw whales in the distance spouting. On the following Sunday two gentlemen waited on me, with the captain's request, to preach to the crew and the passengers—I consented. The morning was fine—at ten A.M. the first bell rang out to give notice, at half-past ten it rang again, and the crew marched past in Q 242 their Sunday attire, the passengers crowded in, Roman Catholics and all; the table of the long saloon was covered with Bibles and Episcopal Prayer Books. Knowing that some of my congregation were Episcopalian, and the prayers excellent, I read a large portion of the services, and then preached, and closed with extempore prayer. The Lord was graciously present, some wept, and many thanked me for my services.

Early on Tuesday morning the Irish coast appeared in sight, and all the afternoon we skirted along her southern shore, leaving France and Wales on our right. Early on Wednesday morning the Welsh mountains looked very high and close to us; at noon we were in the docks at Liverpool, after a most pleasant voyage of ten days: surely July is a pleasant month to cross the Atlantic, or lay Atlantic cables. We parted our fellow-passengers and kind captain to meet no more for a while. On arriving in the city we found it greatly agitated by the report of the East Indian mutiny; sad and sorrowful looked the faces of many, as one despatch after another gave harrowing details of the Sepoy rebellion. It is needless here to recount the way in which the revolt was crushed, the besieged saved, and the country delivered from the hands of savage men, and the government placed on a more sure and humane basis. In the evening I took passage by a Kingstown steamer, and landed next morning in Dublin, reached Lucan in the evening, and found all my old friends well, and rejoiced to see me. On the following Sabbath I preached

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in Lucan to a good congregation, among 243 whom were many old familiar faces and some new, lately come from Scotland.

SCOTLAND—THE CLYDE—GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH.

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead, Who never to himself hath said: This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned, From wandering on a foreign strand?”— Scott.

On the evening of the 4th of August, in company with William Brown, Esq., I set out for a short visit to Scotland. We had but a few days to stay: he was going on business, I, to see what I could of the land of Burns, Scott, Knox and Chalmers; the land of Poets, Princes, Preachers, Metaphysicians and Reformers, of Scottish chiefs and Highland clans. It was the land of my fore-fathers, whence they left for the Emerald Isle, nearly two hundred years ago.

At six, P.M., we stood on the deck of a Dublin steamer, bound for Glasgow. The evening was delightful; we set our faces toward Scotland, and steered out of the Dublin harbour, amid strains of martial music, from two musicians, who made their home and living on the vessel. “Auld Lang Syne” and “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” were familiar national airs to us.

Groups of passengers promenaded the deck: some in friendly talk, and some bringing distant objects nigh, through telescopic vision. We all enjoyed the clear sky, the setting sun, the rising moon and the balmy breeze that rose from sea and air. How invigorating such an atmosphere!

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It was midnight before the north-east coast of Ireland was out of sight. We retired to rest under the watchful eye of Israel’s Shepherd, who never slumbers. Blessed Word, how it has cheered the hearts of many—“He that keepeth thee will not slumber.”

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On board, there was a Herculean specimen from the Green Isle, a youth much devoted to Alcohol, whose presence and action threatened to incommode the passengers. The captain ordered him into confinement. Six strong men seized, and bound him hand and foot, and strapped him down on the upper deck inside the paddle-wheel. Poor Pat uttered the most doleful lamentations, and then poured a torrent of wit and sarcasm on captain and crew. Next day he looked ashamed—his reason returned—he was released. How degrading the sin of drunkenness.

At the dawn of the next morning we rose, the island of Arran, with its lofty mountains loomed up in the distance. The estuary of the Clyde, with beautiful islets dotting its bosom, spread out before us. I could not but exclaim—

“O Caledonia! stern and wild, Meet nurse for a poetic child, Land of brown heath and shaggy wood, Land of the mountain and the flood, Land of my sires what mortal hand Can e'er untie the filial band, That knits me to thy rugged strand.”

It was Scotland. We were sailing up the Clyde which wound round the mountains, washing their feet with its waters, and receiving on its bosom their image. 245 Steamer after steamer glided past us, thronged with thousands of gaily-dressed passengers on excursion trips to the beautiful lakes and islets we had left behind us. Soon we put into *Greenock*, and landed some of our passengers there. It lies at the foot of some very high hills. From the mouth of the Clyde to this place, the shores on either side have a chain of beautiful villas, the summer residences and watering places of wealthy merchants in Greenock and Glasgow. The clear sky above them, the cold air of the adjacent mountains, and the refreshing waters rolling on their shores, with the sea breeze ascending the Clyde, make them desirable and delightful summer residences for invalids.

Greenock is the birthplace of James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine. It is a large town of some fifty thousand inhabitants, is the principal seaport of Scotland. This is the great focus of building the iron Clyde steamers, which are taking much of the ocean

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trade and passengers. Between here and Glasgow the shores of the Clyde look like a continuous workshop of ship-building, assailing our ears by the perpetual click of a thousand hammers, held in the strong hands of the sons of Vulcan. There was so much noise and so many vessels building, so many thousands of workmen on them, I could not but think of the building of the Tower of Babel. The objects of the builders were different. The latter built to reach the skies, the former to reach the seas and shores of all nations. The builders on the banks of the Clyde are more successful than those on the banks of the Euphrates. The works of the latter remain a monument of folly, those 246 of the former an exhibition of practical wisdom, skill, and usefulness. On the one party the frown of Jehovah fell; on the other the smile of a gracious God is resting. Go on, then, ye builders on the Clyde, send out your iron ocean steamers with your trade, and the Word of Life to all nations. At the confluence of the Severn with the Clyde rises a huge basaltic rock, 560 feet, on which stands the celebrated castle of Dumbarton: Wallace's seat and tower are yet shown upon it. It looked like the "Sentinel of Freedom" guarding the interests and the destinies of Scotland.

Glasgow is the fourth city in the British empire, has a population of 420,000 souls. It is the commercial capital of Scotland. Tradition ascribes its origin to St. Mungo, in the year 560. He erected it into a bishopric. Since the union of England and Scotland, it has risen into opulence in connection with its American and West Indian trade. The streets are wide and spacious. The public squares are numerous and beautifully adorned with flowers, shrubbery, walks and statues. Those of Wellington, Burns, Sir John Moore, and Sir Walter Scott are well executed. The residences, shops, churches, and public buildings are built of granite, and give an appearance of much strength and solidity, but they are much discoloured by the smoke of factory chimneys. In the north of the city, at the end of High-street, stands the Cathedral, built in the twelfth century. It consists of a long nave and choir, a chapter house and tower, and spire in the centre. In the nave, was held in November, 1638, the celebrated general assembly, which abolished the prelatical hierarchy, and 247 established presbyterianism in its stead. A long civil War was the

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consequence. Standing within its walls we gazed on the long aisles, the lofty pillars, and the windows of exquisite workmanship, and the huge piles of granite that rose above and around us. We felt like the disciples of Jesus looking at the Jerusalem Temple. "Master, see what buildings are here."

I looked, my friend Mr. B. was on his way to the Necropolis. I followed: it was on a neighbouring hill which commanded a fine view of the city, the Clyde, and surrounding country.

Here lay the dead of Glasgow, the rich and poor, soldier, senator, the old, the young, the merchant and minister in their last resting place. The living hand of undying affection raised monuments over the ashes of the dead, to show us where their loved ones lay. In the contrast between Pagan and Christian graveyards, we see the power of Christianity: in the one, the gloom of despair casts its shadows over the ashes of the dead; in the other, radiant hope writes its victory on the tomb, and sits enthroned above the wreck that sin has made, and says, these shall live again. In the triumphant spread of Christianity, and the extent of its sphere, there is a difference between the *first* and the *nineteenth* centuries.

On a lofty pedestal, stood the life-like statue of John Knox, the great Scottish Reformer, with stern countenance, his cap and cloak on, in one hand an open Bible, the other raised, as if to warn Scotland against popery, prelacy, and tyranny. Glasgow, with 420,000, lies at his feet. In the presence of the beautiful Mary, 248 he stood unmoved; even with her tears she could not make him swerve from his allegiance to truth, and the welfare of the Scottish nation. He was a rough diamond set in the heart of Scotland. On our way back, we visited the Tron church where Dr. Chalmers used to preach. Extensive changes have been going on there for some time, in the streets and buildings. We retired to rest, to prepare for a trip to Edinburgh on next morning.

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At seven A.M. next morning we took the train for Edinburgh. Soon we left the din and smoke of Glasgow behind us, and we found ourselves hurrying at the rate of about thirty miles an hour through a beautiful and picturesque country, well wooded and watered, and diversified by hill and dale, green pasturages and yellow autumn fields. The towns and villages were numerous along the line. The station-houses, superbly built of solid granite, the gardens attached to them were delightfully ornamented with shrubbery and flowers. On our left, in the distance, rose the majestic ruins of an old palace: it was Linlithgow. It is situated on a hill behind the town, and overlooking a beautiful lake.

“Of all the palaces so fair, Built for the royal dwelling, In Scotland, far beyond compare, Linlithgow is excelling.”

Here was born Mary Queen of Scots, so celebrated for beauty and misfortune, and a death of tragic interest. It was said that her father, who was dying at the time of her birth, was informed that a daughter was born to him, answered, “Is it so? God's will be done. The 249 kingdom came with a lass, and it will go with a lass.” He died in a week after, but Mary lives in the heart of Scotland. Every little memento of her past life is treasured up with care.

About nine A.M. we arrived in Edinburgh, and found ourselves standing under the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott, thinking of its vast expense, and admiring its excellent workmanship. It is one of the most beautiful we ever saw. The first two hours were spent in visiting the public squares, the varied monuments, the book shops, and publishing houses—particularly that of Chambers'. The cathedrals, churches, colleges, and hospitals, of course, in so transient a visit, we could but take an external view generally.

Edinburgh is the capital—the Athens of Scotland. In the tenth century it was called Edin. Under the reign of the Stuarts it rose and flourished; it now contains, probably, a population of 180,000. It is one of the most romantic looking cities in the world, built on

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three ridges of hills, separated from each other by deep but dry ravines, is divided into the old and new towns. The houses, fronting the streets, rise to six and seven stories; their rere toward the ravines nearly double that height in many instances.

The first object in Edinburgh that arrested our attention was the castle, with its gloomy sides and lofty towers, one of the strongest fortifications in the world. It is a monument of the feudal ages, dark, gloomy, and romantic. The history of its sieges, and surrenders would fill volumes. Soldiers and cannon are omni-present guarding it; the latter planted all around, on 250 successive tiers, from the base to the summit, commanding every pass to and from the city. Looking through the port holes, we saw how easily an approaching army could be swept by its fire. Standing on its top, which was about 300 feet high, we saw the city lying at our feet, with nearly 200,000 hearts throbbing in it. On my right stretched the hills where the Covenantors met, bowed, and worshipped; where their blood was poured out like water in defence of their religion. In the distance, rose the Salisbury Crags, a lofty range of hills, sometimes wreathing their foreheads in the misty cloud. On the left, the harbour of Leith, with its shipping. Between where I then stood and Illinois—where I had been two weeks before—the Atlantic Ocean rolled, and 5,000 miles stretched; I thought of the past, present, future. “What a range of vision and field of view the eye takes in here,” I could not but exclaim, “Such a panorama of mountain, field, and sea, woods, hills, and dales; cathedrals, churches, palaces, monuments, the old town and the new dividing the city, I never saw before.” The castle contains, beside the varied bastions and fortifications, a large military barracks, an ancient palace, and the crown or regalia room; the two last I visited and examined particularly. In one of the rooms of the palace James I. of England, and Sixth of Scotland, was born; he was the son of the beautiful Mary.

The crown room was dark and gloomy, and lit up with gas. In the centre, within an iron railing, stood a table, on which was laid a splendid cushion: on it rested the crown of Scotland, adorned with cross, 251 diamonds, and several rows of precious pearls; beside it lay the mace, the sceptre and the sword. As I gazed on that crown, and remembered the names of those that wore it, I thought of the heirs of righteousness, and the crown

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that fadeth not away—of the time when God shall crown his saints, “the universe shall be present to witness the coronation.” This crown has changed owners often; *that* never leaves the brows that wear it, save when it is cast at the feet of an enthroned Saviour, “whose name is above every name that is named in this world and the world to come.”

A group of ladies and gentlemen gathered round, who were from various countries and places. “That’s a beautiful sword,” said I, “yonder on the table.” “Sir,” said the keeper, “that was given by the pope to James IV. of Scotland, to defend it from all heretics and heresies.” “Strange,” said I, “and yet it has passed from his hands to theirs.” On the same condition another pope created Henry VIII. of England, “Defender of the Faith,” yet, shortly after, Henry and his country shook off the trammels of that faith. Another pope gave to Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the greater part of the continent of America on the same conditions and for the same purpose, yet it has also passed from their hands and his into the hands of those who prefer the Bible to the Breviary, the reign of Christ to that of Antichrist. This does not speak much for the *infallibility* of the popes. The grant of God the Father to the Son (see *Psalms* ii. 8) preceded that of the popes to these monarchs; it shall counteract, overthrow and supersede them: “And the kingdom and dominion, and 252 the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey Him.” Read, then, the charter and the destinies of Bible saints even in this world.

Having seen all I had time to look at in the castle, I passed out to the castle yard, and was standing looking over and beyond the city. A stranger drew near and said, “Sir, those hills on which you are looking are the places where the royal dragoons rode down the Covenantors; that yellow house down there in that street is where hundreds of them were executed.” I passed down High-street to see John Knox’s house. It stood considerably out in the street, with projecting stories. There was a tobacconist’s shop in the first story. I said to him, “Sir, can I see the rooms above, as I understand this was John Knox’s house?” “Yes, sir, this is where he lived three hundred years ago, but I am sorry to say that you

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cannot see those rooms now. The proprietor opened them free to the public, but the corporation have taxed them lately, and he has shut them up; this is, however, (pointing to) where he slept, that is where he studied, and yonder, at that window, he used to stand and preach to people in the streets.” While passing down this ancient street groups of women sat outside their doors and windows, knitting, chatting, sewing, and their children playing about in all directions—how precious they felt the outside atmosphere. In a few moments more I was within the gates of Holyrood palace. Holyrood house, the palace 253 of the Scottish kings, was built by James V. Several subsequent additions have been made by Charles II. We were just shown the Picture Gallery, a large, long room having portraits of the kings and queens of Scotland, from the first to the last; some of them more imaginary than real. After examining these, we were taken through several apartments, then to the rooms of Lord Darnley, which included bed-room, study, and dressing-room; then to Queen Mary's, in an opposite direction, same number and much the same size. It is needless to say that the windows of those rooms opened on varied and beautiful objects and scenery. We saw Lord Darnley's *boots* and *spurs* , which might have done a gigantic trooper of the present day; his armour and helmet were heavy enough to bend a moderate sized man to the earth. How did the ancients wear them, and walk, and run, and fight, jumping in and out of the saddles on the horses, I cannot tell; and yet it was in such armour the Spaniards conquered Mexico and Peru. Between the rooms of Queen Mary and her husband were several secret passages of stone stairs. In her state rooms we saw much of the ancient furniture, whose form was curious indeed. There were two of the beds shown, with their coverings on, as they had stood three hundred years before. The counterpanes were of beautiful damask, but in many places worn into shreds. We could not speak too highly of the keepers who attended and explained all things free, as the Queen of England did not allow them to charge. “Look here,” said one of the above gentlemen, “that is where Rizzio, the queen's musician and secretary fell, and was 254 killed. One night as he was sitting with the queen, a band of armed men rushed in and dragged him from her side, and stabbed him to death there.”

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We saw the dark, greasy stain of the blood, spread toward the lobby window. Several ladies moved back with a shudder; they had been standing on the spot. It is supposed Darnley was the cause of the murder; he was jealous of his queen and her secretary. Shortly after Lord Darnley himself was blown up, and the house where he lay sick; his body was scattered to atoms. His wife, the queen, is suspected to this day. A few years after she laid her head on the block; and she, too, died a tragic death. What dark times were those! What scenes and secrets the day of Judgment will make known!

Leaving these apartments, we went out to see the Chapel Royal, a very ancient monument of the Gothic style; much of it is in ruins. Here stood the altar, with the priest standing before it; there sat the queen and the royal family; yonder the orchestra where the organ pealed out, but now silence and solitude prevail. Such is the glory of this world. Within and without were tombs of distinguished persons—royal and noble. Our living feet were walking over the ashes of the noble dead. So shall it be with us.

On returning to the palace, we were shown into other rooms on the opposite side, said to belong to the Dukes of Hamilton and Argyle, and the Marquis of Bradalbane. In these rooms were some of the most splendid paintings and portraits I ever saw. They were originals by the old masters— Rubens and Vandyke. 255 The guide pointed out to us the portrait of the Earl of Lauderdale, the persecutor of the Covenantors. I have no doubt but the likeness was a true one, for it wore a ferocious grin upon the countenance, as if he took pleasure in the sufferings of his fellow creatures. His memory descends to posterity with infamy upon it. Several other distinguished portraits we saw, but those of the family of Charles I., by Vandyke, took my attention, they were so life-like; there were some classical and Biblical paintings and portraits that were attractive and valuable.

On leaving the palaces of the Stuarts, the Scottish kings and queens, we asked, where are the Stuarts who have reigned upon the thrones of Scotland and England so long? Credible historians inform us that they came from Ireland with the Scots, who emigrated from the latter country, invaded Scotland, stamping their name and rule upon it for ages.

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We answer, God has swept them from the throne, thereby giving a solemn warning to princes to rule in righteousness.

After James I. had married his daughter Elizabeth to Frederick, Prince Palatine Of the Rhine, the popish house of Austria robbed *them* of their dominions. They appealed to their father, James I., in vain. The English nation was willing to help, but James would not, because he was seeking the hand of a popish princess at the time for his son Charles, whom he wished to see strengthened on the throne by an alliance with France. As the result, Frederick died of a broken heart, Elizabeth returned a poor widow, and a pensioner to England, where she sometimes needed, it is said, "the 256 common necessities of life." And now the posterity of James, through Charles, rule no where. God has reversed the whole. James sacrificed his religion and his daughter for his son Charles and popery, and now the daughter of that broken hearted Frederick, and forsaken Elizabeth, sits upon her island throne, ruling the sixth part of the world. Truly "there is a God that reigneth, the Judge of all the earth doeth right." With these reflections in our mind, we bid adieu to Scotland and her people; shortly after we were sailing down the Clyde. Next morning we were in Dublin, and in an hour or two more we were safely resting ourselves in Lucan, and preparing for the next day's Sabbath exercises. We felt pleased and profited by our visit, though it was that of a few days, grateful above all for a kind and preserving Providence.

THIRD ATLANTIC VOYAGE.

After preaching several times in Lucan and Celbridge, and visiting numerous friends, I prepared to return. Mrs. S. and myself took passage for Liverpool in a Kingstown steamer. Soon the well-known faces and forms of our dear friends faded from our view, but not from our memory, and the green shores of Erin receded from our sight in the twilight of the parting day. That night, for the first and the last time, I felt the power of sea-sickness, and had to yield to its potent sway: though short, it was never forgotten.

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On Saturday, the 19th September, we embarked in the *Arabia* steamer for New York. Sunday we had no religious service as the day was windy, and the vessel rolled greatly. For several successive days we had stormy weather, the sea occasionally coming overboard. On Saturday, 26th, we were on the Newfoundland banks; weather cool and pleasant. Next day (Sunday) Rev. Mr. Cuyler, of New York, preached an excellent sermon. On the following Friday, October 2nd, we landed at New York, where one of my brothers met us. In the evening we left for the West by the Hudson river railroad, which skirted the shore of the beautiful river, passing through Albany, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffaloe, by the New York central railroad.

Albany, the capital of the State of New York, has a population of 65,000. Utica, Rome and Syracuse are large centres of trade and commerce. Rochester, on the shore of Lake Ontario, is remarkable for its excellent flouring mills, and grape and fruit nurseries. It is a beautiful place, almost a city of churches, groves and vineyards. Buffaloe, on the shore of Lake Erie, is a large and beautiful city, of 100,000 inhabitants. Its streets are wide and clean, the side-walks are over-shadowed with trees. From its beautiful squares is a fine view of Lake Erie. Buffaloe has forty churches and several educational institutions.

FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On Saturday we crossed Suspension-bridge, and spent the remainder of the day and Sabbath at Niagara. Niagara town has a population of 2,000 souls; Suspension-bridge 1,000. The bridge crosses the Niagara river two miles below the *Falls*. While crossing, the R 258 *Falls* were in sight, and seemed less than half a mile distant. The roar of the waters seemed like rolling thunder. The bridge is a single span of 800 feet in length by 230 above the river. The abyss beneath looked awful. The bridge is supported by four wire cables 9¼ inches in diameter, with a power of sustaining 10,000 tons. It cost £80,000, and connects the New York railroads with the Great Western railroad of Canada.

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The Niagara Falls are justly celebrated as one of the greatest natural wonders in the world, not so much for the depth of the Falls—being only 160 feet—as for the volume and width of the water. The combined waters of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, and Erie rush over them into Ontario, and pass out to the sea by the river St. Lawrence. For a mile above the Falls the river descends with a fall of fifty-seven feet, rushing over every impediment in its way. The waves, crested with foam or formed into breakers, dash over with resistless force into the chasm beneath. We have stood under Table Rock until we felt the earth beneath and the rock above tremble by the weight of the water and the force of its sound, as it passed over our heads above or fell at our feet below. No living thing can survive the Fall, as the weight of the water buries the lost in the fathomless abyss below! More than 100,000,000 tons of water are precipitated every hour into the boiling abyss, with a rush and a roar like the howl of a tempest, or the peal of loudest thunder. Sometimes the sound is heard at Toronto, forty-five miles distant.

“The thoughts are strange that crowd upon my brain, While I look upward to thee, it would seem
259 As if God poured thee from His ‘hollow hand,’ And hung His bow upon thine awful front, And spoke in that loud voice, which seemed to him Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour’s sake, ‘The sound of many waters;’ and had bade Thy flood to chronicle the ages back, And notch the centuries in the eternal rocks. ‘Deep calleth unto deep.’ And what are we That hear the question of that voice sublime? Oh! what are all the notes that ever rung From war’s vain trumpet, by thy thundering side? Yea, what is all the riot that man makes In his short life, to thy unceasing roar? And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him Who drown’d a world, and heaped the waters far Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave That breaks and whispers of its Maker’s might.”

Brainard.

Thirty-seven islands dot the bosom of the river above the Falls; and one, Goat Island, divides it into two sheets of 900 feet on the American side, and 2,000 feet on the Canada side. Geologists think it has taken the river 35,000 years to cut its way from Queenstown,

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a distance of seven miles, to the Falls, through solid rock. Hundreds have written on the Niagara Falls, artists have painted its beauties, and poets have sung of its wonders; but there are two things connected with it, I have not seen noticed by any writer. The first is, the immense depth of the river below the Falls; the other, the fact, that the grandeur and sublimity of the scene only increases as you continue to look and examine it, so that the last sight of it is more impressed on the mind than the first. Father Henepin, the 260 French missionary, was the first to discover the Falls in 1678; it is said 40,000 persons annually visit them now from all parts of the world. Niagara is an Indian word, signifying "Thunder of waters." Early on Monday morning we passed through Canada, on the Great Western railroad, to Hamilton, thence to Detroit, Michigan, and at five P.M. we reached Bloomington, where we found all our friends well. After a lapse of three months, and a journey of 10,000 miles, we arrived in safety under the Divine protection. Next day I hastened down to the session of the Illinois conference in Decatur, and received a cordial welcome back from my ministerial brethren; as in my absence the friends at Petersburg had invited us back for another year—we were returned to them. The latter end of October found us installed in our work for the second year. In my absence several had fallen sick, and some had died. About new year's day we commenced a series of meetings, and several persons obtained Salvation; a goodly number joined the church, some of whom remain yet as pillars in it; some of the prayer and class-meetings were special seasons of refreshing from on high, and the Sabbath congregations began to increase again, and the Sunday school to flourish. The Presbyterian church was also blessed with a good revival, and so was the Baptist. On Sunday night, the 12th of September, I preached, for the last time, to this people; the church was densely crowded. Next day we bid the friends farewell, and left for our next appointment. The church at Petersburg has passed through strange agitations during the war: some of the members, who 261 were of southern birth, sympathized with the South in the late war, and disloyalty to the American government was followed by disloyalty to God; but the church has been lately blessed with a good revival, under the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Wolf.

CHAPTER XV. OLDTOWN CIRCUIT.

THE GROVE—OLDTOWN CHAPEL—DIAMOND GROVE—BENJAMINVILLE AND THE NEW CHURCH—BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH—UNION CHURCH AND RELIGIOUS DECLENSIONS—THE CANERIDGE REVIVAL AND CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIANS—A REMARKABLE DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT—THE SPRINGS SCHOOL HOUSE AND GREAT REVIVAL.

Oldtown Timber derived its name from the ruins of an old Indian town, and burying ground that remained at the head of the grove long after the Indians had left the country. Many a time I walked over the graves where their dead lay, and the grounds where their wigwams stood. Some fellows of the baser sort disturbed the graves and the bones of the sleeping dead, looking for gold and silver ornaments which were buried with their chiefs, or their wives. Oldtown circuit embraced the grove for its centre, with a few churches within it, and several preaching appointments around it. The membership and congregations resided within these bounds; many of them wealthy, nearly all of the leading men were extensive farmers. The circuit formed a part of the first circuit I travelled four years before, and the congregations and preaching places were the same as then, only they were larger, and a few new places were 263 opened, and several new faces were found among the old ones. These had lately moved in, bought property, and settled down as useful citizens in the place; consequently I need not describe places described already in *Chapter XII*. The farthest point of the grove was from Bloomington, about twenty miles; the nearest about six miles. Bloomington became once more my residence, and *Oldtown* my field of labour.

OLDTOWN CHAPEL

Was a large country church, which stood on the north side of the grove in the midst of a rich and fertile tract of country. Around the church were some beautiful residences, and farms and orchards under a high state of cultivation. A large congregation attended this church, and some four or five classes met with their respective leaders. Here were

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some men of intelligence and moral worth as well as wealth, who gave character to the community. Many of them were able in prayer and useful in the church. For many years there had been a prosperous society here. The year before, under the labors of Rev. Hiram Buck, as presiding elder; Rev. Preston Wood, as pastor, and Rev. Mr. Jackson, as assistant, the place was visited with a great revival. There were nearly one hundred conversions, and some of them remarkable instances of the power of Divine Grace. The church was new and large, yet filled with an intelligent congregation. In the beginning of February, 1859, we commenced a protracted meeting. Still there were not many persons left without conversion after the great revival of the year before; but 264 strangers had come in, and some young people were yet unsaved. The services commenced with prayer-meetings through the day, and preaching and prayer at night. Invitations were given to persons to come forward to seek religion. Night after night several came seeking. On Sunday night, the 13th, several remarkable conversions took place, who continue to this time to adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. At the close of the meeting it was found some eighteen persons had obtained mercy and united with the church, to whom were added others through the remainder of the year. The church membership were greatly edified and united, and the work of God continued to prosper.

DIAMOND GROVE.

Early in the same month, at the request of the minister and members of the church of the *United Brethren*, I assisted in preaching at a meeting commenced in a new and beautiful church in the above grove. The first night, at the close of my sermon, about *thirty* persons came forward to seek religion. It was a night of "overwhelming power of saving grace:" many were converted. The night following *thirty-two* persons came forward, a large number of whom were converted. Prayer and class-meetings continued through the day; at night the church was crowded to excess. Above forty persons were converted at these meetings, several of whom united with the Methodist church.

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One of the nights referred to, after I was done preaching and had led so many to the altar, I sat down in the pulpit to rest, having given the control of the 265 meeting to the minister of the church. There was great weeping among the penitents. He asked me to go and speak to them, and try to lead their minds direct to Christ. I had spoken to several, and was speaking to another, when a gentleman came to me and said, "Sir, that lady is converted." I said, "I think not." He replied, "If she believes she is saved, she is saved. Seeing that this kind of doctrine was dangerous to seekers of religion, I replied, "You might as well say that if I believed I have a farm I have one, when at the same time I know I have *not*." He replied as above. I said, "You reverse God's order of saving souls, who has said, 'He that believeth shall be saved;,' and before we are saved we must believe. Faith is the instrumental cause of Salvation, not the effect; for Salvation is then not a matter of faith, but of fact—of Divine testimony bearing witness to our own, and followed by fruits of faith, in love, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost through believing." He continued to maintain his former statement; then I turned and said to the lady, "Has the Lord yet converted your soul?" She exclaimed, weeping, "Oh! no, sir; I know he has not: but I am seeking." The gentleman turned aside and went away. The reply of the lady was more than my arguments. Afterwards he came to me and apologized, while I tried to show him the Word of the Lord more clearly. The next night Mrs. B—was converted so clearly that she came shortly after, leading her husband to Christ. I knelt beside him in prayer, and he also received Salvation.

At Whitcomb's School-house, in the north edge of the grove, on the banks of the Kickapoo stream, some 266 excellent meetings were held, and several conversions took place. Two miles further north, BENJAMINVILLE, A new village, spread out on the prairie, eight miles east of Bloomington, had been built since I had been there four years before. Then there were only farms and houses, but now in the midst, was a new little town, with one Quaker meeting house, several shops, a post-office, and a considerable population for so short a time, and out in the country eight miles from railroad. Mr. B—, the founder of the town, was a Hicksite, or Unitarian Quaker from Pennsylvania, who having bought several hundred

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acres here, led out a colony of the same religious persuasion to settle on the place. Town lots were laid out and sold off, and a large number of people bought, and settled in the place, among whom were some Methodists, Lutherans, and Congregationalists. There was a school in the place, where we held meetings; but the effect of our labors were in danger of being counteracted by the peculiar views of the Friends, who regarded not the Sabbath more sacred than any other day, but outraged the religious feelings of the community by working in their gardens and fields on the Lord's day. The laws of the United States forbid such work, wherever it interferes with the order and decorum of society, and the worship of religious assemblies. A heavy fine is the penalty attached to the transgression of the law, and in general, the Sabbath is respected, so that no regular trains run on the roads. It is only where the Irish Catholics, 267 and French and German settlers are so numerous, that the law may be rendered abortive.

The Methodist congregation in Benjaminville had so increased as to need a larger place of worship, in other words, a new church. Some of the brethren had spoken to Mr. B—for a place to build on; he refused, and manifestly did not wish to encourage the Methodists there. I took two leaders with me, and went one day to see him, to ask a place to build on. I said, "Mr. Benjamin, I believe you are the founder of this place, and the builder of this town; the people have done you the honor of calling it after you, so that, I suppose, it will bear your name to the end of time. It is a considerable monument to leave behind. I wonder you have not given the Methodists a place to build a church on."

He said, "I am a Friend, and belong to the Society of Friends, we believe it our duty to help our own people, build meeting houses for them, not for others."

I said, "If that is the kind of friendship you practice, I regard it as selfishness instead of friendship, for Christ said, 'If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye, do not even the publicans the same?' 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' He commanded the apostles to preach the Gospel to every creature; you are not able to preach the Gospel to every creature, but we are trying to extend it to all the world."

He still maintained his former opinions. Finding the religious motives could not move him, I tried the honorable: I referred to the delight and satisfaction 268 he would realize, and the honorable ambition he might laudably feel in connexion with donating a lot to the church, and seeing a beautiful structure built upon it, dedicated to God, and filled with devout worshippers. He was still immoveable—so I appealed to his pecuniary principles, believing these to be stronger than his religious or honorable. I said, “I presume you are aware that, in this country, wherever a gentleman divides his property into town lots to build a town upon, one of the first things he does is to set apart some of the best lots in the place for schools and churches, knowing that if these are built, they draw the more people to the place, and increase the value of the property so much, as to often quadruple the price of the lots donated. I wonder, sir, you have not done this.” Smiling, he said, “I will give you two lots to build a church upon. As we went to see the lots, two other gentlemen came up; we all stood on the ground together. I said, “This place is too low, can you not give us that lot on the other side of that street, or one on that beautiful hill, beside the Friends' meeting house,?” He said he could not. Just then, one of the gentlemen, who had come up, said, “I will give you land to build a church on.” I asked, “Where?” He said, “ *There* , or *yonder* on *that hill*. ” Said I, “Do you own that hill there?” He said, “Yes.” We went to see it. I said, “This is the place, sir, above all others I would prefer.” It was on the top of a hill, overlooking the village, and miles round of the country; a new street separated it from the Quaker church, which stood on the same hill, only a few rods apart. Mr. Murphy, 269 who was brought up a Presbyterian, gave me a *deed* in fee-simple for two large lots; on it we shortly after built a beautiful church by the side of the Quaker meeting house. The church was built to hold about 850 people, who thronged into it. At the request of the people I preached in it to them before it was ceiled or finished, as I was about to leave. A few weeks later Dr. Cartwright dedicated it to the service of God, when many came to see the beautiful church, and hear the celebrated back woods' preacher. A good society and a large congregation gather there now to worship God. Before I left, I had the delightful satisfaction of receiving Mr. Murphy, who donated the lots, into the church, and made him

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a class-leader. Having thus consecrated his property to God, and his heart to Christ, he became a useful man.

BETHEL BAPTIST CHURCH.

In *Chapters* XII. and XIII. reference has been made to this place, when gracious revivals of religion took place three and four years before. While I was away a great change for the worst had come over the congregations. As the heading of this section indicates, the church was a Baptist church; one Sabbath morning a notice was affixed to the door, stating the Methodists were not welcome there to worship, and the house would not be given to them any more. The Methodist minister and congregation had just come up to worship; when they read this they withdrew to a neighbouring school house and held worship there; subsequently the congregation went over to other churches to worship 270 in; the outside people following the Methodists, left but a few to attend the Baptist church; the result was, their religious interest went down, and they were about to dismiss their minister. The old elder, that was charged with being the cause of turning off the Methodists, was an Irishman of strong Calvinistic views, he was expelled the church for contumacy. Such was the state of things when I returned. Immediately after, I received a cordial invitation to preach in the church, and the old Baptist elder wept over the cause of the disruption between them. I stated, as they publicly invited us to leave their church, I would not go back unless they would as publicly invite us to return.

This they did. I went back, and back came the congregation. The Spirit of God returned, and the power of God rested once more upon the assembly. Sinners were awakened and souls were converted to God, and the spirit of unity and brotherly love prevailed. The Baptists were revived, and their minister remained with them. A large number was added to the Methodist societies, and I baptized several children in the church. The old Irish elder was restored to his place in the church. When holding special revival services I called on Baptist and Methodist to pray in the prayer-meetings, and the spirit of grace and supplication rested on them. I left the place at the close of the conference year in

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September, with about *two hundred* in the Methodist societies, where, four years before, I found but some five or six. Many had come from other States and settled there, while numerous conversions among the young people were recorded to the glory of God.

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From the above facts, it is evident that the existence and prosperity of other churches are, to a great extent, dependent upon the existence and prosperity of Methodism. The reason is, Methodists are mostly all trained to sing, pray, and labor for souls, while others are not so trained. I have known other churches to labor in vain among themselves until they got some Methodist leaders to assist them, when prosperity immediately followed. In the greater number of towns other churches wait for the Methodist angel to trouble the waters, or the heavenly fire to kindle, when many step in and are made whole; others catch the heavenly flame, and bear it from church to church, and from family to family, until the whole are baptized together with the same spirit of love, joy, and peace in the Holy Ghost. Indeed the most of the other churches are Methodized in spirit, life, and doctrine, compared to what they had been fifty years ago.

UNION CHURCH.

In the chapters before referred to, allusions were made to the above place, and the revival there in the winter of 1855. The remarks made above in relation to the Baptist church will help to throw light on some of the facts connected with Union church. *Union Church* was the property of the Cumberland Presbyterians and Methodists—built by both—and used by each for their religious services on alternate Sabbaths, during which Sabbath each minister and congregation had the exclusive use of the church, and entire control of the 272 meeting. This branch of the Presbyterian church originated in the great revival of 1799 and 1800.

THE CANE-RIDGE REVIVAL MEETING IN KENTUCKY

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Originated in the united labors of Methodists and Presbyterians: Methodist quarterly conferences and Presbyterian sacramental meetings being eras of revival. On one of those occasions at Cane-ridge, as the late Rev. J. B. Finley was preaching from—"For we must all stand before the judgment seat of Christ," his voice was lost amid the loud weeping of the penitents, there being about 10,000 people on the ground around him. About 500 fell on the ground prostrate, in the deepest agony of distress, while every few moments scores were rising rejoicing in the Lord, as they obtained deliverance. The work continued for about three days and nights without intermission. On the following Sunday there were about 20,000 people on the ground from the neighbouring counties and surrounding States. These came in carriages and waggon with their entire families and many of their servants, bringing with them food to last a few days, and covering for the nights, turning their waggons into tents, or building tents and camps in the grove around the meeting. Hence originated the American *Feasts of Tabernacles*, or camp meetings in America. At these meetings thousands were converted, and carried the heavenly fire with them wherever they went, so that the churches, congregations and settlements along the Kentucky and Cumberland rivers, and among the Cumberland mountains, were greatly revived.

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Among the Presbyterians along the Cumberland river and among the mountains, a new order of things arose. There were not ministers enough to supply the congregations and feed the people with the Bread of Life. The old assemblies insisted that candidates for the ministry must study a certain number of years, and attain a certain amount of scholastic and theological training, before they could be admitted to the ministry or oversight of churches. The congregations thought the term of years too long, while souls were perishing for lack of food. Here were several young men, of fair education and promise, converted to God in the late revival, who wish to consecrate their lives to God in the work of the ministry, "We want you to ordain them, and we are willing to receive them as preachers and pastors." The assembly refused. Several churches called to their

pulpits those young men as preachers, whom God had already honored as instruments in the conversion of many. Whole presbyteries in the Cumberland country followed the example, and originated a new church called THE CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Which soon became popular and the ministers useful, spreading societies and forming churches along the Border States, and down to Alabama and Texas, along the Gulf of Mexico. All the dogmas of Calvin they reject, except the “unconditional and final perseverance of the saints.” In spirit, doctrine, and manner of worship, they are Methodistic; in form of church government, Presbyterian. S

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Such were the people that worshipped with the Methodists at Union church, between whom and the writer a close intimacy existed, on account of his being the instrument in the conversion of some of their young people, four years before, at the same place. “ *But another king arose who knew not Joseph* ,” The old minister they had then removed, and a new one replaced him. Some of the ministers of the above church are allowed to follow secular pursuits in life, in order to obtain support, when their congregations are not able wholly to sustain them; hence, many of them are not wholly given up to the work of the ministry. The Rev. Mr. T—was one of this kind: he was a smart trader in horses as well as preacher of the Gospel; his mind became secularized, it did not profit his people. He resolved on rooting out Methodism at *Union church* , and to a great extent he succeeded in doing away with its class-meetings, and merging the Methodist congregation into his own, and so absorb the one into the other. Of his success he boasted freely in the town of Leroy where he resided; not knowing that in destroying the one, he was in danger of destroying the other. Such was the state of things when the writer was appointed to this work, after four years absence. He found Mr. T—unfriendly, for he had resolved on carrying out his plans. The Lord designed to defeat them, and the writer became the unexpected instrument in the hands of God in doing so; “ *I was led by a way that I knew not* .” Mr. T—had commenced a protracted meeting at Union church, which lasted for five weeks, during which time the writer went and preached 275 in the church every

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alternative Sabbath, and opened the doors of the church for the admission of members each time, as was his custom. The meeting was now drawing to a close—there were but three conversions. On Saturday, February 5th, 1859, I rode out from Bloomington to the grove, and stopped at Mr. Case's, a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, who was one of the stewards in the Methodist church. Mrs. C—was herself a devoted mother in Israel, and their children were all members of the church. At night I preached at Campbell's school house, on the north side of the grove; the congregation was large, and a gracious influence rested on them from on high. I returned to spend the night at brother Case's, when the following DREAM AND ITS FULFILMENT Occurred, before the next twenty-four hours ended. I dreamed I was at a large church where different denominations were assembled in a large concourse, to whom different ministers were to preach. I being selected as the first, though secretly preferring otherwise, but as I was considered the representative of our church, duty demanded that I should lead in the exercises as arranged.

- 1.—As I rose to speak I felt confused in my mind from the number of persons on the platform with me, who crowded me inconveniently, thus producing an unpleasant feeling.
- 2.—In attempting to give out a hymn, I found only a small old hymn book, with the edges and leaves worn; when I held it before the respectable congregation, a 276 feeling of shame, on account of the appearance of the book, came over me.
- 3.—In giving out the hymn, some one started the tune, but the singing was going down, until an old gentleman in the congregation urged his daughter to sing, which she did, when immediately the singing went on and became exceedingly fine.
- 4.—In stepping forward to address the people, I suddenly felt the left skirt of my coat pulled behind me, in turning round to see the cause of the interruption, a gentleman said to me, "Sir, your time is out, it is ours now to go on with the meeting." I said, "No, I have not commenced yet, and our people expect me to go on, I must therefore proceed." "Sir,"

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he continued, "this is our meeting and our time; we object to you going further." The excitement following this altercation awoke me, but the impression made on my mind was, that I am going to have some difficulty with some denomination ere long. On coming down I told my dream to Mrs. Case and family, and added, I know I am going to have trouble with some church. They thought there was no danger; to none of us did the *Union church* occur, yet there it was destined to be fulfilled. At ten A.M. we all arrived at the church, and there was a very large congregation assembled; I went straight on to the pulpit, after which the Rev. Mr. T—, Elder M—, and one or two others walked up and sat down in the pulpit beside me, and so crowded me as to confuse my thoughts, and produce precisely the state of mind in the first part of my dream. Looking for the hymn book, I found none, and stepped down 277 and got the loan of one from Mrs. C—, which, when I held it up before the congregation to read, the same feeling of shame came over me that I had in the second part of the dream, for the hymn book was precisely the same kind in size and appearance.

Having given out the hymn, Mr. B—started the tune, but the congregation held back singing, until Miss K—and her father joined in the singing, and then the whole congregation sang, and the praise was delightful. I looked at the father and daughter; he was an old class-leader, she was not converted; neither was ever there before. I at once saw these were a part of the fulfilment, but did not know what was to come next. I preached from Hebrews vi., 17–20, and took up the hymn book to give out the closing hymn, commencing with, "Am I a soldier of the cross," and said, while we sing this hymn I will open the doors of the church, and receive into church fellowship those who are now ready to unite with us, and go to the heavenly world. Having read the hymn, the congregation rose to sing, and I to receive the candidates for membership. As I was stepping out of the pulpit, I suddenly felt the left skirt of my coat pulled; I turned to see what interrupted, when Elder M—said, "We object to you receiving members into the Methodist church here to-day, this is our time and our meeting." I said, "Brother, you are mistaken, this is my time, and our meeting." He replied, "This is our church and our time;

we object to you therefore doing what you propose.” In a moment it flashed into my mind what to do, and I resolved to do it. The whole congregation was standing, wondering, 278 and waiting for me to proceed; from Elder M—, I turned to them, and said, “Elder M—objects to me opening the door of the Methodist church here to-day. It is strange that I have been invited to the United Brethren's church, to receive there those who wished to join us, and you all know I went and received several; but here in the church that we have principally built and own, we are not allowed to receive these who prefer to join us.” Just then, Mr. M—said, “Go on; go on then.” I turned and said, “No, sir, I will not go on at this time, for if I had known you would have objected, I would not have invited; for I know that those who prefer to join us will do so, and those who do not, we do not want them. I will preach at Spring's school house in the afternoon, and there receive those who wish to join us.” The congregation looked amazed—some of them indignant—several ladies burst out weeping—and among those that wept was Mrs. C—, who laughed at the dream in the morning. On coming out, she said, “I suppose we must consider you a prophet.” The congregation was dismissed. The Cumberlands continued that night at the Union church; very few attended, for they had already roused the popular feeling against them. Their minister preached—invited to seek religion—none came—to join their church—no one would join it—he called on the elder to pray; he would not do it—he was cast down—they then closed the meeting. At half-past three in the afternoon I reached the school house, the crowd was already there; while preaching a Divine power rested on the people. At the close seven persons came 279 forward to unite with the church, one of whom was converted at the other meeting, the last was an old gentleman, who, when his wife, who was a member, saw him come forward, burst into tears, and praised God aloud. We then arranged to commence a protracted meeting at the school house, the brethren to hold prayer-meetings until I returned. The school house where this meeting was held, was not the old one where we had the meeting four years before; that was taken down, and a new neat one was built in its place.

REVIVAL AT SPRING'S SCHOOL HOUSE.

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On Sunday, February 20th, I returned and found that the brethren had commenced the prayer-meeting, and that some were already converted. Jesse Oswaldt was local preacher, and labored with great acceptance and ability. Michael Leard was a father in Israel, a descendant of one of the Leards of Drumsna, Ireland. He was mighty in prayer and the Scriptures, and a sweet singer. He was steward and class-leader. Mr. Ijams and Thomas Savidge were also useful in assisting. On Sunday night, at the close of a sermon, on the prodigal son, as I gave the invitation, *twenty-two* persons came forward, among whom were John Wesley Savidge and wife: both were converted together. This is the person referred to in *page 200*, who was so distressed on account of his soul, four years before, at a protracted meeting in the same place; he never obtained pardon until this night, when he and his wife were made to rejoice together. Among those converted at this meeting were Frances K—, the young lady who 280 sang so well at Union church. Her brother and sister were also saved and made happy in God. Several others also were made partakers of the Salvation of Christ that night. The meeting continued on. After preaching the next night, above twenty more came forward seeking the Lord, and a great many were saved. From night to night the meetings continued, and prayer-meetings in the day-time, until when we closed, two weeks later, *fifty-seven* persons sought and found the mercy of God. Above sixty united with the church. Such was the fulfilment of the above dream, and its remarkable results.

As some of the young people had never been baptized, being brought up under Baptist influence, I arranged for baptisms at the river. The springs which gave name to the place were like the waters of Ænon; to a great extent they fed the small river that flowed past. On the banks of the stream we gathered, on Sunday, March 6th. The day was one of the most beautiful, the crowd was vast, the congregation attentive, the singing delightful, and services solemn. Kneeling on the sandy beach by the side of the springs and the stream, I baptized several; others I led into the water and immersed them as they desired. Then having sung again, the vast assembly retired to their homes. Many of the above young people who were converted and received into the church under my ministry, whom I

consecrated to God in baptism, I also united in marriage, are still living in the enjoyment of true religion, and walking before God in love. The place is still the scene of holy gatherings in this forest sanctuary. God overruled the whole for good. Methodism is still prospering 281 on the circuit: her membership is *three times* that of all other churches within the bounds of the circuit. Cumberland Presbyterianism still lives and prospers, although it suffered much from the above rash attempt to interfere with Methodism. The minister who was the cause of it shortly after was dismissed by his church, and another supplies his place. In the latter part of the year I had a good deal of sickness, frequently preaching to large congregations. At the close of the year I found we had 90 conversions, and above 20 accessions by letter—110 in all. To God we gave the glory.

CHAPTER XVI. DECATUR CIRCUIT.

DANVILLE CONFERENCE—DECATUR TOWN—DR. STAMPER—ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS NOMINATION TO THE PRESIDENCY—LONG CREEK SULPHUR SPRINGS—CONVERSIONS—MOUNT GILEAD—BROWN'S CHURCH—STEVEN'S CREEK—HARRISTOWN—NIANTIC—CONVERSION OF MR. B.—CONTROVERSY WITH CAMPBELLITES—CAMP MEETING—THE CLOSE OF LABORS ON THE CIRCUIT—RESULTS.

Having finished my labors on the Oldtown circuit, I left for the session of the Illinois conference at Danville, in the east part of the State. My home during conference was at Professor Hammond's, the principal of the Danville seminary, with whom and his interesting family I found a most pleasant home. Bishop SIMPSON presided; Bishop Ames visited at the close, and assisted in the ordinations on conference Sabbath. Both preached excellent and eloquent sermons. As the weather was fine, the ordination of the elders took place in a grove adjoining the town, at the close of which Rev. William Taylor, of California celebrity, gave a powerful exhortation. At night he gave another in the same place, and some three persons professed religion.

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At the close of the conference I found my name was 283 down for Decatur circuit. At first I did not like it, as the circuit was large. Subsequently I found the Lord was with us, and made it a very prosperous year, and the people were very kind.

DECATUR TOWN.

The town of Decatur is the capital of Macon county. It is beautiful for situation, on the crest and slopes of a few gentle hills, and in the midst of a beautiful and fertile country, at the junction of the Illinois central railroad with the Great Western: the one running north and south, the other east and west. It has a population of about 8,000, and lies about forty miles east of Springfield, the capital of the State. As it stands exactly in the centre of the State, and has railroads running in different directions, a strong effort has been made to transfer the capital from Springfield to this place: the friends of the movement offering as high as £200,000 to accomplish it. It is the centre of considerable manufacturing interest at present, and has more than trebled its population since I first saw it. It has some very large shops or stores, fine hotels, and numerous churches: about sixteen churches in all, of which the Methodists have three, Presbyterians one, Episcopalians one, Baptists and Lutherans one each. The membership of the Methodist church is numerous, and some of them very wealthy. Through the ministry and labors of the late Dr. STAMPER, Methodism took an elevated and extensive position here, which was increased by the faithful labors and frequent revivals of several ministers who followed. The society in the town was 284 organized into a separate church from the circuit in 1854–5, and the writer, who had then just arrived, received a cordial invitation to it, but declined, as he preferred travelling for a while on circuits, so that he might know more of the country, climate, and people; for city life in America is very like what it is in Great Britain and Ireland. The Rev. Alexander Semple was the first to organize the town society into a station, to which are added two other churches since. In 1855, I went down from Bloomington to assist Rev. Joseph Montgomery in a blessed work of revival then going on under his ministry. Then I became acquainted with a family of the name of Lutrell, late of Dublin, Ireland. At this

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meeting they had taken an active part. Mr. Lutrell was an ardent, devoted member of the church. He died a few years later, suddenly, while in the midst of active life. Alexander, his son, was converted at the above meeting. John was a member of the Episcopal church. Theophilus, Alexander and John, the three sons, enlisted in the Union army in the late war. JOHN died in hospital as assistant surgeon, in the peace of God; Alexander was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, in September, 1863; Theophilus only returned to his widowed mother, and weeping wife and sisters to comfort them.

The late Dr. Stamper was about fifty years in the ministry, and one of the old eloquent preachers of the west, always reminding us of what those early preachers were. His memory was tenacious—his imagination brilliant—his powers of description almost unrivalled—his voice was music itself—its tones and modulations fell on the ear like notes of harmony. We have seen vast congregations swaying to and fro, like trees in a storm, under the moving, melting pathos of his appeals and powers of description. Once we heard him describe the coming Saviour and attendant angels, the shout of the descending host, and the rapture of the waiting saints, when the preacher's voice was lost in the shout of glory! glory! that went up from rejoicing hearts; others were melted into tears. It was a time much to be remembered. While the writer labored on this circuit, Dr. Stamper, who was then superannuated, often came to his aid at protracted and camp meetings. He died not long since in the enjoyment of that blessed hope he longed so much to present to others, in such beautiful language, while living. At the time I was on the circuit the Rev. Hiram Buck was presiding elder, and Rev. R. Travis stationed minister.

As Bloomington was the place where the republican party arose, so Decatur was the scene of the first Republican State Convention, where Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the presidency. It was in the summer of 1860—the day was very fine—a large wigwam tent covered an open space near the town square; in this the several county republican delegates assembled from all parts of the State; there was a vast concourse of people. Receiving an invitation to attend, I went, and sat beside S. Allen, Esq., one of our stewards. After the opening exercises, the name of Lincoln was pronounced by many; we

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looked round, and saw the tall and slim figure of Abraham Lincoln walk up the aisle and ascend the platform, amid the cheers of the people. A little 286 later a shout rose behind us, I looked, and saw two men carrying two rails, with one nailed across the top of both; they bore them to the platform, amid the most enthusiastic applause I ever witnessed. When the excitement was down a little, one of the men, Mr. Hanks, explained by saying, that, "although he was not of the political party to which his friend Mr. Lincoln belonged, yet he thought it was due him as a matter of courtesy, when coming to Decatur, to present him with some of the rails that Mr. Lincoln and he made, many years ago, on his farm near that town."

Mr. Lincoln rose and said—"he well remembered when a young man, to have made rails with his friend Mr. Hanks on the farm referred to, whether these were the rails he made or not he could not say, but he thought they looked very like them." When cheer after cheer went up, and the excitement abated, I said to my friend Mr. Allen, "The picture of this scene, and these rails will be in *Harper's Weekly* before two weeks, and I should not wonder if these rails elect Lincoln to the presidency. This was the first time I saw Mr. Lincoln, and there was something so truthful in his countenance, and so bland in his manner, as completely to carry the man above almost all others of his political rivals in my estimation, that I did not wonder at the elevated position he afterwards attained in the nation. In a few moments, after the meeting was over, the rails were cut up, and divided among the delegates and friends. A few days later there was not a rail left on John Hank's farm that was not transported to all parts of the Union, and republicans walked, leaning on golden-headed canes 287 made of Lincoln rails. *Harper's Weekly* faithfully represented the scene in one of its numerous engravings. A few weeks after, the United States' Republican Convention met at Chicago, Illinois, and confirmed the meeting at Decatur, by nominating Mr. Lincoln. In the following November he was elected, and in March, 1861, inaugurated President of the United States.

DECATUR CIRCUIT

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At the above time was one of the largest and wealthiest in the conference, it was nearly thirty miles long by fifteen wide. The parsonage was in town, the circuit all round the town, and embraced some seven or eight appointments, all of which needed preaching on the Sabbath day; to this large work I was sent without a helper. The work, however, was so great, and the prosperity so successful, that in March I received for a colleague the Rev. Trueman Lapham, a student from the Theological Institution, who proved to be one of the most faithful, laborious, and successful ministers. He now occupies an honorable place in the conference. The parsonage was newly modelled and furnished by the members, and proved to be a commodious and comfortable home. The Sangamon river divided the circuit into two, over which we rode on bridges, or crossed the fords when dry.

LONG CREEK CHURCH

Was beyond the river, eight miles east of town; here was a large congregation and prosperous society, which enjoyed many showers of blessing and seasons of revival, 288 Here were some men of means and piety, and gifts and graces in the church, and usefulness in the community.

MOUNT ZION AND SULPHUR SPRINGS

Were another appointment, a few miles further south, in a lovely district of country. The Cumberland Presbyterians had here a large academy, where the classics were taught, and the sciences learned. Near the church and academy, on the side of a hill, from under the trees, flowed spa waters and sulphur springs, that may be of use some day, when more fully known, and their waters more highly prized. By the side of these mineral waters the wells of Salvation flowed, the fountain was opened for sin and uncleanness. Here, in the summer, we often preached the Word of Life to large congregations in the grove, the seats being adjusted beneath the spreading trees: one of the most beautiful scenes opened to the gaze of preacher and congregation. In the winter we commenced a protracted meeting, at which several souls were powerfully converted to God, and the

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society cheered and strengthened; some excellent stewards and leaders lived here, and were pillars in the churches. Among the converts at this meeting was a man of the name of Shisler, of Dutch descent, an excellent farmer, under the first sermon the writer preached at Mount Gilead, from Gen. xxviii., 10–22. He was deeply convinced of sin.

A short time after, he lost a lovely little child, to whom he was very much attached. She died of diphtheria. He felt the loss very much. The little arms that clung to his neck were now cold in death, and the little tongue was silent in the grave. I was asked to preach the child's funeral sermon. While I did, the father's heart was melted more and more. At the close, he and his wife joined the church. He was here at this meeting on Sabbath night, and came forward to seek Salvation. I knelt by his side, leaving the other mourners on the other side; I called on Colonel Outen to pray, intending myself to follow. While the Colonel was praying, the power of God came down on Shisler's soul, and he rejoiced with joy unspeakable. Others also received the Divine blessing, and our prayers were turned to praise, and our fears to rejoicing. Shisler lost his child, but found the Saviour. The grace of God shone in his face, and transformed his whole soul, so that he became one of the most exemplary examples of the power of God unto Salvation.

MOUNT GILEAD

Was another appointment, four miles south-west of Decatur. Here was a large and beautiful church in the midst of one of the loveliest groves of oak, ash, and walnut, and surrounded with some of the finest country residences, and highly cultivated farms. Here stood also the wooden tents of an old camp meeting belonging to different families around, like the family pews in the old churches in England. There they had stood for years; the preachers' stand also stood beneath the spreading branches of the lofty trees, which screened their heads from the burning sun. Here, on this old camp ground, hundreds of souls were converted; and in this beautiful church, in the winter, protracted meetings T 290 were held, and many a soul saved. Since I left, the place has been again and again revived with showers of blessing.

PASSELY'S SETTLEMENT AND BROWN'S CHURCH

Were a few miles farther west, where was a large society and congregation. A gentleman from Ohio, Francis Asbury Brown, who sat on the knees of the first American bishop and was called after his name, bought a large tract of country here, and settled with a large and respectable family. His whole heart appeared bound up in the cause of his Lord and Master. A new and beautiful church has been built in the neighbourhood since I left it, where now a large congregation and Sabbath school gather to worship.

STEVEN'S CREEK CHURCH

Was four miles north-west of the town, an old appointment often favored with showers of blessing and gracious revivals. Five miles north of this, Coleman's school house stood on a beautiful prairie, surrounded with new farms, beautiful residences, and an increasing population. Here we had some excellent meetings, and good and gracious seasons from above.

Harristown is eight miles west of Decatur, on what is supposed to be the highest point of land in the State. Here a railroad station was made, and a small village rose around it. Here we had also some gracious seasons of worship. A new and beautiful Methodist church adorns the village and the country around, from which many come to worship. Two miles farther north, at 291 Allen's school house, we had some excellent meetings; but the appointment is now merged into the other, as they are not far apart.

At *Two-mile Grove* , a few miles farther north-west, we also had some excellent meetings.

NIANTIC

Is a village twelve miles west of Decatur, on the railroad, where a small society had gathered and a congregation formed, to whom we preached on Sabbath evenings. Here we had a few faithful men, Shatzer, Dr. Wilson, and others. Shatzer was a local preacher,

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and very useful; could speak either in English or Dutch; a true and earnest little man. Dr. Wilson was a native of Georgia; graduated in a medical college in New York, was a fine scholar, an excellent physician, and a large land owner. These, with others, were my right-hand men in protracted meetings. In the winter we held special services for the conversion of souls in this town, at which much good was done, and some fifteen souls were brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light. It was the beginning of a good and gracious work there.

About this time a Mr. B—, an Episcopalian, born in England, but for several years had lived in America, took sick of typhoid fever. He became convalescent, went out too soon, relapsed, and grew worse than he was before. His physician, with the advice of his patient, called another doctor. Under the charge of both the man grew worse, until they announced to the family they could do no more for him, and they could not see how he could recover. The man was very low, a mere shadow. He ascertained their views, and gave vent to the anguish of his broken heart in tones of despair. In his sorrow he expressed a wish for the writer to be near him, to pray with him before he died. An unconverted man of the name of Foster, touched with the dying man's state and wishes, said he would go for me. That night, on the midnight train, he came and left his message for me to go down as soon as I could to see him. Next morning I rode down. The snow was deep, the weather cold, the day clear. Often the case of Peter and Cornelius came into my mind, and I thought—"I do not know this man personally; he has only heard me preach a few times: his message is singular—he may be dead before I reach him; but if not, should the Lord convert his soul before I return, I would regard it as a very remarkable occurrence." I did not know the Lord would do this and more. About noon I reached his place, found him prostrate on the bed, without a hope of life or of heaven. I conversed with him about his state, and soon ascertained it. He was barely able to articulate, "Oh! if I knew my sins were forgiven before death then I could die." I tried to show him the short way to God by simple faith in Christ, and direct him to the Lamb of God. I brought the case of the dying thief as

an illustration; said that God's time was just *now*—for *now* was the accepted time and the day of Salvation.

We went to prayer, and the power of God came down. The man's heart melted like wax before the flame; the tears of sorrow gushed from his sunken eyes; he wept 293 as if his heart would break; he called on the Name of the Lord with tears and supplication, like another wrestling Jacob. I rose and again exhorted him. He was not far from the kingdom. The heart was broken up, but not yet unburthened. We went to prayer again, and again the Lord drew nearer. It was as if the Lord descended in the cloud, and proclaimed his Name and mercy. The dying man looked, and got a sight of the passing glory, and exclaimed, "Thou Son of David have mercy on me." I rose and began to sing—

"My God, the spring of all my joys,"

when, suddenly, the man shouted, "Glory! glory! glory!" I looked: his face was lit with celestial radiance, his tears of joy were flowing fast, his tongue was loosed, and he exclaimed, "Now I know my sins are forgiven; now I can die; glory, glory, glory be to God." For some time he continued in this state of exultant joy: his wife and children weeping round him, with other friends who had accompanied me, or come in while praying. We all rejoiced together. I sat down meditating on the wondrous mercy of God and His mysterious Providence that led me to be the instrument in this man's Salvation. I left him rejoicing in the Lord, and expecting to die in joyful triumph; but the Saviour who healed his soul also healed his body: the next day he rose; in a week he was better. About two weeks after I received him into the church with his wife, the congregation looking at him as if alive from the dead. When I had seen them last they were on their way to heaven.

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CONTROVERSY WITH CAMPBELLITES.

In and around this town there was a large number of Campbellites, a sect to whom I referred in *Chapter X.*, on the American churches. They viewed with jealousy the

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encroachments of the Methodists. As they are generally fond of controversy, and their preachers flippant proclaimers of the “ *Gospel in the Water*,” their sermons are a strange medley of all sorts of stuff about Salvation by immersion. Their style—that of an auctioneer, reserving their wit and railing for other churches, and their praises for their own. Bible, missionary societies, Sunday schools, and colleges, received their loudest denunciations. Things the most sacred they ridiculed, and institutions the most solemn they reviled. The Sabbath they disregarded; the forgiveness of sins, a change of heart, they laughed at, unless what was connected with immersion. The Divinity of Christ they did not generally believe in; the Personality and operation of the Holy Spirit they scoffed at. They were literally immersed infidels, having little of the form or power of godliness. Where evangelical churches were cold and lukewarm, these prospered; but when alive and earnest, the Campbellites sank to their coverts by the waters. They had repeatedly challenged the Methodist ministers to debate, but my predecessors did not mind them. Our official brethren wished me to take up their challenge and refute them. As yet they had not challenged me personally, and I should wait to hear them before I should attempt to refute them.

The opportunity was shortly given. At Allen's school house the preacher preached against “Salvation by 295 faith,” and proclaimed Salvation by immersion. He ridiculed the idea of sudden conversions, and the forgiveness of sins; said, that “the Methodists mesmerised their converts instead of converting them;” and being present, I announced that such dangerous doctrines I would endeavour to confute at an appointed time. The time was announced, and hundreds thronged to hear the refutation; several reporters sat, with pencil and paper, taking notes. I endeavoured to show that faith in Christ was the Divinely appointed method of Salvation; that sudden conversions were the rule, and not the exception from the word of God; that if immersion was the means of Salvation, then Salvation came by works, and not by grace, through faith; that if the Salvation which Methodists professed was mesmerism, then Job, David, Isaiah, Daniel, Peter, Paul, and John were also in fits of mesmerism, for they professed the same. Quoting their language,

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I then warned the congregation against all such dangerous doctrine, and false teachers of religion, and exhorted the people seek for that holiness without which no man could see the Lord.

Having preached a sermon shortly after this at Niantic on baptism, and baptized six children at the close of the service, it annoyed the Campbellite preacher so much, that he announced he would review my sermon. I said I was glad to hear it, and that I would try to be present. The day came: it was very fine. I preached in the morning, and announced that Dr. H—would review my sermon on Baptism in the afternoon. The appointed hour arrived; a large 296 congregation assembled, and the Doctor spoke for nearly an hour and a half: only half of which he devoted to the arguments I advanced. At the close, I rose to respond, and replied to his principal arguments, which was, “that as I had represented the Christian church, founded on the Jewish church, and the Jewish on the Abrahamic covenant”—he quoted Heb. viii. 8, to show that covenant was done away, and, consequently, that neither the Christian church nor infant baptism could be founded on the Abrahamic covenant; that Christ's atonement was not complete until He went up to heaven to sprinkle His blood on the throne; that repentance and remission of sins were never preached in this world until after the resurrection of Christ.

In reply, I said I would now quote the arguments I advanced, to which the Doctor made no reply. Having read and numbered them one after another, I took it for granted these he could not answer, as he did not try, that I would now reply to those he did attempt.

In reference to the Abrahamic covenant, I said that it was not that to which the apostle referred, but the covenant at Sinai, showing that the apostle was quoting the prophet Jeremiah, and that both prophet and apostle referred to the Sinai covenant; that the apostle himself, in the Epistle to the Galatians (iii. 15), showed that the Abrahamic covenant could not be disannulled: that if it were done away, then Christ could not have come; that the Gentiles could not be converted; that the dead could not be raised; that there could be no hope of heaven without it; that if that covenant were done away, there

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was no Saviour and 297 no Salvation for us at all; that because it was an everlasting covenant we all might be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth. That David, Isaiah, Daniel, Joel, the patriarchs and prophets, all preached repentance and remission of sins, quoting several passages in proof thereof: that “to Him give all the prophets witness, that through His Name, whosoever believeth in Him shall receive remission of sins.”—Acts x. 43. So far the debate closed that day, but was, resumed again by his writing a slanderous letter about our church and meeting to one of their papers. Although his people tried to hide the paper, I found it, and then sent a challenge to debate the statements he made in the letter. This he declined doing. So I took the letter at an appointed time to the town, and announced I would read it and review *Campbellism* at the close. Finding that the excitement this noticed caused was great, and that a great crowd of people were coming to the meeting, our brethren built a large tent adjoining the new seminary in the town; the windows were taken out, the weather was warm. When the writer arrived in the morning at the village, the streets were thronged with carriages and waggon, and about 1,000 people assembled within the building and outside under the tent. At a quarter before ten in the morning I commenced by reading for my text from 2 Peter, ii. 1–3. I then read the letter the Doctor wrote, in which he slandered our church. His people felt ashamed of it. I next read out *twelve propositions* from the works of their founder, Campbell, and the well-known tenets of their preachers, some of which were the substitution of 298 “Salvation by *immersion in water*,” for Salvation by grace through faith. I spoke for six hours, during which the whole of the large concourse of people listened with the deepest attention, and at the close I received the cordial thanks of our people. That night I could not sleep, my mind had been so excited with the subject. Although I had invited Dr. H—to come and defend his opinions before the meeting, he did not come, but wrote me a letter regretting the controversy, and wishing me to close it up, which I did immediately. Notwithstanding the severity with which I exposed their errors, yet this people thronged out to hear me whenever I returned to preach, and many a time I have seen the tears in the eyes of some while I was urging Salvation by faith upon them. Shortly after, the brethren made

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arrangements to hold a camp meeting in the neighbourhood, at which some 4,000 people assembled to hear the Word of Life.

CAMP MEETING.

It was on a Wednesday evening in September, 1860, that the carriages and waggons bore several families, with their tents, to the scene of the encampment in a beautiful grove on the banks of the Sangamon river, near Illiopolis. Soon the stroke of the woodman's axe was heard felling down some trees, and putting up tents, seats, and a preacher's stand. The ground was cleared, the tents were fixed, with the seats and stand in the centre, and aisles were cleared for the congregations to pass to and fro. Lamps were hung to the trees and stoves were adjusted, and fires kindled for 299 cooking. Soon the voice of prayer and the song of praise were heard in this "Forest Sanctuary." Brothers Lapham and Honnold assisted in preaching and conducting the meeting. By Friday and Saturday several other families with their carriages had come and pitched their tents for the remainder of the meeting. On Saturday a large number of people were on the ground, and the meeting was growing more interesting. Rev. Hiram Buck preached at night a powerful sermon, and some came forward to seek religion. At this time I had lain down in a tent, having taken a chill, and was then in a high fever. Some who were in deep distress urged that I should go and pray with them. I went, but "that night caught nothing"—the net was not on the right side of the ship. Sunday morning came. The roads were thronged in all directions with carriages coming to the meeting. At eight, A.M., Rev. Mr. Travis preached an excellent sermon: an early prayer-meeting, conducted by the young preachers, Lapham and Honnold, having preceded it. At half-past ten, Dr. Stamper preached with great eloquence and power. The crowd of people was vast all round. In the afternoon Mr. Buck preached another powerful sermon. In the evening all my great preachers returned home, and I was left with my young brethren. At night I was quite ill, but found I had to preach. The congregation was vast, the camp-fires blazed on the outskirts of the encampment, and the lamps hung on the trees, reflecting the beautiful foliage. I sat upon the stand, choosing my hymns: my text was selected. An old local preacher came to me to urge 300

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me to close the meeting that night, as there was a good state of feeling to depart with, but he did not think we should have any conversions. I said I would follow the indications of Providence. Scarcely had he gone down when another came up, and urged me to continue the meeting for a week yet, as he believed the Lord was going to convert souls. Neither knew what the other said or thought upon the subject. I smiled at the contrariety of opinion expressed, and replied to the second as I did to the first—that I would follow the indications of Providence. From the contrariety of opinion thus expressed, I felt the need of lifting up my heart to God to direct me.

The hour of worship having arrived, the congregation was seated beneath the shady trees and lighted lamps, we commenced the service. Loud rose the singing above the sound of the river that rolled on by our side, and yet it was as “the sound of many waters,” I attempted to preach in great feebleness of body and anxiety of mind, for the fever was still on me. As I drew near the close there were thoughts and language given me I had not felt before. The power of God fell on the congregation. The Judgment scene was the theme of discourse. When I gave the invitation to come to Christ, the wounded, stricken, and penitent, rushed from all parts of the congregation to the altar of prayer. The slain of the Lord were many; and there was mingled with the voice of song and worship the cry of distress and the sob of the penitent. Rejoicing parents knelt beside their weeping children, wrestling Jacobs and praying mothers pleaded with God on behalf of their families, as one after another emerged out of darkness into marvellous light, and from bondage into liberty. Some of the Campbellites cast their water gods to the moles and bats, and sought Salvation in Jesus. Large men and young were bowed before God as trees before a storm. That night there were *seventeen souls saved*, and great was the rejoicing. The local preacher who wanted me to close the meeting that night, came now urging me to continue it for a week or two yet. I told him I thought I should close it about Wednesday.

Next morning I lay prostrate in a covered carriage on the outskirts of the encampment, while the young preachers, Lapham and Honnold, assisted by Shatzer, Douglas and Morgan, conducted a morning love-feast. It was a time of the “overwhelming power of

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saving grace.” As the Pentecostal shower fell on the crowd assembled round the stand, a few drops fell on me, as I lay in high fever, and watered my soul abundantly, and prepared me for the approaching evening. It was a time never to be forgotten. The afternoon meetings I left in the hands of the above brethren: these were also seasons of great power. At night I rose again to preach, and in my weakness God showed forth His power. Monday night exceeded the preceding. More than *twenty* persons sought and found peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Tuesday and Tuesday night the work of God still went on, and great grace rested upon all. On Wednesday morning, finding we were a week there then, and that it might be best to break up the encampment, and look to God for the 302 continuance of His saving power in the ordinary meetings, I proposed to close the meeting, to which many reluctantly yielded. I now arranged to administer baptism to those who had not received that ordinance. We all formed into a procession, and marched through the trees down to the edge of the river, singing as we went, and where we stood—

“On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.”

There, on the sandy beach of the river, the candidates kneeling, I baptized them in the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; there I received into the church about forty persons, nearly all of whom were converted at that meeting. One of the converts was an Irish Roman-catholic. With the close of that meeting we closed our services on Decatur circuit, in the midst of great prosperity, and we prepared to leave for conference. The circuit is now divided into *three* , and in the town has been a great revival.

CHAPTER XVII. CLINTON STATION.

THE CONFERENCE AT JACKSONSVILLE, CLINTON TOWN, AND STATION—REVIVAL AND CONVERSIONS—THE CIVIL WAR—VISIT TO THE MISSISSIPPI, ST. LOUIS AND MISSOURI—DOMESTIC SORROW AND BEREAVEMENT—DEATH AND FUNERALS

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OF SOLDIERS—REMARKABLE CONVERSION AND RECOVERY—THE ORPHAN GIRL AND TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

At the last quarterly conference on the Decatur circuit, which was largely attended, I received a unanimous and pressing invitation to return for another year. Having spent three years on circuit work, and, consequently, had learned something of the country, habits and mode of life, I thought I would return to town and city labors, as I would have more time for study. From the official brethren of the Clinton station I received a cordial invitation to go there. I left it, however, to the will of Providence to send me wherever it was best for me to labor. Our conference met in Jacksonville, the county seat of Morgan county, in October, 1860.

Jacksonville is one of the oldest towns in the State, and in the midst of some of the most beautiful and highly cultivated parts of the country. Here are some of the finest sheep-walks, stock pastures, corn fields, and peach and apple orchards in the State. Farms 304 are surrounded and fields divided by hedges of the beautiful osage orange shrub, which makes an excellent fence, stronger than the hawthorn. The town of Jacksonville contains a population of about 12,000 persons, and is called the Athens of Illinois. It is a city of churches, colleges, mansions, and State asylums. There are three or four Methodist churches, three Presbyterian, two Baptist, one Episcopalian, and two Portuguese churches, and there are the State asylums of the deaf and dumb, the blind, and the insane; there is the Jacksonville female college, with about 400 pupils, belonging to the Methodists, under the charge of Dr. Adams; there is the Berean college, belonging to the Campbellites; and the Illinois college, belonging to the Presbyterians. Such a centre of learning and religion has drawn around it a large amount of piety, intelligence and wealth. Wealthy parents go to educate their families there; and all that taste and refined society can do to make a place beautiful and ornamental is done for this town and its vicinity.

THE PORTUGUESE SETTLEMENT.

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Several years ago, Dr. Kally, a Scotchman, and his wife, went to reside in the beautiful island of Madeira, for the sake of his wife's health. While there, many of the Portuguese became Protestant through his instrumentality, and were driven from the island through persecution. They were received in New York by some friends, and through the aid of some society were transferred to Jacksonville, Illinois. Their number was afterward increased by accessions from their native 305 island, who left on account of the failure of the grape culture and cosequent famine. At present they number about 1,000 persons, having neat little farms, and are an industrious and frugal people. They have two churches, one Baptist, the other Presbyterian. Our conference was a very pleasant one, and closed amid earnest prayers for one another. I was sent to Clinton station, and found it very hard to part with the friends on the Decatur circuit. But as the places were not far apart, I sometimes returned to preach funeral sermons, and the local preachers from there came to aid me in my meetings at Clinton.

CLINTON

Is the county seat of Dewitt, and lies midway between Bloomington and Decatur, on the Illinois central railroad. It has a population of about 2,500, a good district school, and some four or five churches. A good deal of kindly Christian feeling existed between them. *Maternal* prayer-meetings for the conversion of children were held by the mothers once a month in one of the churches. The Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist mothers attended these meetings, and held these concerts of prayer, over which one of the ministers presided, and gave counsel and advice. These, however, were not introduced until after our arrival. Clinton station was first separated from the circuit by Rev. Alexander Semple, whose ministry and labors were greatly blessed of God to the Salvation of many, and the upbuilding and increase of the church. Rev. Joseph Montgomery preceded the writer, and labored earnestly, though not V 306 as successfully as his predecessor. The membership was large for the population, and the church had to be enlarged to accommodate an increasing congregation. As we drove up to the parsonage the first person we met

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was Mrs. Orahood, who, with her husband, had been members of the West Charge in Bloomington, when I was stationed there. Former friendships were again renewed only to grow stronger with our years, and to be perpetuated in heaven. There were two local preachers, Mr. Borders, who has since died in the Lord, and Professor McCorkle, the teacher of the seminary. He was a good classical scholar, an excellent preacher, and a man of fine literary taste. His wife was well fitted for him as a companion. They were blessed with a large and interesting young family. We had a numerous body of stewards and class-leaders, and some sisters who were powerful in prayer. *Two* classes met in the morning before preaching in the church, *two* at the close of the forenoon sermon, *two* in the afternoon after Sabbath school, *one* in the parsonage, and *one* in another house—eight in all, on the Sabbath day. The Sunday school was large, and numbered above 200 children and young people. In it were some excellent Bible classes of young ladies and young men, one of which the writer taught while there. My work was to preach twice every Sabbath to the same congregation, meet a class or two, teach in the Sabbath school, preside at official meeting on Monday night, teach a large Bible class on Tuesday night, conduct prayer-meeting Wednesday night, and through the day and week be ready to attend to the sick, to funerals, marriages, 307 and pastoral visitation. I also introduced a female prayer-meeting, which is still kept up. The Tuesday evening Bible class was for older members in the church, and was the most interesting I ever met with. The deepest subjects were discussed, and the most profitable examined.

REVIVAL.

About the middle of January, 1861, we commenced a protracted meeting, which lasted almost day and night for eight weeks. Under the preaching of the Word the congregations continued to increase, until pews and aisles, and every vacant spot were filled, sometimes as many as fifty men might be seen standing in the aisles for whom we could get no seats, while night after night the altar was crowded with weeping penitents. Some of the most remarkable conversions I ever witnessed took place at this meeting. Some old backsliders were reclaimed; some prodigals returned to their Father's house again; many found the

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“pearl of great price.” Where the family altar had been forsaken or cast down, it was now erected and encircled with praying families. Upon the dwelling-places of this Zion the cloud of glory lingered: fathers and mothers rejoiced over their converted children; young men and maidens praised the Lord; the grand-father and grand-daughter were converted at the same meeting, and united with the church at the same time; two twin-brothers were born again at the same meeting; above twenty young men were converted, and nearly as many young ladies. All classes and almost all ages were brought under Divine influence. Several heads of families were made heirs together of the grace of life, and husband and wife walked together to the house of God. Crime and drunkenness almost disappeared. New side-walks were built, and general improvements in the town were carried on; and the people in their stores and shops talked about the revival, for some blasphemers had learned to pray. The class-meetings were crowded, and some of them were overwhelming scenes of saving grace. The Spirit of glory and of God rested on the people. Such times of saving power and exalted joy I have rarely seen and can never forget. About *one hundred* persons obtained the pardoning mercy of God, not a few of whom are now in glory, and nearly all of the rest are on the way. Jacob Ewing, the old sexton, who, for eight weeks, rang the bell for morning prayer and evening meeting, was one of the most upright men I ever knew, has passed through the gates of glory and is now in Paradise. His devoted wife still lingers on the shores of time, and looks forward to their meeting in glory. Religion and intelligence went hand in hand with this people. They patronized their own church periodicals to the following extent—weekly religious papers, 52; monthly magazines, 84; and Sunday school papers, monthly, 200, beside other books. Nearly half of the monthly magazines were taken by the members of other churches and persons of no church at all.

THE CIVIL WAR.

About the middle of April the war commenced, and the president's call for volunteers came along the telegraph wires. The excitement became intense. Meetings were daily held, and volunteers, young men, and some old, stepped into line, and were enrolled to fight for their country. Sermons were preached at nearly all the churches, while the

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excitement in the Methodist congregation was the most intense. Almost all the young men converted at our meetings volunteered to go to battle. Company after company was raised, officers appointed, and regiments organized, and gathered at the railroad stations, and leave in the long trains for the scene of battle in the South. Never can we forget those parting scenes, as hundreds of soldiers were about to go, and thousands of their friends gathered to bid them adieu. Addresses were delivered, prayers offered, and farewell hymns sung. When the railway whistle blew, and the long trains of crowded cars moved off, amid the tears of weeping wives and widowed mothers, for their husbands and sons, some of whom never returned, but fell on the field of battle, or perished on long marches, or died in hospitals or prison-pens, far from home. For weeks and months the sound of fife, the beat of drum, and the cry to arms were daily heard in the streets, and the constant drilling of recruits and volunteers went on incessantly, as call after call came for more men to hasten to the relief of the first who went to battle.

Toward the end of July a dark cloud settled on the North as the tidings of the battle of Bullrun came in. “ *For the divisions of Reuben there were great thoughts of heart,* ” while the curse of Meroz fell on those who were 310 not willing to come to “the help of the Lord against the mighty.”—Judges v.

Late in autumn the conference met in the town of Carlinville, during which time there was great excitement on account of the war. Several of the preachers resigned their place in conference to lead companies to regiments, and regiments to battle. Out of the Illinois conference nearly sixty preachers left, three of whom became brigadier-generals; several were colonels, majors, chaplains, captains, and lieutenants. One was called the preachers' regiment, as they were made up of that material, under General Jackquess. They fought bravely at Perryville and Stone River.

As the writer was invited to return, he was sent back to Clinton for another year. Shortly before and after his return he and his family received several substantial presents from friends within and without the church, as tokens of esteem and regard, which increased

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the mutual attachment between pastor and people already existing. At this time the following visit to St. Louis and Missouri was made, and the incidents, published in the *Irish Evangelist*, are transferred here:

“MISSISSIPPI, ST. LOUIS, AND MISSOURI.

“Having received a cordial invitation from Dr. Elliot, at the session of our conference, to spend some time with him in the study of Hebrew at St. Louis, I hastened to avail myself of the privilege. Hence, on the evening of the 28th of October, I took the train in Clinton, Illinois, and next morning was on the sandy shores of the Mississippi, the “Father of Waters.” Having never seen this celebrated river before, I gazed upon it with feelings of unmingled pleasure, as I saw its majestic stream roll by, which extended a distance of more than 3,000 miles, from its source in Lake Itasca, to its mouth in the Gulf of Mexico. There was a time when the morning stars looked down upon a vast expanse of water, stretching between the Alleghany and the Rocky mountains; when the wing of an angel, like a flash of light, might have swept from the top of the one to the crest of the other, and nought but water beneath, and the blue skies above. But the hand of God has unlocked the ancient bars, and the flood-gates have been opened, while the Mississippi rushed through the everlasting hills and primæval rocks, toward the ocean, and drained the valley dry. The same hand has since prepared the valley as the garden of the Lord, to be the home of millions of our race, and the fertile and unfailing granary of this continent, and of a large portion of Europe. Arriving at the terminus of the road, I stepped out of the train into an omnibus, and in it, on to a steam ferry-boat, that soon bore me over to the other shore and the wharf of St. Louis. Here were steamers plying up and down the river, from above St. Paul's in Minesota, to Cairo and Cincinnati; there were others arriving and departing from and to different destinations. The Americans are a bell loving and a bell ringing people—bells chime from the towers of their cathedrals, bells ring from the spires of their Gothic churches, bells ring from the churches of all denominations. From the law courts, the college buildings, the academic bowers, the common schools, the river steamers, and the rail cars, the slave plantations, and the hands of the auctioneer, there comes the chime

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of bells, at all hours and on all occasions. In a large city, there is a concentration of these sounds.

“Saint Louis stretches away some seven miles along the western shore of the river, and some four miles back in the rear on rising ground; it was built by Catholic Frenchmen in 1764. In 1820, there was a population of 4,598; in 1861, the population rose above 162,000; in 1867, 200,000. The streets and houses near the river are built narrow and high, after French style. Streets running parallel with the river, and extending back are numbered first, second, and third; while those running east and west, intersecting these at right angles, are distinguished by other names. The shops and hotels are very fine, and some of the private residences magnificent; the churches are numerous, some of them costly. Here Protestantism has gained the ascendancy in numbers, wealth, and influence. St. Louis is now the great metropolis of the south-west, and is the central depôt for the immense mining regions of Missouri. Here the vast tide of travel across the continent from east to west reposes, and resumes its journey. Here the largest rivers on the continent meet; here the varied lines of railroad centre and diverge, and here the telegraph stretches its lines of wire and wings of light, from the lakes of the north to the gulf of the south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The Mississippi valley is destined to be the garden and granary of America, the resting place and home of, perhaps, two hundred millions of the human family. St. Louis will be the metropolis of that valley.

“In a few moments after arriving in the city, I was in the office of the *Central Christian Advocate*, and received the cordial welcome of its editor. Without attempting to describe the buildings, or the press, whence the *Central Christian Advocate* emanates, permit me to say a few words about the editor. Dr. Elliot, the editor, stands some five feet eight inches high; broad-shouldered and strong in bones and muscle. With a countenance very animated; eyes grey, clear, and quick; forehead remarkably high, and brows indicative of a strong memory and good linguistic power; his voice stamped with the Scotch Irish accent, and his white locks falling carelessly down his shoulders, exhibit the external appearance of the man. He reads fast and writes quick, putting the burning thoughts

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down on paper as fast as they leap from his brain, seldom waiting to trim or improve them; hence the originality, vigour, and power of his writings. When he left Ireland for America, he 313 brought him the grace of God, and a good English and scientific education, with an excellent practical knowledge of Greek and Latin. Identifying himself with Methodism in the new world, as he had been in the old; he has filled various offices in the Methodist Episcopal Church, as missionary to the Indians, itinerant preacher, stationed pastor, presiding elder, professor, and president in various colleges, and editor of several church papers for more than twenty years. He has also become a voluminous author on the popish controversy, and the slave question; his works on these subjects, especially the first are unrivalled. His *Roman Catholicism* is a master-piece, a store-house, on that subject; on the second, his arguments are drawn from the Mosaic laws, the teaching of Christ and of Paul; from the Apostolic Constitutions, and the Code of Justinian, which contain all that is of importance on the subject. He has become a good linguist, as he can pray to God, and preach to men in English, Irish, French, and German, in Indian, Hebrew, Greek and Latin, and can read in Spanish and Italian. A few years since he wished to go as a missionary to Rome, but the powers that be restrained him, fearing he might be assassinated, and not wishing to bring his blood upon the Pope, and the Church of Rome, (knowing there was enough there already,) they constrained him to abide. He yielded unwillingly; he said to me, "If they had let me go then, the principles of Methodism would have been taught, and a broad foundation laid for Evangelical Christianity, which would have taken precedence now in the altered state of the Italian mind." With all the great and benevolent enterprises, which have arisen in the church and country, he has been connected. At his suggestion the *Sunday School Advocate* was published, which has attained a circulation of some 300,000 copies, semi-monthly. He started the first female college or academy in the midst of great opposition; now female colleges are scattered all over the land, and send out polished diamonds, to shine amid the varied scenes of life, as mothers and daughters in Israel. He has an 314 excellent work in manuscript, called Political Romanism about the size of his Roman Catholicism. Long may he be spared to

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advocate the cause of Christ, the interests of the church, and the claims of humanity. May his path be “as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”*

* Dr. Elliot resides at present in Pleasant, Iowa.

“MISSOURI.

“Having spent a considerable time with the doctor, hours, late and early, at Hebrew roots and verbs, I took the train one Saturday morning for the United States' camp at Ironton, Missouri, some ninety miles south of the city, to see my brother and some friends in the army. For forty miles above and along the river, yet under sandy bluffs on the other side the road stretched. Then for the remainder of the way through low valleys, and tunnelled hills, and deep dark forests, and diversified scenery, more remarkable for geological specimens and mineral ores than for agricultural productions, I went, until I arrived at the terminus of the road, at the base of some three lofty hills of solid iron ore, where are the same number of towns between the hills, which have risen in the interests of the several mining companies. Here around Ironton, the county town, and principal of the other two, where some 6,000 United States' soldiers encamped, guarding the valuable lead and iron mines in the neighbourhood. Not far from here, a few days before, the rebels had 275 men of their army killed in an encounter with the government troops. After passing by the sentries, and through the lines, I received a cordial welcome in the camp from officers and men. America is a wonderful country for singular natural productions, and as singular customs among the people. In the service of the government there are regiments of Irish, and Scotch, of Swiss, Swedes, and Germans, of French, Dutch, and Italians, and here is the 33rd Illinois Volunteers, called the Normal Regiment, because its 315 colonel was the principal of the *Illinois* Normal University. Its professors and teachers were officers and lieutenants in this regiment, none of whom ever received military education. The rank and file were thus made up of school-teachers and educated men, having as much brains as muscle, and considerable of both, being distinguished from their fellow-soldiers by the cognomen, “The *brain* Regiment.” The camp was stretched on the north side of a hill,

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whose top was fortified by strong bastions, and a well built fort, whose guns commanded the two towns that lay on either side of the hill, and every approach to the place. By the side of large thirty-two pounders and other guns, we saw canisters of shot and grape, and round shot in abundance. Next day, Sabbath, after divine service was over, I visited the hospital, and found some eighty sick belonging to this regiment. Coming round to where one young man lay, whom I knew well, I said, "Samuel, do you know me?" opening his eyes, he stretched out his hand, exclaiming, "O I'm glad to see you!" "Do you feel that Christ is with you, and that your hope of heaven is bright?" I asked. "O yes," (said he, laying his hand on his breast,) "I fear I shall never rise from this place, but I feel that Christ is with me, and my only comfort now. If it were not for that it would be hard, but I can look up to heaven with confidence, I hope to meet you there," &c. Soon after he died. He was the son of a local preacher, and a most excellent young man. The following morning, Monday, my brother, myself, and some of the soldiers formed an excursion party to explore the sides, and summit of Pilot Knob, one of the highest hills in the neighbourhood, and one solid mass of iron ore, yielding a very large per cent. We ascended the sides, passing through scrubby oaks, and wild grape vines, whose fruit refreshed us by the way. It was noon when we gained the summit, and although the 4th of November, it was as warm as the 12th July in Ireland. By the aid of a good glass, we saw away in the distance down the slopes of the hills, along the banks of streams, through the trees, and spread out on the valleys, the white tents of 316 the encamped troops, and platoons of soldiers performing evolutions. A fire was kindled among the old rocks, and we dined heartily in nature's halls on roast beef; prepared after the Indian style, with bread, butter, cheese, fruit, &c., and then hastened to explore iron quarries for geological specimens. A small double track iron railroad from the quarries at the top, to the smelting furnaces at the bottom, convey the full cars down and the empty ones up, by the same power and at the same time. Here we found several specimens of iron ore, quartz, and magnet, around which nails and needles fairly danced and jumped."

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"Next morning I bid farewell to my friends in the camp, and in the evening reached St. Louis, and received an Irish welcome from the doctor. Being strongly urged to visit the museum in St. Louis, I availed myself of the opportunity a short time after. On entering the halls we were brought by a guide into the rooms, and there met with Mr. Bates, the original proprietor of the institution, who presented me with a catalogue, the late and real owner having fled to the South, as he manifested some rebel propensities. Among the insect tribes we saw huge beetles and fireflies, and insects of almost all size, shape, and color—some of them harmless, and others very destructive. Of fishes, we saw the sturgeon, the shark, the sword fish, the flying fish, &c. Among amphibious animals, there was the seal, the alligator, and the crocodile from Egypt. There were shells from almost all seas and shores, and of different size and beauty. There were ores and strata from all the states and territories in the Union, from distant volcanoes and from different mines, and from the Giant's Causeway in Ireland. Among the foreign silks and native cottons, we saw the indestructible and celebrated asbestos. Of small wild animals, native and foreign, there was a great variety. The reptiles were numerously represented, from the large igauna and cameleon to the small lizard; from a young boa to the vicious rattlesnake. Of antiquities, there were helmets of ancient warriors, weapons from the South Sea 317 Islands, and Indian dresses of the aborigines at home. There was the ancient bark canoe, superseded by the river steamer. There were curiosities from India, China, and Japan; and relics from Egypt and Palestine, from Greece and Rome, and the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. There were paintings in oil and canvas, and busts in bronze and marble, and statues of distinguished personages, and ambrotypes of Californian scenes and objects. There was a magnificent collection of birds: the ostrich, the swan, the albatross, &c., webfooted and waders; there were eagles, vultures, hawks, and a singular variety of owls. There was the argus pheasant so remarkable for size and beauty, in breadth of wing and length of tail. There was the cockatoo from Australia, and the well-known cuckoo and thrush from Ireland. There was the bird of Paradise aud the lyre bird, far surpassing the finest pictures I had seen of them. There were sixty-four varieties of humming-birds, and about half that number of parrots. There were two mummies from Egypt, a woman and a boy, the one

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about forty-five, and the other fourteen years of age; the woman I would infer was an Arabian instead of a native Egyptian, from the shape of her head, the form of her features, and the symmetry of her body. What thoughts the sight of these “imperishable types of evanescence” produced in my mind? Who were they? What were their names? Where did they live, and how? What were the circumstances of their birth, life and death? We know not the Judgment morn, then shall their private life be disclosed. The most attractive object in the museum is the fossil skeleton of the huge basilosaurus, or zeuglodon, an amphibious animal combining in its form and structure the characteristics of the whale, the alligator, and the serpent. It was found in 1848, in Alabama, in a field belonging to Colonel Prince. Never shall I forget the appearance of this antediluvian monster, ninety-six feet in length, whose enormous jaws, lengthened spine, and numerous ribs filled the centre, and extended beyond the length of the hall. There is but another, a smaller specimen 318 of this species known; its fossil remains are in Berlin, Prussia. What a time when such animals lived and roamed the earth! How applicable the lines of Milton, we never thought of seeing them thus applied—

‘Extended long and large, Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge As whom the fables name of monstrous size, Titanian or earth born, that warred on Jove, Briaricus, or Typhon, whom the den By ancient Tarsus held; or that sea beast, Leviathan, which God of all His works, Created hugest.’

“Having bid farewell to the doctor, and the friends at St. Louis, I left there on the morning of the 8th of November, and reached home in Clinton, Illinois, same evening, and found all well. Next Sabbath after preaching in the evening, I took inflammatory sore throat, and was prostrated for several days. On the Tuesday night after, our eldest little daughter, Mary, aged three years and ten days, took a similar disease, and died on the following Monday night, 18th November. On the Thursday night after that, our youngest and only little one, Katie, took it, and died on that night two weeks, December 6th. Were it not for the grace of God, and kind friends, and the sure hope of soon meeting them in Paradise, we would have been overcome with much sorrow. The eldest loved to go to church, class-

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meeting, and Sabbath school; ere her mind understood these privileges, her young heart felt their influence and power. Scarcely had the youngest begun to lisp her parents' names on earth, until she went to sing the name of Jesus in heaven."

On the 1st of January, 1862, we welcomed the advent of a little stranger, who in part relieved our solitude and solaced our bereavement. Since then he has been a light in our family, and a favorite in every church and Sabbath school with which we have been connected. 319 Shortly after, special services were commenced, to seek an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon the church. The great revival of the year before led the people to look for more. Many of our young men were gone to the army; frequent letters from them were received by the friends at home, and several by their pastor. These letters were full of piety toward God, and loyalty toward the government. For about five weeks I held protracted services, preaching every night, and holding prayer-meetings every day. Night after night souls were converted, and at the close of the meeting about *forty* persons professed to have received the renewing grace of God, in the conversion of their souls. Many of these were young ladies in the Sabbath school. In February, the battle of Fort Donaldson was fought, and the surrender of Forts Henry and Donaldson accomplished under General Grant. These were followed up by the more sanguinary battles of Shiloh and Corinth in the April following. At the above battles many of the soldiers of the West suffered, especially at Donaldson. Several of the sick, wounded, and dead, were brought home for treatment and interment.

We went to the train to meet them, five corpses were borne from the railroad station to a public hall in the town, to await interment the next day. It was decided on giving them a military burial and a public funeral. Early next day thousands gathered from all parts of the country to attend the funeral procession. The procession formed nearly a mile in length, the clergy going before, the hearses with the dead soldiers next, the band and volunteers after, and behind these 320 a concourse of several thousand people. Hon. Mr. WELDON delivered an oration, and the writer an address; then were committed to one grave, the

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bodies of Lochlin Rojers, Samuel Day, Daniel Malone, Samuel Wooloot, and Spencer Page, all of whom were killed in the battle of Fort Donaldson.

With the dead, came on the same train Robert Murphy, dying. A few months before, there gathered round him in the church, one Sabbath afternoon, several young men who were just converted; he was not, but was under deep conviction. That evening he sought the Lord sorrowing: those young friends gathered round him, prayer was made to God on his behalf, and while he was calling on the name of the Lord, his soul was set at liberty. His brother John was a devoted young man, a sweet singer, and a consistent Christian. In the great revival that we had, John took an active part, leading other young men to Christ. Long had he been praying for his brother Robert, now his soul was filled with joy as he saw him converted. Both enlisted in the army. I went down to see them in camp; John was holding prayer-meetings in the tents with his fellow-soldiers. When I bade him farewell, he had a Testament and hymn book in his hand, some time after he died in hospital, but in the arms of Jesus. The morning after Robert came, I went up to see him, being shot in the neck, his face was greatly swollen, I could scarcely know him; he was glad to see me, and stretched out his hand to greet me. He was shot at Fort Donaldson, and for a night lay in his wounds on the gory field of battle. Having met him in the train the evening 321 before, he at once broke out into exultant language, in reference to his hope of a glorious resurrection, the passengers were affected to tears by the sight of the dying soldier, and the testimony he bore to the power of religion. This morning he was exceedingly happy, although in excessive pain; he referred to the time of his conversion, to his trials in the army, his consolations as he lay wounded on the battle field, to the prospect of meeting his brother in heaven, and his hope of a glorious immortality. Lifting his hands upward, with tears in his eyes, he said, "I want to meet you in heaven." He then asked me to pray: we knelt around his bed, and while commending him to God, his soul felt very happy. Just then the wound burst out afresh, and the mother, rising, held a bason to catch the life blood as it flowed from his wound—it was a sacrifice she made for her country. His strength was gone—he could speak no more—the blood stopped flowing—he beckoned

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to his parents and sisters, who came near—he took the hand of each and put it into mine—I did not understand—his mother, bursting into tears, said, “He is committing us to your pastoral care.” In two hours after his soul went to Jesus.

Young Morrison was of Irish descent, and obtained religion some time before he enlisted. In the army he lost his health, was discharged, came home to die with his uncle at Clinton. I was with him as he passed down the dark valley, which to him appeared bright as lie went on, looking to Jesus. He died in peace, and was buried with the rest of the soldiers in the soldier's cemetery.

Asa Wilson Kane was a tall and slender youth, W 322 naturally bashful. I was kneeling by his side praying, when the Lord converted his soul at the meeting of 1860. He came home to die. One morning I went to see him; he was sinking fast, but his mind was clear, and his prospect bright. After praying with him, and commending him to God, we stood by the bed side to see the last struggle. “Father,” said he, “my soul is happy, I do not fear to die, Christ has saved me; I shall soon meet my mother in heaven; I know she is waiting for me there. Draw near to me, my feet are growing cold, and the room is dark, but the light of heaven is in my soul; I shall soon be home and be with Jesus.” The room was not dark: he was passing through the dark valley; he continued speaking until within a moment of death; his intellect was clearer than I ever witnessed it in life. He told me that when he first enlisted he was afraid he could not maintain his religious enjoyment, but when on duty he often poured out his soul to God, and was greatly blessed, and thus kept.

Samuel McMurry was a young man of much hope and promise. He was one of my best assistants in the prayer-meetings among the young people. Many a time I left him in charge of these when I could not be present. He was very useful among the young men in leading them to Christ; a sweet singer, and powerful in prayer. While in the army he wrote me several spiritual and interesting letters, which appeared to breathe the spirit of Christ. He died in Mound City Hospital, with no mother nor sister to close his eyes, but the Friend of sinners was with him.

Edward Haynie, the son of a respectable elder in the Presbyterian church, was a bright, intelligent youth. He died in peace, trusting in Jesus, far from home, in the South. And there were others whose remains I interred, and their death improved to listening hundreds of sympathizing friends. There were some who were starved to death in Andersonville prison in Georgia. Frequently, after I left Clinton, I returned to preach the funeral sermons of those who died in the Lord, and their country's service.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION AND RECOVERY.

While attending the funeral of the five soldiers, already referred to, Mr. S. T. took a severe cold, that turned to pneumonia, which grew worse, until it resulted in violent hemorrhage of the lungs. His physician lost all hope of his recovery, and made known his opinion to the friends. About half-past one at night I heard a loud rap at the parsonage door. I was in a profound sleep. I arose, dressed, went to the door, saw F. T. standing at the door with a lantern in his hand. "Sir," said he, in a tremulous voice, "my brother Smith is dying, he wants you to pray with him." I went down. The house was full of people, for the family was large. His wife was sitting in the corner of the room, weeping. His parents bore up under the approaching sorrow with Christian fortitude. His only sister was present, and much affected. Some of his wife's friends were there waiting for the final close. His doctor was present, having been still in attendance on him. The room where he lay was small. I went in and stood beside 324 his bed, his mother came in with me; his wife remained without, weeping. The blood was passing from his lungs in jets into a vessel before him. He was pillowed up in the bed to give him the more ease, and prevent suffocation from the blood in the air-vessels. His pain of body was great; his pain of mind was greater. His soul was in deep distress, and he was unprepared to die. He called on the Name of the Lord. I tried to direct him to the Saviour. We knelt in prayer, and the power of God came down upon his heart: it melted; tears of deep penitence began to gush from his eyes, while the life-blood was passing from his lungs. Between the jetting of the blood, he prayed in broken

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sentences, but in unbroken faith and earnestness. We prayed the second time. His mother prayed; she was a devoted woman. We rose. His earnestness was greater. I tried to direct his mind to Christ in the most simple and direct manner. His soul hung between heaven and hell; his body between life and death. Jesus only could save him. I spoke of the love of Christ—His willingness and ability to save—to save *now* —to save for *ever*! The man looked up, as if he saw the Son of God by faith, and could see no other. He looked and prayed, until I saw the light shining in his eye and lighting up his face, when, presently, he shouted, “Glory! glory! glory! the Lord is come. Glory! the Lord has saved me: all my sins are forgiven! Glory to God in the Highest!” As the man was large, his voice was loud, I thought he would awaken every family in the street. His wife rushed in and wept with joy. His parents and friends drew near and rejoiced with him. The doctor hastened to the door, and exclaimed, “he’ll live, he’ll live. Now I know he will recover.” Dr. A—was not at that time mistaken. The moment God blessed his soul the blood stopped flowing; he began to recover; shortly after was up; and is now a respectable merchant in the town of P—. He and his wife are trying to live for God and heaven. As soon as his soul was blessed, I looked at my watch—it was a quarter past two in the morning.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

During our revival meeting of the second year, one night a little orphan girl, of the Sabbath school, came forward with others to seek the Saviour; they found pardon, she was still distressed; she was a girl of remarkable intellect and intelligence in the Scriptures. Next morning she came to the church to seek; while forward at the rails, kneeling in deep distress, I called upon a lady to lead in prayer for the girl; she declined. I called upon another; she also declined. Just then the child, in an agony of distress, lifted up her head, with tears gushing from her eyes, she appealed to heaven, saying, “Oh! Lord, will none of them pray for me?—have mercy upon me, and save me.” This led out another to engage in prayer for her, during which the Lord sealed the blessing on her heart, and she arose with the light of heaven in her face, and the love of God in her heart, and seemed for a while as if every passage in the Bible, bearing on forgiveness and the Salvation of the

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soul, was quoted by her in reference to the blessing she had received. "Out of the mouth 326 of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." The scene made every one in the church weep.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Henry Hovey was the son of an elder in the Presbyterian church, a youth of fine form and appearance, a telegraph operator in town. He was brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He frequently attended one of the above meetings; also the Bible class in the Sabbath school, and appeared deeply affected. He was taken sick of typhoid fever, and grew worse. One day, at the request of his father, I went to see him; the youth was dying. When the father found this, he upbraided himself for not speaking to him about his state, for he had often prayed for him in private and in the family. I drew near to speak to him about his soul, and asked him about his state, he tried to speak, but I could not understand him; I stooped, but could not get a word of comfort that I knew; I asked one or two of the friends to stoop and listen, they could not make out his words, and still he tried to speak, but the tongue was thick and the lips were swollen; I knew he wanted to tell me something, but could not get his meaning. Perhaps it was a word of comfort to his weeping father. I tried to direct his mind immediately to Christ for Salvation; we went to prayer; the room was filled with the Divine presence. The youth was struggling into the arms of Jesus: turning away from us, he lifted his eyes to Christ; his lips were moving, his soul was looking unto Jesus. We were standing round him, when suddenly the 327 muscles of his face relaxed, and a gleam of glory shone over the whole face, that made some of those around start; suddenly another came that lit up his whole face with glory, the tears flowed; the soul had just got a sight of Christ: in a few moments after he breathed his last. The train was passing by on the railroad, and the chariot of fire must have borne him up to glory, as the train swept along the passengers on earth.

Last summer I returned to preach a funeral sermon for a young soldier, who was starved to death at Andersonville, Georgia. The church was crowded to overflowing. While writing

this chapter, a letter from there informs me of a blessed revival, and one hundred and fifty conversions. To God be all the glory.

CHAPTER XVIII. RUSHVILLE STATION.

RUSHVILLE STATION—CHURCHES: MEMBERS—TRIP TO CANADA, EAST AND WEST—MONTREAL CITY—CHURCHES—INSTITUTIONS—POPULATION—DENOMINATIONS—STATISTICS—RETURN—SURPRISE PARTIES—DONATIONS—SOCIAL CIRCLES AND CHURCH PARLORS—TRAVELS THROUGH ILLINOIS, INDIANA, OHIO, AND PENNSYLVANIA, BY THE FORT WAYNE AND PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROADS—PHILADELPHIA—GENERAL CONFERENCE—ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES—PITTSBURGH—RUSHVILLE—THE MIDNIGHT SACRAMENT.

The Illinois conference met in the autumn of 1862, at Bloomington. It was largely attended. Bishop Janes presided. Many changes took place in connexion with the re-admission of some ministers who had left a couple of years before for the army as chaplains or officers; others were leaving to take the place of these. The political and war excitement still continued great, and necessarily affected the state of the country, and the condition of the churches. The Rev. Preston Wood succeeded me at Clinton, and I was sent to Rushville. Rushville is the county seat of Schuyler county, and is one of the oldest towns in the State, and the county was one of the first settled. The town has a population of about 1,500, and is a great centre for the pork and the cooper trade. It lies between the Illinois and Mississippi rivers, being only a few miles from the former.

Before the age of railroads Rushville was one of the greatest markets in the West. A few leading merchants in the town bought the principal produce of the adjoining counties, and shipped it to St. Louis and Chicago, and, in return, purchased dry goods and groceries to sell to the farmers in the country; consequently, some of these merchants became wealthy in the community by this double trade. We have seen in meadows near the town cartloads of hogs' feet and heads thrown out to rot, which in other countries are counted as luxuries

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for food. Here were also several coopers' shops, in which barrels and vessels of various sizes were made for home and foreign markets, the county being one of the best in the State for the growth of oak and hickory, the best material for staves and hoops.

There were *five* churches in the town, representing as many denominations, between whom much cordiality existed. There were also three large district schools, and one classical seminary.

The population of the town was of different nationalities: English, Irish, Scotch, German, and American. These were all represented in the church of which the writer was pastor, and which also represented a large amount of the wealth and intelligence in this locality. They were so connected by intermarriage, that the congregation and Sabbath school were nearly all cousins. Of the English, the Scripps' of London, formed some three or four families, remarkable for their literary tastes. Five of these gentlemen were at one time editors of influential papers. Of this family none were more remarkable than the late Rev. John Scripps, who was born in London, and emigrated with his parents in early life to America, where he became one of the pioneer preachers in Illinois and Missouri. Mr. Scripps was a man of small body, large soul, and tenacious memory; of fine gifts and graces as a preacher, and successful as a minister of Jesus Christ. He claimed to have been the first Protestant preacher in St. Louis and Missouri. He also was presiding elder, and twice a member of the general conference. But having early lost his voice he gave up travelling, and settled down in business in Rushville, and became editor of the county paper for many years. He was a Gamaliel in the town and church, at whose feet sat the youth of three generations. He was teacher of a large Bible class, and president of a literary society. The British poets were on his tongue to illustrate a truth or point a moral. To hear him tell the incidents and adventures of his early life in the ministry, in Illinois and Missouri, one might go far. He brought up a large and respected family in the fear of God and the service of his Master. He died on the 26th of July, 1865, in the 80th year of his age, and in the blissful hope of immortality.

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Jane Scripps was the sister-in-law of John, being the widow of his brother. Although independent in fortune, she was the daughter of much affliction. She was one of the holiest and most devoted women we ever knew. Like Anna of old, she was much in the House of the Lord, and appeared to dwell under the shadow 331 of the throne. In the female prayer-meeting she was powerful in prayer, and useful in leading souls to Christ. A short time after we left, she went home to glory.

Doctor Sweeny was an excellent physician, a gentleman in manner, and a Christian in life. He was a sweet singer, an excellent steward and class-leader, a pillar in the church of God. Paralysis prostrated his fine form, and his spirit went to God.

Mrs. Clarke lived with her son-in-law, Mr. Wilson; she was then above ninety years old. She still lingers on the shores of time, surrounded with her posterity of the fourth and fifth generations. Born in Ireland, she loved to speak of the old preachers of the first and second generation, who visited her father's house when she was a child, and her own when a young woman. In the above town we dined with six old Irish ladies, whose united ages reached 400 years, the oldest being ninety and the youngest sixty.

The Rev. John Clarke was son to the above mother in Israel. He was a man of fine intellect, and one of the most able preachers in the West. He was blessed with an excellent family, brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Thomas Wilson was born in the county Tyrone, Ireland. He was blessed with a large share of this world's wealth, and was a liberal supporter of the cause of God. He also had an interesting family. Never can we forget the happy weeks we spent with this kind family.

The names of Graff, Baker and Ramsey were pillars in the church at Rushville. There were other persons 332 and families enrolled in the class-book, whose names are in the Book of Life. Never can we forget their kindness, their piety, and their usefulness.

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The congregation was large, and the Sabbath school one of the best in the country. The superintendent, G. W. Scripps, was one of the finest singers, and one of the most popular and successful superintendents. The congregational singing was some of the best we ever heard. In the church there were voices remarkable for sweetness and power. The library of the Sabbath school cost about thirty pounds a year for new books. The year before I was appointed to the place, was one of trial to my predecessor, who was a faithful and successful preacher. The great war affected the town, and there were some members in the church who sympathized with the South in their revolt from the Union; some had left the church before I reached it, and some threatened to leave it after my arrival, but we got on with peace and some measure of prosperity. At the last quarterly meeting for the year, the writer was invited to return for the next year. As the annual conference approached, instead of attending it, he embraced the opportunity of making a visit to Canada for some four or five weeks. Here he transfers to these pages, from the *Central Christian Advocate*, a sketch of this visit, as it gives a general and statistical description of what the writer saw of the country and the churches at the time.

“CANADA EAST AND WEST—MONTREAL CITY—CHURCHES, ETC.

“On the 22nd of September, 1863, about two o'clock 333 in the morning, I left Rushville, Illinois, for a promised trip to Montreal, Canada. The night was calm and clear; the stars looked down from their lofty heights like lamps of light from the upper world. The state of the country, politics and religion, engaged our conversation, until we reached Mount Sterling a little before sunrise. An hour after, the train came up for the East; we stepped in, and were soon moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour. At noon we were at Springfield; in the afternoon we arrived safe in Bloomington. At twelve next night we left Bloomington for Montreal; seven next morning found us at Chicago, same hour in the evening at Detroit junction. We were now on the Grand Trunk railroad.

“About eight P. M. we crossed the river between Ports Huron and Sarnia. While in the boat we passed the dividing line between the United States and Canada. Next morning,

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25th, we took breakfast at Toronto. The greater part of the day we skirted the shores of Lake Ontario and the Bay of Quinte, passing through a beautiful well cultivated country of hill and dale. The day was fine. Our back was toward the great West. On our right lay the beautiful expanse of the lake, lifting its placid bosom to the light of the sun. On our left were the deep, dense forests. We hastened onward and eastward through several beautiful towns, such as Coburgh, Port Hope, Brockville, and Prescott. The Canadian forests we saw were not so remarkable for the extraordinary size of the trees, as for their immense number and gigantic height, standing together as close as soldiers in a line of battle. In summer they must form an impervious shade from the rays of the sun, as well as a great barrier to the speedy cultivation of the soil. In some places the timber was cut down, but so thickly strewn as to cover the entire ground on which it lay; in other places it was piled in great heaps waiting to be burned. It would take a farmer a large portion of his life to clear out a farm in the woods of Canada. How different from the speedy cultivation of the prairies of Illinois. Along the road we saw thousands 334 of beautiful evergreens, tamarisk, cedar, and arborvitæ, which, if transferred to the south-west, would add to the beauty and value of the country. Limestone rock appeared plenty every where; many of the best houses in town and country were built of it, forming substantial and comfortable structures. The frame and log houses in the country were greatly inferior in size and beauty to the same kind in the States. The men look larger and healthier, more erect in form, robust in limb, and ruddy in cheek. When at Prescott, in the afternoon, we looked across the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, and saw Ogdensburg with its numerous churches and stately buildings. This is a great depôt for the lake steamers in their transit passage through Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan, and Superior; connecting Buffaloe with Chicago, the upper lakes with the Atlantic Ocean, and the Western States and Canada with the European market.

“That night, at twenty minutes past ten, we were at Montreal, and in a few moments were in the residence of a brother, where long parted friends had met again in social converse. The night was far spent when we retired to rest. Early next morning we drove round the

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mountain and into the cemetery. Mount Royal, or Royal Mount, gives its name to the beautiful city that lies at its base—Montreal. It is a very picturesque hill, from which one of the most extensive views may be obtained of city, river, and surrounding country, even the distant mountains of Vermont are plainly visible, and the vast forests on the shores of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence. The mount and city stand on a beautiful island, thirty miles long by ten broad, formed by the confluence of the above two rivers. The island is one of great beauty and fertility, bearing the name of 'the garden of Eastern Canada.' The Jew that longed for the garlic, leeks, and onions of Egypt, might feast with the Frenchman on the abundance of these esculents raised in the gardens of Montreal. The cemetery is a beautiful house of the dead, stretching along the side of the mountain, studded with natural and ornamental 335 trees; costly tombs and beautiful monuments of Aberdeen granite, and marble, Italian and native. I love to see the graves of the departed adorned with tree and flower, and the place of the repose of the dead beautified with nature and art, not in costly florid style, but in simple and congenial taste. It lifts the heart to the Paradise above, and to the spirits of the redeemed there.

"In 1535, Montreal was an Indian village of the name of Hochalaga; in 1642 it was consecrated under the name of Villa Maria; in 1644 it was given by the French king to the Sulpicians, a religious order of the church of Rome, who built a seminary, which yet stands. The city is at the head of ship navigation, 600 miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The roofs of the larger buildings are covered with tin, which can be seen with a glare of light for a long distance. There are few cities on the American continent having finer public buildings, mostly of limestone, which is abundant in extensive quarries round the city. The French cathedral is 255 feet by 134; the principal towers 220 feet; the east window at the high altar 64 feet in height. It will hold about 7,000 persons. St. Patrick's cathedral, where the Catholic Irish worship, is 240 feet by 90. Christ Church cathedral (Episcopal) is 187 feet by 70, built in the cruciform style, with tower and spire 224 feet rising from the intersection of the arms of the cross. There are also several nunneries and convents belonging to the Catholics, French and Irish. The "Hotel Dieu" (House of God) we visited.

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The building is divided into wards and rooms. Each room and bed is devoted to some patron saint. This institution is for the sick and infirm poor. Father V—, a French priest of fine education and polished manners, led us through the several parts of the institution. From the brief intercourse I had with this gentleman and scholar, I could not doubt the reality of his piety. God has still a people in the church of Rome to whom He says, “Come out of her, my people.” I also formed the acquaintance of Rev. Mr. O’Farrell, of fine personal appearance and noble countenance, who is an excellent classical scholar, and devoted priest. I was also shown a relative of Maria Monk, and the nunnery from which she escaped. Priests swarm in Montreal; we have seen hundreds of them dressed in long black petticoats walking the streets in processions. The French Catholics are much less excitable and bigoted than their co-religionists of Ireland. On Beaver Hall Hill there are some four or five beautiful churches: Presbyterian, Baptist and Congregational, standing in close proximity, which add much to the beauty and scenery of the place, making it a Mount Zion.

“The Central Wesleyan Methodist church in Great St. James-street is the largest Protestant church in British America. It will seat about 3,000 people. It is of the florid gothic style. Its organ cost above 6,000 dollars. The pulpit is the most magnificent we have seen. Standing in it, the minister can see every face in the house, whether in the vast galleries above, or the cushioned seats beneath. To the same denomination belong St. Anne’s chapel, Griffentown, and St. Mary’s; the one holding a congregation of 1,500, the other 500. The banks, the law courts and the varied institutions, are all imposing buildings of massive structure and varied architecture.

“The wharves and quays extend for miles along the river, built of stone, separated from the city by a broad terrace, faced with stone, and surmounted with iron railing. It was crowded with shipping at the time I was there. The Victoria tubular bridge, of solid stone and iron, is the largest work of the kind in the world, crossing the St. Lawrence, connecting the Grand Trunk railroad with the New England States. It is about two miles long, and cost 5,000,000 dollars. Between it and the city is the grave-yard, and large monumental

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stone which marks the spot where sleep the bodies of 6,000 emigrants, who died of ship fever, induced by the Irish famine. The stone was raised from the bed of the river, and the monument erected by the kind-hearted men who built the bridge. For weeks and months the 337 emigrants lay in tents in quarantine until the disease subsided. Few escaped; many perished. The tents, the clothes, the earth around were burned, to prevent the spreading of the fever. Many noble-hearted individuals plunged into this abyss of suffering, to rescue the perishing from destruction, who, in the attempt, perished themselves! But their record is on high.

“From the side of the Mount, 200 feet above the city, the reservoir sends down its pellucid streams with force sufficient to throw the water to the top of the highest tower; to quench in a short time the spreading and ascending fire; to supply the numerous fountains in the squares; the wants of every family in the city; and turn to motion and to music several of the organs in the churches. The reservoir is supplied from the St. Lawrence, above the Lachine rapids. Montreal has suffered much from former fires, but her losses in this respect have become gain. The city is now well provided with fire-bells and telegraph, directing the citizens in a moment to the ward where a fire originates.

“At the base of the mountain, and head of a street, in a picturesque spot, stands McGill college, deriving its name from the Honorable James McGill, who bequeathed it a valuable estate, and 50,000 dollars for an endowment fund. Professor Cornish brought us through the different departments. Doctor Dawson, the principal, was absent. Having read with pleasure and profit his *Archaia*, some time since, I wished to see its author. The natural history society's rooms will afford the visitor to Montreal much pleasure and interest. Anatomy was represented by a variety of curious specimens, among which we noticed the skins of a boa and an anaconda, the one twenty-one, and the other eighteen feet. Canadian birds were well represented. Of antiquities, there were coins, weapon, garments, urus from Pompeii, idols from Mexico, and weapons from the South Sea Islands. The *Ferrier* collection of Egyptian antiquities was very fine. There were two mummies, a man and a woman, the latter in her coffin, and two mummy skulls, and hands and feet. These

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X 338 were surrounded by the images of their guardian deities, Osiris, Isis, and by shawls, necklaces, brooches, bracelets, rings and scarabei, sandals, lamps and papyrus, images and hieroglyphics in bronze, brick and granite, with urns, jars and pots from tombs and temples of Thebes, Philæ, Karnac and Ghizeh. Some of the bricks and papyri have upon them cartouches of Rameses II. and Thothmus III. of Moses' times.

"The Zoological gardens will also well repay a visit to them, as they exhibit some rare and choice animals. The Champ de Mars is a beautiful parade ground. Here we saw the evolutions of the Queen's Life Guards performed one morning to great perfection in drill. The Bonsecours market is an immense pile of buildings in the Grecian Doric style of architecture, erected at a cost of 400,000 dollars. The offices and rooms of the corporation and police are here; one room will seat 4,000 persons. The streets in the olden part of the city are narrow, and not very well lighted; those in the new are wide and spacious, and beautifully ornamented with shade trees. The more important thoroughfares are well provided with the street rail-cars, which are a great convenience. The population of Montreal has increased rapidly. In 1851, it was 75,000; in 1861, it was 90,000; now it is about 110,000. Of these, there are 43,509 of French origin, and 14,179 of Irish origin. There are 65,000 Catholics, the remainder are Protestants; of these, there are in round numbers, 9,000 Episcopalians, 7,000 Presbyterians, and 9,000 Methodists. There are few people who do not belong to, and attend some church. The last Sabbath I spent there it seemed as if every person was at church. The streets were literally thronged with people returning home from worship. During the few weeks I remained there I heard but one oath, and saw but two drunken persons, although there are immense breweries and distilleries in the city. The French are an industrious people, while the Catholic Irish are bent on fight, fun, and frolic; yet here they appear to better advantage than in some of the cities of the States.

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"The first Sabbath I attended worship at Great St. James'-street Wesleyan church; heard the Rev. Mr. Lavell preach an excellent sermon, plain and practical. His style is polished,

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and his manner impressive. In the evening I heard Mr. Bland, a good gospel sermon, with energy and force. The following Wednesday, Mr. Harper, the superintendent, in same place. His style was beautifully simple and transparent, rich in matter, and appropriate in language. The following Saturday evening I attended, by invitation, a local preachers' meeting, in the house of one of the brethren. There were some eight or nine present, with one of the ministers, the city missionary, and Mr. Harper superintending. The subject for conversation was "The intermediate state." Each one gave his opinion, commencing with the younger. The superintendent summed up, and closed by giving his own view. Much thought and a variety of views were elicited. We parted with an earnest desire to be fully prepared for that state. At this meeting the local preachers compared their plans, made arrangements for supplying the pulpit at different places for the next Sabbath; some in the suburban chapels, some in neighbouring towns, and some in country congregations. They were mostly men of fine business, and fair theological talent, earnest, ardent, and devoted. In the afternoon of the next day, being Sabbath, at the request of Father Morris, city missionary—an aged and devoted man, with a saintly face, and a voice of thunder—I stood on the deck of a ship in the harbor, and preached to the sailors on board, and a crowd of people on shore, who continued gathering and listening to the close of the meeting with deep attention. Then the missionary distributed tracts among them in French and English, which were eagerly taken and read. Never shall I forget the deep feeling manifested on the countenances of the people. There was no interruption, no uncivil or unkind word, irreverent or derisive. What a field is there here for doing good.

"In the evening I preached to a good congregation at St. Ann's Methodist church. At the close, Mr. 340 Lavell conducted an excellent prayer-meeting, at which the greater part of the congregation remained. On Wednesday evening I preached at Great St. James'-street Wesleyan church. The following Sabbath morning, same place, to a congregation of about 3,000 people. At two in the afternoon I again stood on the deck of a ship, as the Lord of glory once did on earth, and preached to the people. Never shall I forget that meeting; so eagerly did the people listen, that they continued around the missionary while

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I passed through the crowd on my way to the Sabbath school of the above church. At the request of Hon. Mr. Ferrier, the superintendent, and assistant, Mr. James A. Mathewson, I addressed the school, and then followed the superintendent and teachers into a classroom, for the purpose of prayer for the school, in which several joined. May our Sabbath schools follow the example. At four P.M., I accompanied Mr. Mathewson, by request, to Bonaventure Hall, to attend a religious temperance meeting. The hall and galleries were crowded. People of all kinds of religion, and of none, attended. The speakers were lay and clerical, and addresses varied and instructive. The president unexpectedly announced my name to the audience. I rose, not knowing at first what to say, but thought and language followed. I trust some good was done, for tears were shed. At the close of the meeting several signed the pledge. Although in the evening I felt tired, having spoken in public four times that day, yet I was persuaded to accompany my brother to St. John's Episcopal church, to see what I never saw before, the Puseyite services performed. The church is of fine style, windows stained glass; no pulpit, but a small moveable reading desk. At the end wall, under a large window, filled with images painted on the glass, stood a large table, covered with beautiful cloth, on which, in gilt letters was the name Jesus—it was the altar. The congregation was motley, and looked irreverent. At the proper time, three ministers, dressed in robes, passed quickly from the vestry along the aisles, followed by a group of 341 strutting boys, up to a large platform with plain seats. Here the pastor, who is one of the most priestly-looking men we have seen, commenced the services by intoning them, in which the greater part of the congregation joined, assisted by the vociferous boys on the platform. All the services were intoned, except the Scripture lessons and the sermon. When Psalm lx., 8, "Moab is my washpot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe," &c., was sung in the above style, the effect to many of us appeared ludicrous. This was heightened a little after by a gentleman on my left, who sung out, "Au-men," in the wrong place, thus endangering the sublime with the connection of the ridiculous. We do not believe that God requires people to worship him in an artificial and unnatural voice. The text was: 1 John iii., 2, latter clause: "But we know that when he shall appear," &c. The introduction was beautifully simple. "The great object of Christianity is to be like Christ. The divisions were:

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We are made like Christ, 1, in baptism; 2, in the church; 8, in life; 4, in heaven.

Great stress was laid on baptism and the church; nothing said about repentance, faith, conversion, &c. The sermon was brief, dry, unfeeling. The point was: If you are baptized by ministers in the apostolic succession; if you are in the true church of Christ under their pastoral care, you are Christians, you are saved, and will be for ever.

Having had a strong desire to visit a Jewish Synagogue at the time of service, we went one Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. The ladies were in the gallery; men and boys below, who wore their hats and phylacteries on their heads and shoulders all the time of service. The Rabbi, Dr. De Sola, chanted the services throughout, the congregation occasionally. The wild and melancholy tones of the chanting reminded me more of the Jews with their harps on the willows by the waters of Babylon, than the soul-stirring times of David, and the assembled worshipers on Mount Zion. Yet the place, the worship, and the worshipers suggested a train of thought and feeling which could only find expression in the prayer, that the "Lord would come out of Zion and turn away ungodliness from Jacob." At the close of the meeting I had a pleasant interview with the Rabbi. It is but a few years since Dr. Freshman, of Quebec, a Jewish Rabbi, was converted to Christianity. He is now a useful minister in the Methodist church in the Canada conference. May these sons of Levi be purged and consecrated to the true Messiah.

'Lord, visit thy forsaken race, Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring; Teach them to seek thy slighted grace, And hail in Christ their promised King. Hail, glorious day—expected long! When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour; With eager feet one temple throng, With grateful praise one God adore.'

"It was a pleasant surprise to form the acquaintance of several persons whose friends I had known in Ireland, among whom were Mr. John Mathewson, his son and family, and his nephew, Mr. John A. Mathewson, already mentioned in this article. From the latter I obtained several valuable histories of Ireland, to assist me in a similar work on the same

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subject. At the residence of the former I had an intellectual feast in looking over a variety of autograph letters from distinguished personages. There were letters of Mr. Wesley, Dr. Coke, Adam Clarke, Jabez Bunting, and Mr. Black, first Wesleyan missionary to Nova Scotia, whose daughter is married to Mr. Mathewson, junior; also, a brief note account of Philip Embury's, the year before he left Ireland. There were letters of King William III., and the Duke of Wellington, besides several of distinguished noblemen, celebrated painters and authors of the last century, and of the present, deceased and living.

"The Sabbath morning before I left, I heard Rev. Mr. Johnson, at St. Mary's, preach an excellent sermon. In the evening I preached for him again, at St. Ann's 343 chapel. On the following Wednesday, I called with my brother on the Hon. D'Arcy McGee, of Irish celebrity. He is one of the most popular and eloquent orators at present in Canada, and one of the most attractive writers. Our interview, though necessarily short, was pleasant, and to me interesting. He is a member of the Provincial Parliament. At night I preached again in the Centre church, and bade farewell to my ministerial brethren, Harper and Lavell, who with their colleagues alternate in the different pulpits, while their pastoral labors are restricted to respective spheres; thus combining variety and pulpit ministrations with the responsibility of personal pastoral effort.

"Early next morning I bade adieu to my friends, and left for home. The morning was pleasant. Toward noon we passed through a light shower, and then met a train with snow upon it, which made the passengers wonder. Shortly after we passed through a snow tract; again emerged in light and warmth, where there had no snow fallen. At night we had to lie over at Toronto. Next morning, although raining hard, I took a walk through the city, which has spacious streets, fine buildings, and a good harbour on the lake shore, which is guarded by a breakwater, extending for miles outside. I called at the Wesleyan book room, expecting to see the editor of the *Christian Guardian*. The stock of books was not large, but there was variety; several from the London Wesleyan book room, while the greater part were from the book room in New York. In the evening, at Wilder station, on the Grand Trunk railroad, Canada West, I espied a cousin whom I had not seen for

seventeen years. We knew each other at the first glance. That night I was at his home in Warwick, receiving the hearty welcome of his kind wife and interesting children. Next day other cousins gathered round with their families, and we talked until late, of the scenes of our childhood, and the friends of our early days. These were pleasing and touching reminiscences indeed, which brought feeling to the heart and tears to the eye.

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“The Rev. Mr. Atkinson, the Wesleyan minister, called and gave me a cordial invitation to preach. In one place the announcement was made in anticipation; consequently, on Sabbath morning I preached in a beautiful little country church, to a crowded congregation, almost all of whom sung with energy and spirit. In the afternoon I preached at the Methodist church, in the village of Warwick. To myself, and to not a few, these were scenes of refreshing, of hallowed memories and blessed hopes. Their minister was spending his third conference year with them, and was greatly beloved, with his excellent wife.

“The soil here was rich, the settlements well improved; the forests behind were dense, and required much labor to clear for farming. It is a beautiful country—good for wheat, oats, peas, potatoes. Corn is uncertain, on account of early frosts; grass is very fine. The district lies between lakes Huron on the north, and Erie on the south. The climate of Canada is much colder, but healthier, than the States. It is not so variable or changeable. The soil is not so rich as the Western States, hence there is not so much decomposition of vegetable matter, and its consequent malaria. The forests are more dense, and limestone more abundant; the water is purer, but the soil is lighter. Wheat, oats and potatoes are greatly superior, but Indian corn—that indispensable crop of the Mississippi Valley—is poor and uncertain. Canada has a better road to the European market; but the soil is neither so productive, nor as easily purchased and cultivated as the Western States. Its settlements and improvements are much more slow, but they are more substantial. The Western States will be filled before Western Canada is fully settled. Then there stretches a vast extent of country west of Canada, toward the Rocky Mountains and

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Pacific coast, belonging to the Hudson Bay Company, that must come into the hands of the Canadians some day. It is represented as exceedingly fertile, and the climate healthy, though severe. If England erred in her treatment of the early 345 colonies, which resulted in their independence, Canada has reaped the benefit in being petted and caressed. She is not blessed with so much liberty as the United States, nor cursed with so many bad politicians. Her attachment to the English government is very strong. In Eastern Canada I found strong sympathy for the South in the war; in Western Canada the sympathy was stronger for the North. I was surprised to find a large number of young men from Western Canada in the United States' army, besides many who had fallen fighting in her ranks. I was informed the Trent affair retarded the enlistment, and repelled the sympathies to a great extent. May the two peoples, one on either side of the lakes and the St. Lawrence, so much one in blood, language, laws and religion, continue at peace with each other for many years to come, developing the vast resources of their country, and emulating each other in the swift diffusion of the light of life over this continent.

"In addition to the lake and river route, the Canadians have two large railroads traversing the province with intersecting lines. One of these, the Grand Trunk railroad, is the largest on the continent. At present, while it gives to travellers at a distance at either end of the road the cheapest travelling in America, its local rates are very high. Each end of the road is located in the States, the one at Portland, and the other at Detroit, thus drawing a large amount of American travel, rivalling the other roads, by giving cheap excursion tickets for more than three months of the year—from July to November—so that citizens residing in Chicago or Detroit, in Portland, Boston and Quebec, can travel this road and back, single tickets, for 25 to 30 dollars, a distance of more than 3,000 miles, consequently, many of the passengers are American citizens.

"The imports to Canada for the year 1861, were above 43,000,000 dollars. The exports same year were above 86,000,000 dollars; of this above 18,000,000 dollars were exported to Great Britain, and above 20,000,000 dollars imported; above 16,000,000 dollars 346

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exported to the United States, and above 20,000,000 dollars imported from same place; thus showing the vast trade between the two latter countries.

“Her educational resources and appliances are rich and powerful. More than a fifth of her population are at school. Her universities, colleges, and high schools are not numerous, but large. Her faculties we think too large for the proportion of students, and too expensive for the size of the institutions. It is not so common with them for one professor to fill *two* departments in a college as in the States. When the means are abundant, and the students numerous, it is essentially necessary; when they are not, especially in new countries, it may endanger the institution by absorbing its finances. Her educational means are derived from *four* sources: land grants, state endowments, municipal assessments, and religious and charitable contributions. All the land grants of the French kings to the French Catholics in Canada have been respected and confirmed by the English government. More than 3,500,000 acres have been given from time to time, to free and endowed schools. The number of these schools, in 1861, was 8,130; students, 547,000; school property and apparatus, 7,500,000 dollars; aggregate annual income, 2,972,500 dollars. From 1850 to 1861 there were above 5,000,000 dollars worth of books imported into Canada.

“Denominational statistics give a favorable view of the religious state of the country. There are but few persons unconnected with church organizations. The four largest denominations are respectively, the Catholics, Methodists, Episcopalians, and Presbyterians. These form 91 per cent. of the entire population. In Lower Canada the Catholics are most numerous; in Upper Canada the Methodists. The Catholics form 47 per cent. of the population; the Methodists, 14.85; the Episcopalians, 14.66; and Presbyterians, 13.84 of the population. In the decade, between 1851 and 1861, the Catholics lost 2 per cent. of the population; the Methodists gained 2; the Episcopalians remained stationary; 347 and the Presbyterians gained 1 per cent. In Upper Canada during the same decade, the Methodists have gained on the Episcopalians 45,000, and on the Presbyterians nearly 35,000. Of the 372,000 Methodists, 244,800 are Wesleyans;

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the Episcopal Methodists, 73,000; the New Connexion, about 30,000; other Methodists, about 25,000. The Wesleyans, with whom we are most acquainted, stand in affiliated relation to the English Wesleyan conference, and in fraternal, to the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States. Their influence in Canada is great, and necessarily becoming greater. Their ministers, as a body, are men of fine pulpit talent, administrative ability, and laborious effort. They have taken a leading part in the educational movement in Canada. Their people are wealthy and decided Methodists, generally attending their class-meetings. The Episcopal Methodists are neither as numerous nor as wealthy. Their ministers and bishops are laborious men, toiling on their arduous labor amid many difficulties which beset them. The same may be said of the other Methodists in Canada, to a considerable extent.

“Almost the whole of the Presbyterian bodies in Canada are now united in one body, as the *Canada Presbyterian church*. They are realizing ‘How good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.’ May the time come when their noble example will be followed by other divided bodies who hold the same doctrines, and yet remain apart in administration and labor. The future of Canada is bright. May the great Head of the Church carry on the work of Salvation with great power through his servants, until the whole province become as Eden, as the garden of the Lord.”

After our return to Rushville we found the whole country agitated by the reports of the results of the battles of Chattanooga and Chickamauga, where thousands fell on the gory field of battle, in September. New political combinations and conspiracies arose against the government, that endangered its existence. We felt the need of preaching faithfulness to God, and loyalty to the government, as an institution of God. In the church the agitation subsided, and we endeavoured to live in the unity of faith and the bonds of peace. By holding an firm rein in the government of the church, and acting with prudence and forbearance, we lost none through the excitement of the war, but gained a few to the cause of God and the stability of government.

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Special services were held, at which a few obtained a blessing, and the membership of the church was greatly edified and united. We had some very blessed seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The presiding elder, Rev. James Leaton, an Englishman by birth, was an excellent preacher, a good church financier, and a laborious and effective elder; none excelled him in the conference for faithfully attending to all the duties of his district.

SURPRISE PARTIES AND DONATIONS

Are quite frequent in America, and I believe originated with the Puritans. They are not designed to supplement ministers' salaries, but given as extra tokens of regard, although sometimes they have been abused to the former purpose. The writer and his family have been made the recipients of several such visits, which, in every instance, save one, have been to him surprises. The 1st of January, 1864, was remarkably cold, the thermometer being 20° below zero; on that day four weeks it was 80° above; the snow was on the ground, we were invited to a sleigh ride a short distance out of 349 town, to dine and spend the day. In the evening we returned, but it was to find the parsonage full of friends, young and old. As we entered, the church choir commenced singing, "We wish our pastor a happy new year," &c. After this Sunday school hymn was sung, the Sunday school superintendent, in the name of the friends present, and on behalf of some absent, presented us with a purse and some valuable tokens of regard, which amounted to a considerable sum. A brief reply being returned, cakes and fruit were then distributed among the visitors by those who brought them. An hour or so spent in cheerful congratulations, another was devoted to instrumental and vocal music in the Psalms of David, or the Hymns of Wesley; prayer was then offered, and the happy company retired to their homes.

CHURCH PARLORS AND SOCIAL CIRCLES, As they are commonly called, are an American custom, greatly admired and extensively used among other churches as well as the Methodist. They are designed to introduce new members who have lately joined to the

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older, and to make all more acquainted with one another. No feature of American life is more prominent than the social intercourse of the people. The feeling of national pride and unity is so strong as to become absorbing and controlling, in reference to other things. The vastness of the country, the greatness of its resources, the unity of the government, and equality of the people before the law, throws a remarkable bond of brotherhood around the nation, and kindles a glow 350 of social feeling among the people that brings them more together, and throws down the middle walls of partition, that otherwise would separate theme from each other. In fact American society appears more modelled after the Jewish Theocracy and the New Testament church, than after the feudal times of the dark ages; still the rich are not supposed to lose their dignity by mixing with the poor on such an occasion, or the educated their character, by meeting with the illiterate; nor does such an introduction entitle the introduced to continue visits where they are not returned, or family intercourse where it is not desirable.

In connexion with many of the city churches are church parlors, or suits of rooms set apart for the reception and introduction of society in connexion with the church. These rooms are neatly carpeted, and nicely furnished with seats and sofas; pianos and cabinet organs, at which ladies play, and the whole company sing sacred songs, or Sunday school hymns. The conversation is general and free, but always under religious control. The meetings always close with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the pastor, or some minister present. In smaller towns where there are no church parlors, these meetings are held from house to house of the leading members of the church. Those having the largest rooms throw them open for such occasions.

Tea meetings and breakfast meetings are seldom held in America, and are not suited to the habits of the people; but ice cream and strawberry festivals are numerous in the summer, and suppers in the winter.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES AND BACK, BY THE PENNSYLVANIA, CENTRAL, AND FORT WAYNE RAILROADS.

Circumstances connected with the Irish mission led me to see Doctor Scott at the general conference in Philadelphia, as he could not come west. I left Rushville, Illinois, for Philadelphia, on the morning of the 9th of May, 1864. Monday night spent at Decatur, where I met several young soldiers from Clinton going to the seat of war. At Bloomington, next day, similar scenes were going on at the railroads. Hundreds of friends were parting soldiers who were leaving for the field of battle. Grant was moving on Richmond. The battles of the Wilderness had already commenced; more soldiers were needed for the front; great was the excitement along the whole line of road. A fierce gale had swept the face of the country, and the surface of lake Michigan. Some ships were wrecked, and some lives were lost. Heavy rains drenched the lands. The fields in some places were flooded. On Wednesday, afternoon, the sun shone out, and Nature robed itself in summer beauty. Between Bloomington and Chicago the prairies spread out in undulating form, as we swept past them on the evening train. Heavy swards of grass bowed before the breeze, which was laden with the scent of prairie flowers, while in the distance appeared dark and waving forests, following the meandering of the stream, or the silent flow of the winding river.

At nine in the evening we reached Chicago, and started on 352 THE PITTSBURGH AND FORT WAYNE RAILROAD, Which runs through and connects the States of Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Pennsylvania. Indiana presents a soil more light, and forests more numerous than Illinois, with trees so thick and tall as to shut out the light and heat from the sun. Passing through several beautiful little towns along the way, we reached *Fort Wayne* , one of the largest towns in the State, with a population of 15,000, and numerous factories, stores and shops; a great railroad centre; having nearly twenty churches: three Methodist, and a Methodist female seminary of great celebrity. From Fort Wayne we passed into Ohio, through the large towns of Bucyrus and Mansfield, Crestline, Alliance, and Madison.

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Some of these are remarkable for their beauty of situation and great manufacture, and some for their railroad connexion. At every station along the line the places were thronged with soldiers going to the field of battle, and friends bidding them farewell. The morning despatches of the day before, from Grant's army, near Richmond, raised a ferment of excitement among the passengers on the train, some of whom had their friends at the scene of war, and were anxious for their safety.

At Beaver and Rochester we caught sight of the Ohio river for the first time. Rising in the western slopes of the Alleghany mountains, it traverses a large portion of Pennsylvania, sweeps the southern border of the State of Ohio, dividing the South from the North, after travelling 1,000 miles, pours into the Mississippi, at Cairo, Illinois. Much of the trade and traffic of the West is 353 upon this river; on its bosom float numerous steamers. Large rafts of timber floated past, with little houses for the raftsmen to cook and rest in, and long poles to guide the course of the raft to its destined place.

At night we were at Alleghany city and Pittsburgh, where we took the train on THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD, Which connects Pittsburgh with Philadelphia. This is one of the best roads in the United States, and one of the speediest and most direct between the East and the West. it is double track, a sure guarantee for speed and safety. The trains pass and repass with great rapidity and ease to the passengers. The carriages and seats are the most comfortable we have travelled in. The seats are so constructed, that by leaning gently back, a spring is touched, the bottom of the seat moves forward and the top back, giving to the body a half reclining posture, which makes the cushioned seat a luxury to sit or sleep in.*

* The reader may consult the map at the commencement of this book of the "Pennsylvania Central Railroad and its Connexions," expressly obtained for this volume.

All night we were ascending the western sides of these celebrated mountains. In the morning we were descending the eastern slopes. Awaking early we looked out and found

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we were sweeping round the shores of the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers at the rate of forty miles an hour. At every bend of the river and curve of the road the train swept by with such velocity that we instinctively drew back as we gazed on the depths Y 354 beneath. From base to summit the hills were covered with trees, through the dark foliage of which we saw the white streams like sheets of silver flowing into the broad Susquehanna. It was raining heavy all the morning. Here the river is crossed by two bridges, between which is a lovely island. It was early in the morning when we reached Harrisburgh, the capital of the State. It has a population of 16,000, with numerous factories, mills, banks, State asylums, and fifteen churches, three of which are Methodist, three Presbyterian, two Episcopal, and one Baptist, &c. The country from Harrisburgh to Philadelphia is beautifully undulating, and rich in sylvan scenes, like the Irish parks or the English lawns. No wonder that the State was called *Pennsylvania* —the *gardens* or the *woods* of Penn; while beneath its surface lie the richest coal-fields in the world. Penn was wise in selecting it as the home of Quaker emigrants, whose peculiar traits have stamped the *die* of quiet repose and industrious habits on the population.

PHILADELPHIA.

Passing through Lancaster and several smaller towns, we reached Philadelphia at eleven, A.M., on Saturday. While crossing the Schuylkill river, we had a fine view of the city and its stately buildings, among which appeared conspicuous the Roman-catholic cathedral and the Girard college, which looked like some Grecian temple, 97 feet high, 218 feet long, by 160 wide. It is for the education of orphan boys.

Girard, the founder, was a Frenchman by birth, an 355 American by adoption, a wealthy merchant and banker in the city, and a real infidel. Wishing to shut out of his institution, and from the minds of the youth educated there, all Christian doctrine and agency, he so drew up his deed, that priests and clergymen were excluded from any connexion with, or authority in the college; yet it is so managed, that Christian doctrines are daily taught,

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and Christian teachers and professors control it, and the orphan boys receive, after all, a Christian education.

On entering the city, the train was drawn by horses, down Market-street, to its depot, in the heart of the city, from which we hastened on to Union church, in Fourth-street, the seat of the general conference. From there I went to the residence of Bishop Simpson, at Mount Vernon, which the friends of the eloquent bishop had lately presented him with; thence, by the street rail-car to Germantown, where I found the English and Irish deputations, Revs. L. Thornton, and Dr. Scott: both looked well. Mr. Thornton I had not seen for twelve years; Dr. Scott for seven. After spending a pleasant evening with them, I returned by the nine P.M. rail-car to the city.

Philadelphia stands on an elevated plain, between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, covering an area of twelve square miles, and having a population of 600,000, being the second largest city on the continent. Although ninety-six miles from the sea, the tidal wave ascends both rivers far beyond the limits of the city; so that ocean vessels ascend and descend the river on either side. The city was founded in 356 1683, by William Penn, and called by its present name, not so much after its Asiatic namesake, as to indicate the fraternal love that should animate the citizens toward each other, and the feelings of its founder toward them all. The name was prophetic of the character of its people. There are few cities whose citizens have done more for the education of the ignorant—the relief of the distressed—the alleviation of human suffering—and the religious instruction of the people. Her numerous churches and charitable institutions stand as striking monuments, to attest the truth—that Philadelphia is the city of *brotherly love*. Here several literary and religious societies locate their centres; from thence, their influence radiate like rays of light, or flow in streams of blessing to the country. The streets cross each other at right angles, and are wide and spacious, generally shaded with trees; the uniformity is relieved, by numerous squares, ornamented with trees and fountains, and stocked with deer. The fronts of many of the churches and banks are built of marble; there is scarcely

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a street without a church or two. There are 350 in the city, of these 64, are Episcopal; 67 Methodist; 70 Presbyterian; 32 Baptist; 30 Roman Catholic; 14 Lutheran, and 14 Friends.

It is nearly a century since Methodism was introduced to Philadelphia; great has been its progress since. Here Captain Webb, Boardman, and Pilmoor labored with great success, and Asbury was received as an angel of God, and Summerfield preached like a burning seraph. The Philadelphia conference has given to the church many great and eloquent men, among 357 whom stand the secretary of the missionary society—Dr. Durbin. There are at present above 12,000 members in the Methodist churches of Philadelphia. On Saturday forenoon I attended conference; met with several old friends among the different delegates. In the afternoon we all marched, in procession, to the *Hall of Independence*, where we received a welcome on behalf of the city, to which Bishop Simpson gave an eloquent reply on behalf of the conference. All then united in singing the doxology, the voice was as the sound of many waters. This was the hall where the signers sat, and announced the declaration of independence eighty-eight years before. That evening and next day I spent at Mr. Jones's, with Rev. Messrs. Moore and Guthrie, of the Illinois conference.

Sunday 15th, was a beautiful morning; the sun was bright, the air clear, the flowers were in bloom, and the trees in foliage; the bells of the different churches were ringing for morning worship, as we crossed to west Philadelphia. A sad sight, however, threw a gloom over all this beauty: several ambulances, with wounded soldiers, were coming in from the battles of the Wilderness, on their way to the city hospitals for medical attendance. At the Centennial church Mr. Guthrie preached, and I closed the services. In the afternoon we attended the Sabbath school and I delivered an address. Nearly all the children and young people sang. At night we went to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher preach at the Music hall; the place was densely crowded. He had come to assist in organizing a second Congregational church; strange 358 there was only one of that denomination in the second largest city of the Union! The personal appearance of Mr. Beecher was youthful for his years; his voice rose from a solemn bass to a full tenor, having great flexibility and

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compass. His manner of worship was more Methodistic than Congregational; more bold than reverential. Taking the hymn book in his hand, and giving out the hymn, he said, "Let us all rise and sing," and all rose to sing. His prayer was one of the best to which we ever listened, full of faith, tenderness, and pathos. His text was John xvii., 20–21: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also who shall believe on me through their word," &c. The subject was: "Christian unity." In the first part of the discourse, the preacher showed the great mistake of the church in the past, was seeking and compelling lifeless *uniformity*, instead of Christian unity. On the churches that were guilty of this sin, the wit, the sarcasm, and force of the arguments were concentrated. In the second part, he unfolded the nature, and pressed the claims of Christian duty on the attention of the congregation. The sermon was a long one, and the preacher was sometimes very rapid and forceable in his delivery. Although Mr. Beecher is considered one of the greatest preachers in America, we have heard much greater sermons than this; yet it was a most excellent one in spirit, language, and thought. On Monday forenoon, Rev. Mr. Thornton preached before the general conference, from Luke x., 18. The church was crowded—the thoughts were sublime—the illustrations beautiful—and the descriptions of the triumphs of Christ and Christianity graphic; 359 but the voice was deficient in utterance, being sometimes so low as to be scarcely audible. Mr. Thornton's address touched every heart, and brought tears to several eyes. Dr. Scott's address was listened to with profound respect, it stirred up the hearts of many, and brought them into more intimate sympathy with Irish Methodism; his name is as a household word in the American churches, and his mission dear to the American Methodist hearts.

Revs. Mr. Carroll and Doctor Nelles, deputation of the Canada Wesleyan conference, delivered very excellent addresses. That of Doctor Nelles presented the following important facts in reference to Canadian Methodism—the *first* large book store, the *first* church paper, the *first* university graduate, and the *first* female college in Canada, originated with the Wesleyans, and the largest now in successful operation is the Wesleyan female college in the city of Hamilton. Thus the Methodists in Canada, as well

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as the United States, were the first to introduce female colleges, which are now so popular in America.

On Tuesday I visited the grave of Doctor Franklin, which is in Christ Church graveyard, near where the conference sat. The inscription on the tomb ran thus— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, AND DEBORAH. 1790.

There lay the great American sage with his faithful wife. His influence was great on the American mind, and his inventions and proverbs on the civilized world.

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On Wednesday morning I went with the Rev. Mr. Shiels, one of the city pastors, to the “Hall of Independence,” to take a more minute survey of this cradle of American liberty, and the mementos that adorn it—for here the *nation was born in a day*. We ascended the top of the cupola, and had a magnificent view of the city, as it lay under a summer's sun and between the rivers. The Delaware was crowded with steam and sail vessels. The eye took in a square of twelve miles, crowded with the marts of commerce, the residences of citizens, the temples of worship dedicated to God, and the monuments of art and science commemorative of man. Beyond the suburbs of Germantown and West Philadelphia, stretched the native forests, cultivated gardens, the rich fields, and the distant hills, whose summits rose heavenward.

Descending, we passed into the hall where the declaration was read, and saw the bell that first rung out the announcement of the fact to the assembled thousands who were waiting in the streets to know what the congress would do. The bell rung, and the people shouted; the declaration was read, and the whole colonies were moved as one man. *Three* millions arose, and, after eight years' war, achieved their independence. Fifteen years before, the bell was cast with the following motto, name, and date upon it—

“Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, Unto all the inhabitants thereof.”

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“By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House of Philadelphia.”

“ Pass & Stow.

“MDCCLIII.”

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In the afternoon I accompanied Mr. Rae to the Fairmount water works, which forms one of the most attractive scenes, and abundant supplies for the city population. The water is raised from the Schuylkill river, ninety-two feet high, by machinery, to four reservoirs covering four acres of ground, and a depth of twelve feet and a half, and capacity of 20,000,000 gallons.

In the evening I went with my friend Rae to see the “Continental Hotel”—said to have been one of the largest in the world. It stands in Chesnut-street, 235 feet by 194; six stories high. We ascended the rail-car from the first to the sixth story, and descended in the same way. Boarders, who not wishing to climb so many flights of stairs to their rooms in the fifth or sixth story, enter a small room or car, take seats or sofas; soon the room, sides, ceiling, floor and all begin to arise, and as they ascend, other rooms, halls and stories appear and disappear, till they reach their destined places, when the car stops, the door opens, and each one goes to his own room. The same process is repeated going down—in a moment or two. From the hotel we went to the “Academy of Fine Arts,” and spent some pleasant hours among paintings and sculpture. The original painting of “Death on the Pale Horse,” by West, is gorgeous, as well as solemn and impressive.

On Thursday I was invited to accompany the deputation from the general conference to President Lincoln, at Washington, to express the loyalty of the body to the government; but as my time was limited, I declined 362 going. The president's reply is well worth remembering, for its catholicity and integrity—

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“ Gentlemen, —In response to your address, allow me to attest the accuracy of its historical statements, endorse the sentiments it expresses, and thank you in the nation's name for the sure promise it gives. Nobly sustained as the government has been by all the churches—I would utter nothing that in the least appears invidious against any—yet without this it may be fairly said that the Methodist Episcopal church, not less devoted than the rest, is by its greater numbers the most important of all. It is no fault in others that the Methodist church sends more soldiers to the field, more nurses to the hospitals, and more prayers to heaven than any other. God bless the Methodist church; bless all the churches; and blessed be God, who, in this our great trial, giveth us the churches.”

Having taken my leave of Dr. Scott, Mr. Thornton, and several of the brethren of the conference, I took my departure by the ten P.M. train on Thursday night. Now that the beloved Thornton is gone to his Master's presence in the Paradise above, there is one thing I can never forget about him—his introduction of Scripture topics and passages at the tea table, for Godly edifying and profitable conversation. He preached “in season and out of season.” If this custom were more general, surely the benefits would be more conspicuous.

ACROSS THE ALLEGHANIES.

Early in the morning we awoke on the eastern slope of the mountains. A heavy fog arose from river, stream and lake, veiling the face of nature with a misty wreath. As the day advanced and the sun arose, 363 the veil was rent, and the mist departed, and soon forest, field, mountain, stream and flood, appeared bathed in the golden light of the summer's sun. The trees were fresh in their young foliage, the flowers in their early bloom, the orchards in their varied blossoms, and the verdant meadows in their grassy carpets. Soon the outlying hills of the Alleghany Mountains began to appear, like the scouts of an advancing army. We followed the track of the *iron horse* , now south, again north, or west,

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as the valleys opened and the rivers led. At eight, A.M., we arrived at Altoona, a lovely town, like Jerusalem, at the foot of Olivet or Hebron, among the hills.

The Alleghany or Appalachian Mountains, stretch from the "Green Mountains," in Vermont, on the shores of the St. Lawrence to northern Alabama, 1,300 miles, while its greatest breadth in Pennsylvania extends about 100 miles. At the mouth of the Hudson river they approach within fifty miles of the sea, but as they trend southward they widen from the Atlantic shore some hundreds of miles. In the northern parts of the range the peaks sometimes rise 2,000 feet, while in the southern they reach 6,000.

"One ridge succeeds beyond another, all continuing the same general course in parallel lines, like successive waves of the sea. As one curves round into a new direction all curve with it; thus the valleys between the ridges preserve a uniform width, and are as remarkable for their parallelism as are the hills which bound them."

From the nature of the strata and character of the 364 soil it is supposed that they are of older date than the Alps or Appenines. The gaps in the mountains have been formed by the rush of retreating waters, as the mountains rose in successive impulses after long intervals of rest. The Alleghanies abound with some of the most valuable mineral ores—iron, copper, and coal; forests of pine, oak, beech and maple cover the sides and summits. From the eastern and western sides of the mountains rivers rise and roll, watering plains and fertilizing fields, and bearing on their bosoms the commerce of the country to the ocean. As we descended the western slope of the hills we felt the atmosphere change from a colder to a warmer temperature, from a buoyant air to one more oppressive. Passing through several towns along the road, at noon we were in PITTSBURGH.

As the hills were round about Jerusalem, so are hills around Pittsburgh. Their verdant sides and summits contrast strikingly with the dingy and dusty appearance of the town and streets. It stands at the head of the Ohio river; here formed by the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahala rivers. It has a population of 120,000. When in the possession of the

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French it was called Fort Duquesne. When taken by the English, Fort Pitt, after the English minister. As a town rose around the Fort it became Pittsburgh. From the sides of the hills and on the banks of the river the coal crops out abundantly, revealing the sources of untold wealth to the people and country. It is one of the greatest manufacturing towns in America. 365 In 1860, 1,600,000 tons of coal were shipped from this place. There are twenty-three large iron and steel works in operation, employing 6,000 hands, and yielding £3,000,000 sterling. In the year 1857, ploughs, spikes, nails and rivets were made to the amount in value of £1,000,000; sixteen foundries yielded annually £250,000. Here are located the government arsenal and cannon foundry, where a large cannon was cast, weighing 49,050 lbs. The whole manufacturing and commercial products of the city for 1860 amounted to £20,000,000. Many of the old citizens and settlers are from the north of Ireland, and have become quite wealthy, giving to the place the character of sobriety, industry, and hospitality. Few cities are better represented in educational and religious institutions. There are several collegiate institutions, and 115 churches.

Early on Saturday morning I reached Chicago, and was pressed by the brethren to preach in Clark-street church, on Sabbath. But as I was a good while from home and anxious to return, I left on the afternoon train for Bloomington, where, on next day, Sunday, I addressed the Sabbath school in the afternoon, and preached at night in the East church, having heard Brother Andrus preach an excellent sermon in the morning.

On Wednesday, 25th, we reached Rushville; after two weeks' absence, and 2,000 miles journey, and found all well.

From that time to the end of the conference year, in September, we had not many changes in the church to record, but great ones in the country to chronicle, in 366 connexion with the war. Vicksburg had fallen. The Mississippi was opened from its source to its mouth. Sherman was sweeping through the southern confederacy, and Grant was knocking at the gates of Richmond. All things portended the fall of the confederacy. In the summer we lost some who took part in our prayer-meetings, and received special blessings from on high.

THE MIDNIGHT SACRAMENT.

Mrs. E—was born in Virginia, and brought up in connexion with the Episcopal church. After moving to the West, she sought and found Salvation; attended our special revival services, and obtained a deeper work of grace. Beautiful in form and feature, she early proved the truth of the Scripture statement—"All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away." Soon she withered before the wasting power of disease: consumption laid her low. But in her sickness she leaned on the arm of Christ, and found His might sustained her soul.

As her end drew near she longed to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Late one night she expressed a wish to receive it. I was sent for. It was midnight when we knelt by the side of the dying woman; with a few devoted Christians, in the presence of a weeping husband and little daughter, I administered to her the symbols of the broken body and shed blood of Christ. It was a solemn scene—when we thought of Gethsemane and Calvary, the Last Supper, 367 and the new, at the Marriage Supper of the Lamb in the Father's Kingdom.

"Where death shall all be done away, And bodies part no more."

Shortly after she died in peaceful triumph, and went to Jesus. At the end of September our conference year closed, and we bade farewell to our numerous friends in Rushville. Rev. Mr. M'Ellfresh succeeded the writer, and was received as a minister of Christ, whose labors were blessed to the people. That winter a blessed revival commenced in the Presbyterian church, soon it reached the Methodist; many were converted to God, and great grace rested on the people. They are now in a prosperous condition.

CHAPTER XIX. ATLANTA STATION.

THE CONFERENCE AT DANVILLE—A SAD SCENE OF MURDER—THE TOWN AND COUNTRY—MILK SICKNESS—ATLANTA STATION—MINISTERIAL MEETINGS—

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CHURCH CHOIRS AND MUSIC—ASSASSINATION AND FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—BISHOP SIMPSON'S ORATION—SPRINGFIELD CITY—CEMETERY—REVIVAL—RETURN TO ATLANTA FOR ANOTHER YEAR—ACCIDENT TO CHURCH—REVIVALS.

The conference assembled in the autumn of 1864, at Danville, where it met a few years before, Bishop Ames presided. The conference was largely attended; several members who had been in the army returned to visit, and some for re-admission in the conference, while a few others were about to take their place in the army, several of the first were present in their military uniform, some as chaplains, captains, lieutenants, majors, colonels, and generals, which gave to the conference and church a militant aspect; this conference afforded no less than *three* generals to the army.

The emancipation proclamation of Lincoln was producing its effects on the South. The Union army had begun its victorious march through the Confederacy. Some of the Union soldiers had returned home on furlough, and were visiting their friends in town and 369 country. One of these young soldiers was in town, on Saturday evening, with several of his comrades. They had entered a druggist shop, where they met a town physician of southern birth and southern feelings. The soldier taunted the physician with the defeat of his friends in the South; the latter drew his revolver and shot the soldier in a moment, then leaped out of the house, fled to the one where he resided, and barred himself in. The comrades of the murdered soldier gathered, and pursued the murderer to his residence; they surrounded the house and demanded the physician, or they would burn the house down. Finding there was no hope, he opened his room door, to fly or fight, when the brother of the deceased shot and seized the doctor, dragged him down stairs, while others fired at him. We were just sitting down to tea, when we heard the firing. Running up town, I saw the soldiers drag the body of the wounded physician to the hall where he shot the soldier, and left him on the side walk to die. Men were running in different directions to escape danger, for the soldiers were firing; the town people were greatly excited. I went over to the wounded physician where he lay; the soldiers were still shooting at him. I

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besought them to let the man die without making his body a target. The father of the dead soldier came up, and urged them to desist. They ceased. I stood by the man for some minutes, his breast still heaving and his temples throbbing, and there I lifted up my heart to God in prayer for the dying man, that God might have mercy on his soul. At ten that night he was dead! He had been a very wicked Z 370 man, and the cause of a similar scene a year before, in the same town, where some lost their lives. He fled, until the trials and excitement were over, and had just returned a short time before, when he met his fate under the above circumstances—"Surely bloody and deceitful men will not live out half their days." The next day the soldier was accorded a military funeral, and a public procession followed him to the grave. A few weeping friends attended the funeral of the physician.

The town of Danville is beautifully situated as the seat of Vermillion county, close to the Wabash river, and dividing line between the States of Illinois and Indiana. It has a population of nearly 3,000. The streets are wide and spacious, the side walks well shaded, the soil is sandy and the streets clean. From the town square, in the centre, the streets take divergent courses. Standing on the square, at the head of the streets, the eye can look up each street for a mile or two, to beautifully wooded hills which encircle the town at a couple of miles distance. Much of the country round is subject to what is commonly called MILK SICKNESS, The origin of which is not well known, for physicians, chemists, and geologists are divided in opinion, not knowing whether the poison is mineral or vegetable; whether the cattle take the disease by the eating of certain herbs, or the drinking a certain kind of water; while all agree that poison infests some groves more than others, and is worse certain seasons of the year, 371 and hours of the day, than at other periods, or at other hours. For instance, in the autumn of the year, and early in the morning when the dew is on the grass, the danger becomes greater to the cattle, and worse for the people who drink the milk or eat the butter. The cattle affected by this poison rarely recover; but grow weaker, until at last they droop and die. Persons who take the disease by eating the flesh, drinking the milk, or eating the butter, are seized with a

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lingering disease, which, if not arrested in time, prostrates them ultimately, and very often leads to death. We have seen some who were affected for years by it, finally recover. As the country opens to settlement, and the lands to cultivation, the disease vanishes; so that in some places where it was once prevalent, it is not known now; in others, groves where the poison is, have to be fenced in, and cattle to be herded off for a few months in the year, when the danger passes away. The soil of Danville is good for fruit, flowers, and vegetables. Some of the finest *sweet potatoes* we ever saw have been cultivated here. Timber is plenty, and some of the finest coal beds in the State are about the town; these are extensively worked, and yield a large quantity of coal for export, as well as home consumption.

At the close of this conference, the writer was appointed to ATLANTA STATION, A town midway between Chicago and St. Louis, and upon the Chicago and St. Louis railroad. In 1852–3, it was originated, and has a population of 1,600, with a 372 fine fertile farming country around it, stretching toward Springfield in the south-west, and Bloomington in the north. It is an important corn market, where grain is shipped for St. Louis and New Orleans, Chicago and New York. Some of the first settlers were Baptists from Ohio, and Congregationalists from the East. The Methodists moved in a little later. In 1855, when I was sent to Bloomington West Charge, my colleague of the year before, Mr. Barthelow, was sent to Atlanta, and the adjoining country which formed a circuit. Under his labors a new church was built in the town, both comfortable and respectable, the spire of which can be seen for a long distance. The little society under his care increased, and the following year, under the ministry of Rev. Alexander Semple, the society in town was separated from the country, and organized into a church by itself, able to support him as their minister for two successive years, during which it was greatly blessed with revivals, conversions, and accessions to the church.

Mr. Semple is an Irishman by birth, full of wit, originality, and force, an impressive preacher, and popular speaker. Twice was he appointed to this station within ten years, and twice was he blessed with revivals in it. The labors of Revs. Peston Wood and Mr.

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M'Ellfresh were greatly owned to the up-building of the church. Three other churches, Baptist, Cambellite, and Congregational, were in the town, and a fourth organized among the Presbyterians, who were preparing to build. Between those different churches a good deal of harmony subsisted. Sunday school 373 concerts, embracing the children of the Sabbath schools of all the churches, met once a quarter together on Sabbath afternoons, for singing, addresses, and prayer. Annual Sabbath school county conventions also met, embracing pastors, Sunday school superintendents, and teachers of different Sunday schools in the county, for the purpose of mutual consultation and prayer, in the management of the Sunday schools. One of these conventions met in the Congregational church, Atlanta, in the summer of 1866, over which the writer presided. The meeting was largely attended by ministers and teachers, and lasted for three days.

MINISTERIAL MEETINGS

Among the ministers of the different churches in towns, are quite customary, and productive of much good. The writer introduced them to Atlanta. Every Monday morning, for some two or three hours, we met together for the purpose of mutual consultation and prayer. Our custom was to present a sketch of one of the two sermons we preached on the day before, and examine the matter and style of each briefly, and also consult about the best way of advancing the temperance, educational, and moral state of the community; so that on any subject affecting the prosperity of the churches, and the welfare of society, we might be united. Never shall I forget the pleasant intercourse, the varied Scripture illustration, and interchange of thought we enjoyed in those ministerial meetings.

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ANNIVERSARIES OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY

Brought the different ministers and congregations together once a year, on a Sabbath evening. At the last of these meetings we had in Atlanta, the writer presided; when the report was read, and various addresses were delivered on behalf of the society, the writer

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was made a life member of the society by contributions toward it, by the congregation. Next to the State of New York, the State of Illinois contributes the largest amount to the American Bible Society. The officers of the society, whether of the United States, State, or county, are taken from the different churches, and assist in the distribution of its Bibles, as well as in the contribution of its funds.

CHURCH MUSIC AND CHOIRS.

Many a time, through the summer of 1866, have I stood at the parsonage door, on a Saturday evening, and listened to the choirs and organs of all the churches at the same time, in their own places, play and practise the hymns and tunes for the following Sabbath. In our church we were blessed with a good instrument, an accomplished organist, and excellent singers. The church organ controversy has created a good deal of unpleasant feeling in the American churches, especially in the west, where some of the older members regard it as an innovation in church worship. On either side of this question are ranged some of the holiest and the best of men, as John Wesley and Adam Clarke among the Methodists. As this is an important question affecting the condition and prosperity of the churches, 375 the writer would take the liberty of expressing a few remarks, which he has found beneficial in calming troubled minds, who have allowed themselves to be carried away on one extreme or the other.

Christian worship in Protestant congregations consists of preaching, prayer, and praise. Under the first, conviction is brought to the conscience; under the second, power to the heart; under the third, Salvation to the soul. All are important: each has its respective place in the Divine order of Christian worship. Church choirs and instrumental music in religious worship are of *Divine origin*, and *Divine approval*. A congregation cannot well sing without a leader, no more than the voice can be in harmony without a tune. If three or more assist a precentor in leading, the power is increased, the harmony is doubled, and the congregational singing better. Those who thus lead and assist are a choir. The use of a choir and instrument in religious worship is to lead and assist, not to *do* the singing for the

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congregation. Where choirs select tunes, the congregations cannot sing; they are a curse instead of a blessing. Neither should congregations confine their singing to a few tunes, but the pastor can judiciously select an occasional new tune, which the congregation ought to learn and sing. Whenever a choir get up on a gallery, or behind the congregation at the end of the church, opposite the pulpit, so as to require the congregation to wheel about to see and hear them sing, it is a nuisance that ought not to be tolerated in the house of God. As well might a congregation worship golden calves in an idol temple, as human calves in a Christian 376 church. For when the eye and ear of a congregation are turned to the organ player and the chanting choir, instead of the heart and voice being lifted up in praise to God, it is sin, if not idolatry. The priests and Levites were not only to offer sacrifice, but to lead in songs of praise in the tabernacle and temple service, assisted by the whole congregation in this part of the worship. When God said to Moses, "See that thou make all things after the pattern shown thee in the Mount," among the things made, were the silver trumpets and cymbals with which to praise the Lord. The things shown in pattern on the Mount were the types of things in heaven; hence, we read of the angel trumpet and the golden harp. The Psalms of David were given by inspiration of God, but many of these psalms were composed for instruments, and the *inspired* language of some of them is: "Awake psaltery and harp," &c. Now God cannot contradict himself, what he commands should be obeyed; what he enjoins must be right. So full was the soul of the Psalmist with the praise of God, that he calls on all things, animate and inanimate, to praise the Lord. And this is precisely the feeling of every heart filled with the love of God. It may be objected, that all this referred to the Jewish dispensation, not to the Christian. The Christian dispensation is represented as the fallen tabernacle of David set up by Christ, and the glory of the Redeemer was connected with both. Besides the Psalms are as much a part of Christian worship now, as they were of Jewish then.

If every congregation of the Christian church now 377 were to worship as the Jewish did in spirit and faith, on the following occasion, surely the glory of God would rest upon them—"It came even to pass as the trumpets and singers were as one, to make one sound to

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be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voices with the trumpets, and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever, that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord: So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud, for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God.—2 Chron. v., 13–14.

In the winter we were favored with some special indications of good; class and prayer-meetings were better attended; some souls passed from death unto life, and were made partakers of Divine grace.

ASSASSINATION AND FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Early in the spring all things portended a speedy collapse of the rebellion. Sherman had marched through the heart of the Confederacy, laying it waste for forty miles in the sweep of his track. Nearly all the leading cities and forts of the South had fallen before him, and were in his possession. The rebel army retired before the advance of his victorious march. Sheridan had triumphed in the Shenandoah Valley, and cut off nearly all the retreats from the rebel capital. Grant was investing Petersburg, and thundering at the gates of Richmond. On Sunday afternoon, a telegram from Lee to Davis, while at church, announced that he could not hold his lines. On Sunday night they were broken. On Monday morning the Union army entered Richmond, as the rebel army was leaving it. Grant pursued the retreating general and fugitive army, and took them prisoners. The rebellion was over; the South was subdued; the last battle was fought, and the Union saved; Lincoln's work was done, and his mission accomplished. On Friday night, the 14th of April, 1865, he was assassinated while attending a theatre in Washington. Next morning he died! The nation mourned. His funeral procession was a national one of more than 1,500 miles in length, and two weeks in duration. His remains were borne through the leading cities in the east and west, on their way from Washington to Springfield, Illinois. Hundreds of thousands gazed on his silent face, and marched in procession to his grave.

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Strong men were bowed in sorrow, and mothers who named their children after Lincoln, burst into tears. Nearly two weeks after the remains left Washington they reached Illinois.

About the dawn of day, May 2nd, the cannon boomed in Atlanta, the sad announcement that the remains of the President were coming. At six, A.M., we went down to the railroad station; thousands were there before us. "Masons and Oddfellows," in the insignia of their orders, were there to receive the dead. The children of all the Sabbath schools were there on either side of the platform, dressed in mourning, waiting to sing a funeral dirge. Another and another cannon boomed, and through the smoke we saw the distant train slowly coming, bearing the dead. It was near seven, A.M., 379 when it arrived: then arose the funeral song; others burst out weeping; the whole multitude were bowed in sorrow. Two coffins were seen through the glass sides of the mourning carriage. They covered the remains of father and son. Little Willie Lincoln died a few months before his father. Generals, admirals, senators and judges were on the train accompanying the remains from Washington. Special trains preceded this to Springfield, others followed after. In the evening we went down to attend the funeral next day. It was only forty miles distant—an hour's ride by railroad. Early next morning the square was full and the streets crowded. Soldiers were stationed in different places to keep order and prevent confusion. It was half-past eight in the morning when Mrs. S., myself, and little son, with a few others, stepped into the procession that was going in at one door of the State House to see the deceased president, while those who had seen were moving in another procession to the opposite side of the House, and the south side of the square. In this way order was kept, and all that morning thousands passed through after seeing the remains of the dead. For a moment or two we stood gazing on that sad face: our little son shrunk back from the sight. I lifted him up, and told him to look and remember. He looked and saw; he has ever since remembered. The president's remains were the first of the dead he ever saw. We passed on to make room for others who were pressing behind us. The walls within and around were hung with portraits of the deceased, and placarded quotations from his last words. Outside, the walls, the 380 roof, and the dome of the State House, were hung with long

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stripes of mourning, cloth and crape, that waved in the breeze. *Sixty thousand* people had assembled to see the dead president, and follow his remains to the grave.

At noon, religious services were held; the band played, and 200 voices sang "Pleyel's Hymn," and the procession formed and moved to the *house of the dead*, at Oak Ridge cemetery, two miles from the city. The tomb was on the north side of a hill, by the side of a stream that murmurs by. Thousands sat under the shade of the trees, or stood by the side of the streams, or reclined on the surrounding hills, while soldiers marched back and forward to keep the avenues clear and crowds steady. All things were orderly and solemn. By the side of the tomb a stand was erected for the officiating ministers; around these were seats for about 500 more; beyond these were the band, and 200 leading singers of the United States. Hymns were sung and prayer offered, and Bishop Simpson, of the Methodist Episcopal church, delivered the funeral oration. Bishop Simpson is the son of an Irishman. He is one of the most eloquent preachers in America. He was the intimate friend of Lincoln, and at the request of the friends of the deceased, delivered the oration, extracts of which are here presented—

"ORATION OF BISHOP SIMPSON AT THE FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"Fellow-citizens of Illinois, and of many parts of our entire Union—Near the capital of this large and 381 growing State, in the midst of this beautiful grove, and at the mouth of this vault which has just received the remains of our fallen chieftain, we gather to pay a tribute of respect and to drop the tear of sorrow around the ashes of the mighty dead.

"A little more than four years ago, from his plain and quiet home in yonder city, he started, receiving the parting words of the concourse of friends who gathered around him, and in the midst of the dropping of the gentle shower, he told of the pangs of parting from the place where his children had been born and his home had been made pleasant by early recollections; and as he left he made an earnest request, in the hearing of some who are present at this hour, that as he was about to enter upon responsibilities which he believed

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to be greater than any which had fallen upon any man since the days of Washington, that the people would offer up prayers that God would aid and sustain him in the work which they had given him to do.

“His company left your quiet city, but as it went snares were in waiting for the chief magistrate. Scarcely did he escape the dangers of the way or the hands of the assassin, as he neared Washington, and I believe he escaped only through the vigilance of officers and the prayers of his people. So that the blow was suspended for more than four years, which was at last permitted through the Providence of God to fall. How different the occasion which witnessed his departure from that which witnessed his return. Doubtless he expected to visit you all again; doubtless you expected to take him by the hand, and to feel the warm grasp which you had felt in other days, and to see the tall form walking among you, which you had delighted to honor in years past. But he was never permitted to return until he came with lips mute and silent, the frame encoffined, and a weeping nation following as his mourners. Such a scene as his return to you was never witnessed among the events of history. There have been great processions of mourners. There was one for the Patriarch Jacob, which came up from 382 Egypt, and the Egyptians wondered at the evidences of reverence and filial affection, which came up from the hearts of the Israelites.

“There was mourning when Moses fell upon the heights of Pisgah, and was hid from human view. There have been mourning in the kingdoms of the earth, when kings and princes have fallen, but never was there in the history of man such mourning as that which has accompanied this funeral procession; and has gathered around the mortal remains of him who was our loved one, and who now sleepeth among us.

“If we glance at the procession which followed him we see how the nation stood aghast; tears filled the eyes of many sun-burnt faces—strong men, as they clasped the hands of their friends, were unable to find vent for their grief in words. Women and little children caught up the tidings as they ran through the land, and were melted into tears. The nation stood still. Men left their ploughs in the fields and asked what the end should be? The hum

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of manufactories ceased, and the sound of the hammer was not heard—busy merchants closed their doors, and in the exchange gold passed no more from hand to hand. Though three weeks have passed, the nation has scarcely breathed easily yet. A mournful silence is abroad upon the land Nor is this mourning confined to any one class, or to any district of country. Men of all political parties and of all religious creeds have united in paying this mournful tribute.

“Far more eyes have gazed upon the face of the departed than ever looked upon the face of any other departed man, More eyes have looked upon the procession for 1,600 miles or more, by night and by day, by sunlight, dawn, twilight and by torchlight, than ever before watched the progress of a procession.

“We ask, why this wonderful mourning—this great procession? I answer, first: A part of the interest has arisen from the times in which we live, and in which he that had fallen was a principal actor. It is a principle of our nature that feelings once excited pass readily 383 from the object by which they are excited to some other object which may, for the time being, take possession of the mind.

“Another principle is, that the deepest affections of our hearts gather around some human form, in which are incarnated the living thoughts and ideas of the passing age. If we look, then, at the times we see an age of excitement. For four years the popular heart has been stirred to its utmost depths. War has come upon us, dividing families, separating nearest and dearest friends. A war, the extent and magnitude of which no one could estimate; a war in which the blood of brethren was shed by a brother's hand. A call was made by this voice, now hushed, and all over this land, from hill and mountain, from plain and prairie, there sprang up hundreds of thousands of bold hearts, ready to go forth and save our National Union. This feeling of excitement was transferred next into a feeling of deep grief, because of the danger in which our country was placed. Many said, is it possible to save the nation? Some in our own country, and nearly all the leading men in other countries declared it to be impossible to maintain the Union, and many an honest and patriotic heart

was deeply pained with apprehensions of common ruin, and many in grief and almost in despair anxiously enquired, what shall the end of these things be? In addition to this, wives had given their husbands, mothers their sons—the pride and joy of their hearts. They saw them put on the uniform. They saw them take the martial step, and they tried to hide their deep feeling of sadness. Many of these dear ones sleep upon the battle field never to return again, and there was mourning in every mansion and in every cabin in our broad land. Then came a feeling of deeper sadness, as the story came of prisoners tortured to death, or starved through the mandates of those who are called the representatives of the chivalry, or who claim to be the honorable ones of the earth, and as we read the stories of frames attenuated and reduced to mere skeletons, our grief turned partly into horror, and partly into a cry for vengeance.

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“Then this feeling was changed to one of joy. There came signs of the end of this rebellion. We followed the career of our glorious generals; we saw our armies, under the command of the brave officer who is guiding this procession, climb up the heights of Lookout Mountain and drive the rebels from their strongholds. Another brave general swept through Georgia, South and North Carolina, and drove the combined armies of the rebels before him, while the honored lieutenant-general held Lee and his hosts in a death grasp. Then the tidings came that Richmond was evacuated and that Lee had surrendered. The bells rang merrily all over the land; booming of cannon was heard; illuminations and torch light processions manifested the general joy, and families were looking for the speedy return of their loved ones from the fields of battle. Just in the midst of this wildest joy, in one hour, nay, in one moment, the tidings thrilled through our land that Abraham Lincoln, the best of Presidents, had perished by the hand of an assassin, and then all that feeling which had been gathering for four years in forms of grief, horror, and joy, turned in an instant into one wail of woe—a sadness inexpressible, an anguish unutterable

“But it is not the times merely which cause this mourning. The mode of his death must be taken into account. Had he died on a bed of illness, with kind friends around him; had

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the sweat of death been wiped from his brow by gentle hands while he was yet conscious; could he have lived to speak words of affection to his stricken widow, or words of counsel to us, like those we heard in his parting address that inaugural which shall now be immortal, how it would have softened or assuaged something of the grief. There might at least have been preparation for the event. But no moment of warning was given to him or to us. He was stricken down, too, when his hopes for the end of the rebellion were bright, and the prospects of a joyous life were before him. There was a Cabinet meeting that day, said to have been the most cheerful and happy of any held since the beginning of the rebellion.

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“But the great cause of this mourning is to be found in the man himself. Mr. Lincoln was no ordinary man—and I believe this conviction has been growing on the nation's mind, as it certainly has been on my own, especially in the last years of his administration. By the hand of God he was especially singled out to guide our government in these troublous times, and it seems to me that the hand of God may be traced in many of the events connected with his history.

“His early life, with its varied struggles, joined him indissolubly to the working masses, and no elevation in society diminished his respect for the sons of toil. He knew what it was to fell the tall trees of the forest, and to stem the current of the broad Mississippi. His home was in the growing West—the heart of the republic, and invigorated by the winds that swept over its prairies, he learned lessons of self-reliance that sustained him in scenes of adversity.

“His genius was soon recognized, as true genius always will be, and he was placed in the legislature of his State. Already acquainted with the principles of law, he devoted his thoughts to matters of public interest, and began to be looked upon as the “coming statesman.” As early as 1839 he presented resolutions in the legislature, asking for emancipation in the district of Columbia, while, with but rare exceptions, the whole popular

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mind of his State was opposed to the From that hour he was a steady and uniform friend of humanity, and was preparing for the conflict of later years.

“If you ask me on what mental characteristics his greatness rested, I answer, on a quick and ready perception of facts—on a memory unusually tenacious and retentive, and on a logical turn of mind which followed sternly and unwaveringly every link in the chain of thought on any subject which he was called upon to investigate. I think there have been minds more broad in their character, more comprehensive in their sweep, but I doubt whether there has been a mind which could follow step by step with logical A A 386 power the points which he desired to illustrate. He gained this power by the close study of geometry, and by a determination to perceive the truth in all its relations and simplicity, and when perceived to utter it. It is said to him, that in childhood when he had any difficulty in listening to a conversation to ascertain what people meant; when he retired to rest he could not sleep till he tried to understand the precise point intended, and when understood, to convey it in a clearer manner to others. Who that has read his messages fails to perceive the directness and the simplicity of his style, and this very trait which was scoffed at and derided by opponents, is now recognized as one of the strong points of that mighty mind, which has so powerfully influenced the destiny of this nation, and which shall for ages to come influence the destiny of humanity.

“It is not, however, chiefly by his mental faculties that he gained such control over mankind. His moral power gave him pre-eminence. The convictions of men that Abraham Lincoln was an honest man, led them to yield to his guidance. As has been said of COBDEN, whom he greatly resembled, he made all men feel a kind of sense of himself—a recognized individuality, a self-relying power. They saw in him a man whom believed would do what was right regardless of all consequences. It was this moral feeling which gave him the greatest hold upon the people, and made his utterances almost oracular.

“There are moments which involve in themselves eternities. There are instants which seem to contain germs which shall develope and bloom for over. Such a moment came

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in the tide of time to our land when a question must be settled, affecting all the powers of the earth. The contest was for human freedom. Not for this republic merely. Not for the Union simply, but to decide whether the people, as a people, in their entire majesty, were destined to be the government, or whether they were to be subject to tyrants or aristocrats, or to class rule of any kind.

“But the great act of the mighty chieftain, on which 387 his power shall rest, long after his frame shall moulder away, is that of giving freedom to a race. We have all been taught to revere the sacred characters. We have thought of Moses, of his power, and the prominence he gave to the moral law, how it lasts, and how his name towers high among the names in heaven, and how he delivered those millions of his kindred out of bondage. And yet we may assert that Abraham Lincoln, by his proclamation, liberated more enslaved people than ever Moses set free—and those not of his kindred.

“ Abraham Lincoln was a good man. He was known as an honest, temperate, forgiving man; a just man, a man of noble heart in every way. As to his religious experience I cannot speak definitely, because I was not privileged to know much of his private sentiments. My acquaintance with him did not give me the opportunity to hear him speak on those topics. This I know, however, he read the Bible frequently—loved it for its great truths and profound teachings, and he tried to be guided by its precepts. He believed in Christ the Saviour of sinners, and, I think, he was sincerely trying to bring his life into harmony with the great principles of revealed religion. Certainly if there ever was a man who illustrated some of the principles of pure religion, that man was our departed President. As a rule, I doubt if any President has ever showed such trust in God, or in public documents so frequently referred to Divine aid. Often did he remark to friends and delegations that his hope for our success rested in his conviction that God would bless our efforts, because we were trying to do right. To the address of a large religious body, he replied, ‘Thanks be unto God, who in our national trials, giveth us the churches.’ To a minister who said, ‘He hoped the Lord was on our side,’ he replied, ‘That it gave him no concern whether the Lord was on our side or not,’ for he added, ‘I know the Lord is always on the side of right,’ and

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with deep feeling, added, 'But God is my witness that it is my constant anxiety and prayer that both myself and this nation should be on the Lord's side.'

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"In his domestic life he was exceedingly kind and affectionate. He was a devoted husband and father. During his presidential term he lost his second son Willie. To an officer of the army he said not long since, 'Do you ever find yourself talking with the dead?' and added, 'Since Willie's death I catch myself every day involuntarily talking with him, as if he were with me.' For his widow, who is unable to be here, I need only invoke the blessing of Almighty God that she may be comforted and sustained. For his son, who has witnessed the exercises of this hour, all that I can desire is, that the mantle of his father may fall upon him [exclamations of 'Amen'].

"Let us pause a moment on the lesson of the hour before we part. This man, though he fell by an assassin, still fell under the permissive hand of God. He had some wise purpose in allowing him to fall. What more could he have desired of life for himself? Were not his honors full? There was no office to which he could aspire. The popular heart clung around him as around no other man. The nations of the world had learned to honor our chief magistrate.

"He had a strange presentiment in early political life, that some day he would be President. You see it indicated in 1859, when of the slave power he said, 'Broken by it, I, too, may be; bow to it, I never will. The *probability* that we may fail in the struggle *ought* not to deter us from the support of a cause which I deem to be just; it *shall not* deter me. If ever I feel the soul within me elevate and expand to those dimensions not wholly unworthy of its Almighty Architect, it is when I contemplate the cause of my country, deserted by all the world besides, and I standing up boldly and alone; and hurling defiance at her victorious oppressors. Here, without contemplating consequences, before High Heaven, and in the face of the world, I swear eternal fidelity to the just cause, as I deem it, of the land of my life, my liberty, and my love.'

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“And yet he recently said to more than one. ‘I never shall live out the four years of my term. When the 389 rebellion is crushed my work is done.’ So it was. He lived to see the last battle fought, and to dictate a dispatch from the home of Jefferson Davis —lived till the power of the rebellion was broken, and then, having done the work for which God sent him, angels, I trust, were sent to shield him from one moment of pain or suffering, and to bear him from this world to that high and glorious realm where the patriot and good shall live for ever. His example teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and worthy. To the active men of the country his example urges to trust in God and do right.

“Standing, as we do to-day, by his coffin and his sepulchre, let us resolve to carry forward the work which he so nobly begun. Let us do right to all men. Let us vow in the sight of Heaven to eradicate every vestige of human slavery, to give every human being his true position before God and man, to crush every form of rebellion, and to stand by the flag which God has given us. How joyful that it floated over parts of every State before Mr. Lincoln's career was ended. How singular that to the fact of the assassin's heel being caught in the folds of the flag we are probably indebted for his capture. The flag and the traitor must ever be enemies.

“Our country, too, is stronger for the trial. A republic was declared, by monarchists, too weak to endure a civil war, yet we have crushed the most gigantic rebellion in history, and have grown in strength and population every year of the struggle. We have passed through the ordeal of a popular election while swords and bayonets year in the field, and have come out unharmed. And now, in our hour of excitement, with a large minority, have proffered another man for president The bullet of the assassin has laid our president prostrate. Has there been a mutiny? Has any rival proposed his claim? Out of our army of near a million no officer or soldier uttered one note of dissent, and in an hour or two after Mr. Lincoln's death, another, by constitutional power, occupied his chair. If the government

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390 moved forward without one single jar, the world will learn that republics are the strongest governments on earth.

“The time will come when, in the beautiful words of him whose lips are now for ever sealed, ‘the mystic chords of memory which stretch from every battle-field, and from every patriot's grave, shall yield a sweeter music when touched by the angels of our better nature.’

SPRINGFIELD CITY, CEMETERY, AND REVIVAL.

Twelve months later, I visited Springfield, on the pressing invitation of my friend, JAMES RAE, Esquire. Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, is situated in Sangamon county, about three miles south of the Sangamon river, and nearly in the centre of the State. The ground on which it stands is a flat and open prairie, surrounded on all sides with large forests of oak and maple. A beautiful view of the city and surrounding country may be obtained from the dome of the State House. It was laid out for a county town in 1821. In 1887 the State legislature was transferred from Vandalia to Springfield; in 1839–40 it held its first session there; the senators' meeting in the old Methodist church, and the representatives in the Presbyterian church. The State capitol is a very fine building, and stands on a square of three acres, beautifully ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers. Twelve years ago, when I first saw it, it had a population of 6,000; at present it has above 20,000. The streets are wide and spacious, the shops large and imposing, the hotels numerous and magnificent. One new hotel, just now built, covers an acre square, is six 391 stories high, and contains about 200 rooms, designed to accommodate the senators and legislators. There are above twenty churches, three of which are Methodist, three Presbyterian, and one Episcopalian. Three railroads pass through the city. Street rail-cars were introduced a few months since, and now convey visitors to and from the city cemetery, which is two miles north of the city, in a beautiful grove of seventy-two acres, surrounded by hedge and fence, ornamented with trees, shrubs and flowers, marble shafts and granite tombs. The surface of the ground is beautifully diversified with hill, dale and

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ravine. The cemetery is under the management of a corporation, chartered by the State. Springfield, the home of Lincoln, and Oak Ridge cemetery, where his ashes lie, have become the Mecca of the pilgrims of liberty from all parts of the world. In less than a year after his death 24,000 persons visited his tomb, and recorded their names in the curator's book.

REVIVAL.

A few weeks before I made the above visit a gracious *Revival* had commenced in Springfield, and was spreading to all the churches. At eight in the morning I accompanied Mr. Rae to the State House, where a prayer-meeting was held at that early hour. As we were going the side-walks were thronged with people hastening to it. Going up the stairs we passed by the large entrance hall, where the remains of Lincoln lay a year before in State, when 60,000 persons passed in and out looking on the face of the deceased president. 392 A very different scene was now bringing the people together. We entered the hall of representatives; about 700 people were already assembled, and more were gathering. On the speakers' platform were several clergymen of different churches, alternately conducting the meeting, the exercises of which consisted of singing, prayer, brief addresses, and the recital of experiences. Among the numerous speakers who rose to tell of their conversion, or of the conversion of some of their friends or families, were doctors, lawyers, judges: the tears flowing down the cheeks of many. It was a most affecting scene. Much of the Divine presence was there. I thought of Pentecost, and said to my Episcopalian friend, "This looks like a Methodist love-feast." Many of the gentlemen who spoke in the morning meeting we saw in the afternoon at the corner of the streets and around the city square, talking to unconverted men, urging them to come to the meeting—to give their hearts to Christ, and seek religion. I never saw such a beautiful and practical illustration of Proverbs, i. 20–23: "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: She crieth in the chief places of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof:

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behold, I will pour out my spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." At that time there were more than *one thousand* persons professed conversion. How many since I do not know. The meeting continued daily all the past 393 summer and autumn, while all the Evangelical churches shared in the blessings and the fruits.

On the 20th September, 1865, the Illinois conference met in Decatur. Bishop Janes presided. The weather was very warm; some sickness prevailed. The attendance at the conference was large, but the session was brief. At the request of the friends in Atlanta I was sent back again for another year. In the winter we commenced a protracted meeting which promised good. But just as some were seeking the Lord and had found Him, our church caught fire, but was saved by the energetic efforts of the citizens; yet, so much injured, that we could not worship in it for three months. The Baptists invited us to the use of their church for Sabbath evenings, which we accepted, until our own was repaired. The cloud of blessing thus lingering over the Methodist church, interrupted by the above fire, rested on the Baptist and Congregational churches, in which were several conversions and a gracious revival. After returning to the church our congregations increased, and class and prayer-meetings were more prosperous; the Sabbath school was large, and the prospect for approaching good cheering. At the conference, in September, 1866, we parted from our dear friends there, among whom are some of the most earnest, pious, and devoted members. Letters from there, just now, inform me of a gracious revival of the work of God, resulting in the conversion of about *forty* souls. To God be ascribed the glory for ever.

CHAPTER XX. THE CHURCH OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

GENERIC AND SPECIFIC FORMS—HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT—DOCTRINAL BASIS, AND MEANS AND MEASURES OF SUCCESS—STATISTICAL RESULTS AND COMPARATIVE TRIUMPHS.

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Methodism is a vital principle, a living power, a great fact, a vast ecclesiastical organism; too vast to be ignored; too important to be unnoticed, and too extensive in its influence on society, to be passed by with a slight allusion, or treated with silence. It is the child of Providence, primitive Christianity, or as Chalmers called it, "Christianity in earnest." Its sudden rise and rapid growth have astonished men of all classes and creeds. The most beautiful and popular biographies have drawn inspiration from its life, and the most successful religious novels have been based upon its usages. Cabinets and councils have studied its principles and laws in their effects on society, churches, and nations.

Ricasoli is not ashamed to point to its triumphs in America, and intimates the same liberty for it in Italy, by the side of the papacy. The philosopher views it from the ground of moral philosophy, but often mistakes its character and its mission. The politician measures it by the principles of political economy, 395 and wonders at its social influence. The historian is baffled with its facts and figures, as transcending those of other churches and former religious developments for the time of its existence. But we rise from the low plain of cabinets and councils, philosophers and politicians, to the lofty platform of the word of God, and in the society of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, examine it by their teaching; its claims by their standard, its character by their infallible signs.

Would we describe its humble origin and early training, we read: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." Would we describe its triumphs over its rival foes, even those of its own household, we read: "Joseph is a fruitful bough, even a fruitful bough by a well; whose branches run over the wall: the archers have sorely grieved him, and shot at him, and hated him; but his bow abode in strength, and the arms of his hands were made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob." With the Chaldean seer we ascend the heights of Peor, and from thence survey the goodly tents and spreading tribes of God's Israel, and say, "From this time it shall be said, what hath God wrought?" With the sacramental hosts of

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God's elect we would say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Would we mark the period of its origin, its evangelic ministry, and extensive mission, we "See an angel fly through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell 396 upon the earth, and to every nation, and tongue, and people." Many have viewed this passage as prophetic of the Reformers and the Reformation, but this cannot well be, as the Reformation was confined to Europe: this extends to the world. The Reformation was a great political, as well as spiritual change; but this is a pure evangelism. The Reformers lived and labored in the same places; but these are ministers and missionaries that are itinerant—the world is their parish, It was through its agency and instrumentality the doctrines of the Reformation were brought beyond the bounds of Europe to other lands, and far distant nations.

Methodism, in its rise and spread, has assumed generic and specific forms. Like the rise and flow of the River of Life, part of the healing stream has watered the Establishment, and originated the evangelical movement in the church the Church Missionary Society, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; part has reached the dissenting churches in England, Wales, and Scotland, through the ministry of Whitefield and others, and originated the London Missionary Society, and kindred institutions. The remainder flows on its destined course in its own specific channel, widening and deepening in the Wesleyan and Methodist Episcopal churches, and their allied branches, bearing life, peace and blessing to many nations, and to many hearts. But the limits of this chapter confine us to an outline sketch of Methodism in America. Its HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT

Claims a brief notice, and forms one of the greatest 397 exhibitions of the grace of God in the Salvation of men that the church has had to record from its commencement to the present time. There are two elements that have entered into the warp and woof that wove the web of Methodistic life in America: these were German solidity and Irish tenacity. There are national characteristics and characters God selects for important missions and providential openings—as Paul was made a chosen vessel to bear the name of Christ unto the Gentiles. Some of the brightest trophies the grace of God has won through Methodism

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have been from among the Germans and the Irish. Few churches have had such men as Philip Embury and Thomas Walsh. The tenacity of the Irish character, whether for good or evil, is like the green ivy of its native isle, clinging to the oak of a thousand years: it will live and last, grow, and flourish on.

It is a law in the moral government of God, and a part of His mysterious dispensations, that through much tribulation we enter the kingdom. The Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering, that He might bring many sons unto glory. His people follow in their Master's steps.

After the breaking up of the Roman Empire by the Saracens, Vandals, Huns, and Goths, Ireland became an asylum of rest to the learned and pious of the empire who fled thither for safety. From the fifth to the eighth century her schools and colleges were the largest, most renowned, and successful in the world. During the same period her missionaries were in almost every land, and her missions extended from the icy 398 coasts of Lapland to the sunny slopes of Italy; from the island rock of Iona in the west to the shores of Kent in England, and as far east as Germany. Her scholars were also the founders of the great universities of Europe, of Paris in France, Pavia in Italy, Franconia in Germany, and St. Gall in Switzerland. At the close of the eighth century she was the most Protestant church in Europe, not excepting the Waldenses. The Danish invasions overthrew her institutions, literary and religious, and prepared the way for her subjection to the Normans. The Normans came and conquered, and bowed her neck to the Man of Sin, to whom she has since become a willing slave, and a degraded subject. Ever since, her history is that of mourning, lamentation and woe. But the time is near at hand when she shall rise and burst from the chains of her degraded thralldom, and come forth, amid the nations and the churches, as

“Great, glorious, and free; First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.”

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There are two events in history by which Victoria is queen of Great Britain, and Methodism is the largest church in America. Both originated in the Palatinate of the Rhine. Both parties were driven from that country: one became enthroned in England, the other established in the hearts of the people in America.

Queen Victoria is the descendant of the Prince Frederick Palatine, who was driven from his principality, nearly 300 years ago, by the Austrians. She now sits on her island throne, and reigns over the sixth part of the world.

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Lucan, the ancient hamlet where I write this chapter, and the beautiful estate around it on the Liffey, were once owned by Sarsfield, James II.'s general, who became celebrated in the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim, in 1690, and the siege of Limerick in 1691, where, having capitulated, he led with him 19,000 Irish soldiers into the service of France. These, with others who had gone before, formed a part of the French army, under Turrene, on the Rhine, and Catinat, in Piedmont, by which the Palatines were driven from the Rhine, and the Vaudois from their Alpine homes in Savoy. According to Barrister O'Connor, the Irish soldiers in the French service were some of the most cruel in devastating the homes of the Palatines and the Vaudois.*

* *Military History of the Irish Nation*, Chapters V. and IX.

The fugitive Palatines fled to the camp of Eugene and Marlborough, and were subsequently received by Queen Anne, in London, and 500 families of them settled on Lord Southwell's estates in the county Limerick, Ireland, fifteen years after their persecutors left the same place.

On the 17th March, 1749, a strange preacher was heard in the streets of Limerick, preaching from Matt. xi. 28. A young Roman-catholic heard—the Word reached his heart—he was converted, and became one of the greatest preachers in Great Britain and

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Ireland. Such was the sainted Thomas Walsh. The Palatines also heard—were deeply affected, and Swindells and Williams were invited to visit and to preach to them, which they did.

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The next year, 1750, Wesley reached the Palatine settlements, and while preaching to the people his voice was lost amid the loud weeping of the large congregation. Many were converted and joined society; and Philip Embury, who was converted on Christmas Day, and Philip Guier were made leaders and local preachers. Shortly after, Embury's name was on the conference plan for reception into conference, but marriage and emigration prevented his entrance into the regular ministry of the Irish conference.

Ten years later, the homes made beautiful by their industry were torn from them by landlord tyranny, and the Palatines were forced to leave and seek a home in some far distant land. On a summer's day, in 1760, Embury preached his farewell sermon from the deck of a ship in Limerick harbor to a weeping congregation, and then sailed for America, with several of his Palatine friends, and landed in New York on the 10th of August following.

Six years later, in October, 1766, we find him preaching, at the request of his relative, Barbara Heck, to a congregation of *five* persons in his own hired house. Soon the house became too strait for the congregation, and they removed to an upper room in Barrack-street, where many souls were converted. From this upper room they went to the more spacious rigging-loft, where Captain Webb joined the little band, and assisted Embury in preaching the Word of Life to the people. Great was the success. The rigging-loft became too limited to contain the crowds that thronged to hear the Irish Palatine and the English officer. 401 Barbara Heck, the mother of American Methodism, had a new plan presented to her mind while at prayer—it was to collect funds and build a house of worship. At her suggestion and by her aid the funds were raised, and soon a church was built and dedicated to Almighty God, in John-street, which has become the cradle of American

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Methodism. Philip Embury preached the dedicatory sermon in it on the 30th of October, 1768.

The touching story of the rise and spread of Methodism in New York, has been beautifully told by Wakely, Stevens, and Crook, in their invaluable histories. That of the last writer, *Ireland and the Centenary of American Methodism*, is romance in real life, full of touching incidents, and affecting narratives. To these the writer would refer his readers, while an outline sketch may be sufficient for this chapter.

Webb and Embury were soon strengthened by the speedy arrival of Robert Williams from the Irish conference; he had been travelling the Castlebar circuit. Sent over by Wesley, he arrived in New York, in August, 1769, two months before Boardman and Pilmoor arrived from the English conference. He was the first regular minister sent by Wesley, the first pastor, and the first book agent. "He was," says Stevens, "one of the most effective pioneers of American Methodism—the first Methodist minister in America that published a book—the first that married—the first that located—and the first that died." He was the apostle of Methodism in Virginia and Carolina, and the assistant of Strawbridge in Maryland. Jarrett, an Episcopal clergyman in Virginia, received him to his home, and B B 402 preached with him in his parish, and wrote highly of him as "an indefatigable preacher of the gospel."

During the same time, Robert Strawbridge, another Irishman, from Drumsna, Ireland, was laboring faithfully in Maryland, along the shores of the Potomac, and in the city of Baltimore, planting and establishing Methodism. These two men, Williams and Strawbridge, were far in advance of the times they lived in, in reference to literary enterprise and ecclesiastical independence. The church and the nation are receiving the benefits of their enterprise now.

On Tuesday, the 1st of August, 1769, the English conference met at Leeds. Wesley asked, "Who will go to assist our brethren in America?" there was no response. Next

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morning he preached at five, from "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me." On the re-assembling of conference, the question was again asked, and Richard Boardman and Joseph Pilmoor volunteered to go: they were sent. A conference collection was taken up. The amount was £70, £20 of which went to pay the missionaries' passage, and £50 to assist in paying off the church debt in New York; part of the subscription was in *Wesley's Notes and Sermons*, which, no doubt, was from himself. This was the first Methodist missionary meeting held in the body, and this the first missionary subscription given, and Leeds the first place where it was held. Forty-four years after, in 1813, the first missionary society was organized in the same town. Since then, what hath God wrought? The £70 contributed in 1769, has become in 1867, £148,140 14s. 9d. 403 and the society sustained by it, the largest and most prosperous in the world.

The American Methodist church, the eldest daughter of the church at home, which received the above £70 in 1769, contributed in 1866, £200,000 for her missions, £20,000 toward Irish Methodism, as an expression of thanks, and £1,000,000 sterling as a centenary thank-offering to God. The single church aided by that £50, is now represented by 11,000 additional churches, worth £7,000,000, and the "Notes and Sermons of Wesley," which formed the nucleus of a book room, under Robert Williams, has now become the largest publishing establishment in the world. Its capital worth £200,000, and its circulation 4,500 books; periodical monthly issues, above One MILLION. Boardman and Pilmoor sailed from Bristol in August, and arrived in America on the 24th of October, after a stormy passage of nine weeks. Soon the little band was strengthened by these additions. Embury resigned his charge into their hands, and retired to Camden, Western New York, where he was honored by the office of magistrate among his fellow-citizens, and labored with great success to build up Methodism, until in August, 1778, he died at the early age of *forty-five*. Subsequently, his family, and Mrs. Barbara Heck and family, moved across the St. Lawrence into Canada, and founded Methodism there, which also has grown into the most leading denomination in the provinces. But as these passed over into Canada, or ascended up to Paradise, others were raised up to take their place in

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the States. From the shores of the Chesapeake, the Delaware, the 404 Hudson, and St. Lawrence, the sainted spirits of these Elijahs ascended to God, but their falling mantles fell on the shoulders of Coke, Asbury, Whatcoat, Summerfield, Mckendree, Garrettson, George, Roberts, Hedding, Bangs, and others, who went on planting the Tree of Life by the banks of the great rivers and the shores of the great lakes, and the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, until millions have found repose beneath its shade, and safety under its protection.

Years of agitation and trial awaited the church. Through the revolution of 1776, the war of 1812, the church divisions of 1828 and 1835, the secession of 1844–45, and the rebellion of 1861–65, it passed in safety, and, like the burning bush at Horeb, remains unconsumed.

Years of prosperity and showers of blessing have fallen on it. During the revolutionary struggle it was blessed with frequent revivals. When the country was threatened with a deluge of French infidelity at the close of the revolution, it was blessed with accessions of 17,000 members. In the war of 1812 it had an increase of 15,000; and in 1816, the year of Asbury's death, 30,000 were added; in 1827–28 there was an increase of 100,000; in 1843–44 the year before the memorable pro-slavery secession, it had an increase of 250,000; in 1857–58, the time of the great financial crisis, preparatory to the breaking out of the war, it had about 200,000 increase; at the close of the war, and in the year of its centenary celebration, in 1866, it had an increase of nearly 103,000. Thus the Lord blessed the church with showers of refreshing and eras of revival.

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THE DOCTRINAL BASIS AND MEANS OF SUCCESS, By which the Methodist church in America attained such unparalleled prosperity, claims attention. If we analyse her doctrine, examine her agencies and usages, we shall find that here her great strength lay. If ever she should give up these, she would be like another Samson, shorn of her looks, grinding in another mill, or seeking some one to lead her in her darkness, while the world might look on in sport, and Israel mourn in captivity.

When Wesley was charged with preaching a new gospel, he appealed to the prayers, the articles, and homilies of the church of England; the confessions of the reformers, the creeds of the primitive churches, and the inspired teaching of prophets and apostles. Here he stood on the Truth of God, and reasoned with an eloquence that all his adversaries could neither gainsay nor resist. In all his teaching he never forgot those mighty truths which saved millions in the days of prophets, apostles, martyrs, and reformers. Hence, the doctrines of repentance toward God, faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, justification by faith, and the regeneration and sanctification of the soul by the Holy Ghost, were preached in every sermon, urged at every meeting, and sought in every prayer. These were the truths the apostles and reformers preached, by which millions were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. The same effects followed the preaching of the Wesleys and their sons in the gospel. In connexion with the preaching of these evangelical truths, Wesley insisted on a converted 406 ministry to proclaim them. He saw there was no use in sending out *dead* preachers to awaken the dead in trespasses and sins—men *unsaved* themselves to save others, the disloyal to preach loyalty to rebels, the blind to lead the blind. In such hands and by such messengers the *Truth* was useless, the Sword of the Spirit was sheathed, and the arrows of the Lord pointless. Therefore, Methodism insisted in every place, that those who preach Salvation to others must be saved themselves. Knowing that when Christ commissioned His apostles to preach repentance and remission of sins, they were witnesses of these things. Methodism also insisted on a *converted membership* as well as ministry. None were acceptable to her membership unless they professed “a desire to flee from the wrath to come;” they were to be “living epistles known and read of all men;” seals to the ministry of the messengers of Salvation.

For them were instituted the *class-meetings* and *love-feasts* , after the apostolic example and primitive model. These formed a test by which their spiritual state was ascertained, an evidence of their real piety, and a means by which the doctrine of the Apostles' Creed was not only believed but practised: “I believe in the Communion of Saints” was the doctrine

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of the ancient church and of modern Methodism. Wherever two or three, ten or twelve, or more persons, full of the love of Christ, and the hope of heaven, come together, and speak of the things of Christ, these living coals soon kindle a radiant flame, and the place becomes a Bethel, a Tabor, a little heaven below, of which God 407 says, "There am I in the midst of them." Even in Jewish times there was a difference between the "assembly of the upright" and the "great congregation." In the days of the last of the prophets, those that thus met received the Divine approval—"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before Him for those that feared the Lord and thought upon His name," &c.

Not only had the doctrines and agency of Methodism much to do with its success, its *manner* of worship had also much to attract, impress, and convince the people. When their services commenced, *two* held on Sabbath days were quite uncommon in the national and dissenting churches. But the success of Methodism has provoked many to adopt their usages in this respect. *Singing* was scarcely known in country churches, and little used in town and city congregations, unless in cathedral choirs. Scarcely anything was sung but cold and lifeless translations of the Psalms, few of even the paraphrases being then composed at all, and not more than some two or three tunes went the circle of the churches and the practice of congregations. It was Methodism originated almost all the hymns of modern times, unless those of Watts and Doddridge, whose writings were, in part, influenced by that great revival. The hymns of Newton, Cowper, and others, originated in that revival, as well as those of Wesley. The exulting joy and immortal hope of new converts soon found expression in new and lively notes of melody. introduced by the Wesleys, as all *states of feeling* 408 found utterance in their incomparable hymns, from the deepest penitence to the strongest faith, and most exultant joy. Such singing drew crowds to listen, who also became affected. The *manner* of preaching also was different. Perhaps in nothing was the difference greater than in preaching. In the establishment, the glowing style of the reformers, and the doctrine of justification by faith had given place to cold and formal essays on morality, delivered by men whose hearts had never been changed,

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or their souls converted. In the dissenting churches the earnest style and fervent fire of Baxter, Bunyan, Howe and Allein were gone, and in their place a cold and icy formalism reigned, with a gospel offered to a few, called “the dear elect.” The rest were left as sheep without a shepherd—as lost without a Saviour. How changed the scene, and services, when Wesley and his sons arose to preach, with hearts full of faith and love, and souls full of fire and zeal. Their simple, plain, and earnest manner took hold of the people, as their message of a *free* and *full* Salvation took hold of the hearts and consciences of sinners of all ages and all kinds. Their services were attractive, their congregations were crowded, their meetings were scenes of revival and showers of blessing; their preaching was owned of God to the Salvation of vast multitudes, who became living epistles known and read of all men.

The moral essay of the church establishment, the icy homily of the dissenting meeting-house, gave way to the power of the gospel as preached by the Methodists. The rueful dirge of the old conventicle, and the chilling 409 solo of the cathedral choir, gave place to the exultant songs and rapturous melody of joyful believers at a Methodist love-feast or revival meeting. These scenes of holy services and earnest preaching soon became crowded, while the conventicle and cathedral were deserted. It is only as these services have been changed, and the Methodistic mode of preaching and manner of worship has been adopted by more earnest and godly men, that the congregations have been induced to return.

While Methodism has greatly affected the Theology and manner of worship in the Old World, she has completely changed it in the New. Her *style* of preaching and manner of worship has been adopted by nearly all, and her gospel of an immediate, free, and full Salvation has taken the place of the “horrible decrees” of Calvin. *Three-fourths* of the *hymns* and *tunes* used in American churches and Sabbath schools *now* have been composed by Methodist authors.

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Protracted meetings, camp services, the penitent form, anxious seat, or altar rails, for mourning and seeking souls, and revival services, so common now among almost all churches in America, are of Methodist usage and custom, so that these churches are Methodized in *doctrine*, *spirit*, and *manner* of worship.

The church courts, or quarterly, annual, and quadrennial conferences, and the simple code, or book of discipline, have had a powerful effect on the Methodist church, in keeping her ministry and members *pure*, and her numerous converts united. In every great emergency that affects the church, the nation, or the 410 world, the whole connexion, however vast, are moved as one man.

Her literary institutions are without a parallel in the history of churches—in the number of her schools, colleges and universities, the talents of the teachers, and the multitudes of students, while her church literature enters every state and territory, every town, hamlet, and city, and almost every family. These facts, however, are better seen in a glance at the STATISTICAL RESULTS, Some of which belong to the whole body of American Methodists. In 1766, when Embury and Strawbridge commenced preaching, they were alone: now they are followed by a ministry, local and itinerant, of 28,650.

The membership of the two or three that met in New York are now followed by a membership of more than *two millions souls*. In 1776, one hundred years ago, *five* persons went up to hear Embury preach in his own hired house. Now about *ten millions* of hearers ascend this hill of the Lord, and attend worship at the Methodist Zion every Lord's Day all over the country. This is almost *double the present population of the Ireland* Embury left one hundred years ago.

The hired house in which he preached is followed by thousands of preaching places, and the church he dedicated in 1768 is followed by 11,000 churches and 4,000 parsonages, worth about £7,000,000 sterling, in the Methodist Episcopal church alone.

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The *Notes and Sermons* Wesley donated in 1769 became the origin of the vast book concern which now 411 takes their place with 4,500 books, a circulation of *one million* monthly of periodicals, and a capital of about £200,000. Robert Williams, the first agent, is followed by 500 editors, clerks, agents, and operatives in the book room, and about 7,000 agents in the country among the people.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Was originated in 1819. She has 1,059 missions, 1,128 missionaries, and 105,675 members and communicants, with an annual income of £200,000.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Were originated by Robert Raikes; those of the present system in Europe and America by John Wesley. Asbury introduced the Sabbath school to America. There are above 5,000,000 children attending these schools, of whom nearly 2,000,000 attend the Methodist Sabbath schools.

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES, Theological and otherwise, are twenty-five in number, worth nearly £1,000,000 sterling, with 158 teachers and 5,345 students; 77 academies, with 556 teachers and 17,761 students; in all, at present, about 1,000 teachers and 25,000 students. What schools other branches of the Methodist body may have, we are at present unable to say.

Compared with the following leading denominations in America, Methodism is—

One and a-half times as large as the Baptists.

Three times as large as the Roman-catholics.

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Four times as large as the Presbyterians.

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Eight times as large as the Congregationalists.

Fifteen times as large as the Episcopalians.*

* See the last Census of the United States, and Schem's *American Ecclesiastical Year Book*, for 1860.

As the wave of population rolled on, the Methodist itinerant went with it; as the voice and tread of marching millions were heard ascending the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains, and passing down the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific Coast, there was ever and anon heard above that hum, the voice of the Methodist itinerant, saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." And when the cloudy pillar rested, like another Moses, lifting up his hands, he blessed the migratory tribes in the Name of the Lord, saying, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee: the Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." Numbers vi. 24–26.

Little children sang again, Hosannas to the Son of David; old men and matrons praised the Lord; young men and maidens worshipped at His footstool; millions enrolled themselves among the "sacramental hosts of God's elect." The shout went up from the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts, from the shores of the great lakes and the banks of the great rivers, from the sanctuaries in the thronged cities and the forest glades. It was as the sound of many waters, saying, "Alleluia, the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

CHAPTER XXI. METHODIST CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS.

NATIONAL AND RELIGIOUS CELEBRATIONS AMONG ALL NATIONS—JEWISH FESTIVALS AND JUBILEES—METHODIST CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA—CENTENARY MEETING AT BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS—SPEECHES OF CARTWRIGHT, CREWS, VANCLEVE, HANEY, AND BISHOP SIMPSON

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—CENTENARY MEETING AT COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK—THE ASSEMBLY:
SINGING, SPEECHES, CONTRIBUTIONS—WILLIAM M'ARTHUR, ESQ.

In all ages and among all nations, national and religious celebrations have taken place, commemorative of important and historic events. While Egyptian, Assyrian, Chaldean, Greek, and Roman nations had theirs, none were more remarkable, or more numerous than the Jewish, which were of Divine origin and Divine approval. Their fasts and festivals commemorated great events in the history of their nation and their church. Beside the feasts of Passover, Pentecost and Tabernacles, there were the weekly and the yearly Sabbaths, the new moons and years of Jubilee. These were epochs in the flight of time, eras in the journey of life, monumental pillars, around which gathered mementos of the past, and from which were learned lessons of faith and hope in the Providence of God, and the future mission of 414 their church and nation. When the feet of the priests, who bore the Ark of God, touched the waves of Jordan, the waters divided, and the people passed over. God commanded, and Joshua sent twelve men—a man from each tribe—to lift twelve stones from the place where the priests stood in the midst of Jordan, and set them up as monumental pillars of the power of God, and memorial signs to their children of the passing of the Jordan by their fathers.

In 1839 the first centenary of English Methodism was celebrated. At one of these meetings the writer was present, and though young in years, remembers distinctly the occasion.

At the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal church of America, at Philadelphia, in 1864, a centenary committee was formed to take measures and adopt a plan for the celebration of American Methodism in 1866. On their suggestion sermons were preached in every Methodist church on the first Sabbath of 1866, and meetings were held and contributions raised at different times through the summer, while in September and October the principal celebrations took place, and the larger contributions were subscribed.

Before the end of the year more than *ten thousand* celebrations took place, in as many Methodist churches throughout the land, and about 5,000,000 dollars, or £1,000,000 sterling, was contributed toward the benevolent institutions of the church. Of these, an outline sketch of *two*—one in Bloomington, Illinois, and one in New York city, will, perhaps, sufficiently illustrate this chapter:

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CENTENARY MEETING AT BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

At the close of the session of the Illinois conference, in Decatur, September, 1865, a resolution was passed, inviting the Southern Illinois, the Central Illinois, and Rock River conferences to unite with the Illinois conference at the city of Bloomington, in the autumn of 1866, to celebrate together the Centenary of American Methodism. To this resolution the other three conferences responded affirmatively, and through the mercy of God they were spared to meet in the above place, on the afternoon of September 24th. As the different trains arrived from North and South, hundreds of clergymen were seen wending their way to the East Charge Methodist Church, in the centre of the city, there to meet and receive the cordial welcome of the citizens, and the friendly greetings of their fellow-laborers in the ministry. Beside the citizens, hundreds of people from the country round were there with their children to witness the joyful jubilee. It was a scene never to be forgotten. These four conferences were originally one, until prosperity compelled them to divide. Old ministers, as they grasped each others hands, wept for joy, and young ministers and their wives praised the Lord. Hundreds of parents led their children up to see the men that led them to Christ. It was a scene of weeping. Tears stood in the eyes of unconverted men, who said, "We never saw the like before."

There were above seven hundred ministers in attendance, most of whom were from all parts of the State, and some from the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, some from the great lakes of the North, and some from 416 the Gulf of Mexico. Some of them were born in England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France, Switzerland, and the rest in different parts

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of America. A beautiful type this great assembly was of the great multitude before the throne. The Ven. Dr. Cartwright gave the address of welcome. Several centenary relics were presented and exhibited, among which was Asbury's Bible, on which was delivered an address by Dr. Peck, on the power that attended the ministry of the fathers.

At night several of the city churches were filled with attentive hearers, listening to either love-feast experiences, or addresses from different ministers, while Phoenix Hall was crowded to hear Dr. Newman from New Orleans.

Next morning, 25th, at eight o'clock, Royce's Hall was literally crowded, in all its parts, by friends and ministers who came to take part in the exercises. Those of the preceding evening were introductory, those of to-day were formal. Bishop Simpson, the son of an Irishman, presided; Dr. Eddy led in a powerful prayer Dr. Cartwright gave the opening address, in which he said he would not call them "'Men, brethren, and fathers,' but 'men and brethren,' as he had no fathers there." He was the only member living of the first conference formed west of the Alleghany mountains. In 1824 he was transferred from Kentucky to Illinois. In the two States there were only twenty-five members, now there are eleven conferences, and above 150,000 members. His district covered two-thirds of the State, and part of the State of Indiana. He travelled from Cairo to Galena. There were venerable men and 417 ministers, fathers and grandfathers, in this assembly, whom he baptized and received into the church, and many whom he had licensed to preach the word of God; he was glad to meet them there, and he hoped they would have a better reunion in heaven.

Rev. Hooper Crews, of the Rock River conference, said he returned, on behalf of himself and the Rock River conference, thanks for this kind welcome. Twenty-seven years ago, in this city, they separated from the Illinois conference; they then met in a log cabin, now they meet in this large hall. The Rock River conference represented there that day 200 ministers, 20,000 church members, 300 Sabbath schools, and above 25,000 children. They represented church property to the amount of 1,000,000 dollars (£200,000). They

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had a university with an endowment of 400,000 dollars, a Theological institute with an endowment of 300,000 dollars. He felt that to whom much was given, of them much should be required.

The Rev. J. Vascleve, of the Southern Illinois conference, said, that he was greatly honored in having the privilege to represent the *third* division of the Illinois conferences. He also represented that part of Illinois that gave the most beautiful flowers, the most luxuriant fruit—the grape, the peach, the strawberry—to the markets. They had 130 ministers and 21,000 members, while their Sunday schools and teachers were in the same proportion.

Rev. Richard Haney, the son of an Irish local preacher, said, on behalf of the “Central Illinois conference,” which was the youngest of the four, you have C C 418 heard from grandmother, *mother*, and *aunt*, you are now to hear from the granddaughter; you know that the little ones generally come to the last table. The Central Illinois is a blushing damsel of only ten years. We have in our conference 165 preachers, 22,000 members, and 2,500 babes in the cradle* (laughter). He counted among their educational institutions, the Hedding and Onarga seminaries, and a share in the Illinois Wesleyan university.

* Members on probation.

At this part of the meeting Judge Scott was introduced, who adjourned his court in order to be present at the centenary. He said, although he was a Presbyterian, he had a heart large enough to embrace the whole body of Methodist preachers. He was glad to welcome them to that town. He remembered with pleasure the venerable fathers of the Illinois conference; they planted the gospel of their Master and the civilization of the age in Illinois. He honored the Methodist church on account of its vast numbers, religious influence, and great power in the land, and because of the strength it gave the Government in its late trials. The people of this great State were indebted to the Methodist ministry for what they did in making Illinois great.

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Dr. Newman, of the Mississippi conference, from New Orleans, said their conference was organized last Christmas; then they had sixteen Ministers and 3,200 members, and a few thousand dollars' worth of property; now we have thirty ministers and 7,000 members, 419 93,000 dollars' worth of church property. They had an orphan home for the children of freedmen, to which a French gentleman, finding it in operation, gave 10,000 dollars.

Dr. Peck, of the California conference, greeted them from the Pacific coast; he brought the cordial greetings of his brethren, also, from Oregon and Washington territory, and of the new States and territories of Idaho, Nevada, and Montana.

Bishop Clark and Dr. Reid gave very impressive addresses; and several brethren of different conferences, including the German, told, in brief words, their experiences.

At the close of these addresses Bishop Simpson delivered the closing remarks, extracts of which are here presented:

BISHOP SIMPSON'S ADDRESS.

"I have come, brethren beloved, both in the ministry and membership, who are present to-day, to the closing exercises of the Central Illinois conference with no ordinary emotions. The design, I believe is, before the appointments shall be read out, that the conference shall assume its organization, and the appointments be read out in regular order. But prior to that, some remarks may be made to the whole of the conference, and first I desire to express my great gratification at meeting the ministers of the Illinois conferences in this their most delightful re-union.

"Five years ago it was my privilege and made my duty under the circumstances of the year, to travel throughout the State of Illinois, and I believe that in the year 1861 I visited and preached in every presiding elder's district in the State, with, perhaps, two or three exceptions, called together the conferences in the 420 different districts, to confer together on the missionary interest of the church, as well as other interests. It was then a day of

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gloom: the war was upon us. A day of financial disaster: the whole banking system had given way. But I have this to say, I formed then an estimate of the firmness and devotion of the ministry and membership of the people of Illinois to the Methodist church of the very highest character.

“The Garden of Eden had its river to water it, and from thence it was parted and became into four heads; and so may you go out as four great branches of the sacramental host, to fertilize the land wherever you go.

“It seems to me that there are circumstances gathering around us on this occasion which will tend to inspire us with a deeper love for Christ's cause, and a deeper conviction of the possibilities of success than we have ever had before. In the first place, look out upon these circumstances.

“Our fathers have been looking to this period for the last sixty years. Long had they doubts of the downfall of Mahomedanism and popery. I long to see the coming of millenium glory. It is said in the case of Egypt, that the coral insects of that continent had been working at the mouths of harbors for, possibly, thousands of years before their existence was suspected. So we see God's providence working in this world: He brought men from England, Ireland, and Scandinavia; He brought them here to prepare the way. All the nations were being concentrated, and the great upheaval of the nations has taken place—Russia was upheaved, and serfdom was done away. Behold the continent of America! What an upheaval has been here! During the past few years every chain has been broken and every manacle removed, and 4,000,000 of freed men rise up to a life of freedom. The spirit of freedom has been marching over the land. They caught the sound in Italy, and Garibaldi fought for a free, united Italy. Austria threw down the gauntlet to Prussia and some of the other States, and the Western power is swept away, and for ever has lost a place among the German 421 powers. The papal power has lost its great right arm. Whether the conflict shall close in 1866 I know not, but this I know, popery is gravitating to its fall, and soon will be buried beneath its ruins. The Mahomedan power shall also be

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overturned. It is a solemn day in which to live. God gives honor to man. He is shaking the nations and claiming them for His own. The whole earth is gazing on the movements of Divine Providence.

“Then, again, in our land, as has been remarked by other able speakers and by myself on other occasions, we are glad that this centenary year comes in such glorious connection with our own history. Had it come in 1863 or '64 there had been mourning in our land. God called Methodism and our country to advance together. The jubilee of one is the jubilee of the other. While we rejoice that this flag floats over our land, we rejoice at the same time that Methodism comes up to celebrate her centenary year, and to say, “ *What hath God wrought!*” The idea brings up the thought of the fathers. It seems to me that I can almost look upwards and discern the forms of some of those men, and they speak back the idea, and sing the song of glory. I am glad that I am here. Who will not renew his vow to be a more devoted and faithful Methodist preacher. There was an old custom among the Romans, that when a young man attained his majority, he was taken up to the temple of the gods, then to his home, and his friends gathered around him, and they took from him the garments of his youth and weakness, and they put on him the toga, the garb of manhood. Then he entered into a little room hung with the portraits of heroes—into the presence of the greatest men of the nation—and the young man pledged himself to emulate their virtues, imitate their examples, and be a man in society. What an impression was produced upon their minds, standing in the presence of the mighty dead. I think of the young men in this meeting. They have come up to this reunion. They are not few, and now just as we 422 are girding ourselves and putting on the armour and going out to the battle again, how do we stand?

“Then again look at the representatives here. We have had voices from Sweden, the Pacific Coast, India; and the fathers are here, the men that did their duty in their days, the men that confronted perils, that dared to do battle for Immanuel; and now, in the presence of these heroes, this strong man leading in the van of the battle, I say to these young men,

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gird yourselves. Have the spirit and daring, and perseverance of these fathers, and go out determined to do or to die.

“I honor these men. But it seems to me there hovers over this place a crowd of witnesses—names we love to honor—sainted names—the glorious horizon above us is full of the sons of light, patriarchs, apostles—the hosts of the men and women of God gather around; and above all, the eye of the great Head of the Church is upon us. Oh, for the holy anointing! Oh baptize us as ministers, and may our commissions be renewed to preach the gospel of the Son of God. None of us shall ever see another centenary like this. But our spirits, ransomed and raptured, may be commissioned to come down and join our brethren in the next century. If Wesley and Fletcher and Asbury and Jesse Lee, who have entered into the heavenly Jerusalem through sufferings and labors, are permitted to come and witness our joys this morning, we may come again to gaze on the triumphs of Methodism.”

CENTENARY MEETING AT THE COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK.

As the centenary meeting in Bloomington, Illinois, was the largest in the West, the meeting at the Cooper institute, New York, was the largest in the East. Both were held on the same day. The centenary contributions for Illinois reached about £150,000. Those of the Cooper institute, New York, reached £142,750, 423 of which Mr. Drew gave £100,000. The institute was so crowded that many had to return. The singing by *three thousand* voices was some of the finest ever heard on earth. The speeches were eloquent, and the subscription, perhaps, the largest ever lifted at any meeting before. The eloquent voice of the devoted Wallace was not there to plead for Irish Methodism. His spirit went up to the General Assembly and Church of the firstborn in Paradise; but his place was ably supplied by the presence of William M'Arthur, Esq., of London, himself the son of an Irish Wesleyan minister.

SPEECH OF WILLIAM M'ARTHUR, ESQ.

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“ William M'arthur, Esq., of London, was the next speaker. He thanked the assembly for its warm reception. He resided in London, but for many years had been connected with Irish Methodism, and felt a deep interest in its prosperity. When requested by the conference to accompany its deputation, he consented. He referred in very affecting terms to the heavy blow they had sustained by the death of the Rev. Robert Wallace, who had been taken away suddenly by cholera but an hour before he was to have preached to the people of Cincinnati. Mr. Wallace was one of his most intimate friends. He was no ordinary man. His deep piety, gentle and loveable disposition, sound judgment, enlarged views, admirable powers of debate, and commanding ability, placed him in the very foremost rank among his brethren. His last sermon was preached in this city. His last words were, ‘I can leave all my concerns in the hands of Jesus.’

“He taught us how to live, and, O! too high A price for knowledge, taught us how to die.

Mr. M'Arthur then read an extract from a letter 424 he had received from the Rev. William Arthur, president of the British conference, sending his love to the brethren in America, which was received with applause. He rejoiced that he had come here when the cause of truth and righteousness had been triumphant—when slavery no more had an asylum in the Methodist church. He testified to the faithfulness of Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, as an American, a Methodist, a lover of liberty, and a hater of slavery, on the other side of the Atlantic. He had come, however, to represent Methodism in Ireland. He rejoiced that this had been placed as one of the objects of the centenary fund. In Ireland there was a population of 6,000,000, of which 4,500,000 are Roman-catholics, and 1,500,000 Protestants. The Presbyterians are mostly in the North; the Wesleyans are all over the country. The *status* of the churches in Ireland was then stated. Methodism in Ireland had suffered much by emigration to this country. From seven to eight hundred of their best members had left them yearly, and this represented at least 4,000 of their congregations. The greater part had come to the United States, and had contributed to the strength and prosperity of the Methodist Episcopal church. There were now found more Irish Methodists

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in New York than in the city of Dublin, and throughout the Union they largely out-numbered the parent church. At least 300 of their ministers had been the fruit of Irish Methodism.

“Mr. M'Arthur then referred to the difficulties which this state of things had produced. With diminished numbers they were obliged to keep up the same ministerial staff, as they could not leave their scattered flock as sheep without a shepherd. It had been suggested that they ought to give up the rural districts, and confine their labors to large towns exclusively; this they could not, they dare not do. Some of their most distinguished men, and the greatest ornaments to the body, had been raised up in remote parts of the country. A district near which he had resided, wild and unpromising, had given Dr. Elliott to the United States, and Dr. Richey 425 to Canada. Adam Clarke was the fruit of such labors. William Arthur, the present President of the British conference, was led to a knowledge of the truth by hearing the gospel preached in a small farm-house in the extreme west of Ireland.

“They had been making great efforts. When almost at the lowest ebb, one-third of their number having emigrated in a few years, they held a meeting in Belfast, and raised £13,000 for what was termed “A Fund for the Increase of Methodist Agency in Ireland.” The Rev. William Arthur and Dr. Scott visited this country and obtained about £7,000 more. This enabled them to increase their aggressive power in various ways, and strengthened all their institutions.

“What they needed now was a college where their youth could be trained, and which also would serve as an institution for their rising ministry. To accomplish this they raised in Ireland last year nearly one hundred thousand dollars. That amount, however, would be required for the building alone. An additional one hundred thousand dollars was wanted for an endowment, without which, instead of proving an element of strength, it would only add to their difficulties.

“They had come over to join in their centenary celebration, to convey the fraternal greetings of their brethren in Ireland, and to ask their sympathy and aid on behalf of the

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work they have undertaken. They felt they had some claim, for the reasons he had stated. Great Britain and Ireland and the United States were united to each other by ties which should not, which would not be broken. They were of the same Anglo-Saxon race, and boasted a common and a noble ancestry. Their literature was the same. Milton, Locke, Newton, Bacon, Shakspeare, Howe, Wesley, Watson, Clarke, were household names in England; they were equally so in America. Their glorious language was the same; they had the same Bible—the foundation of their faith, the palladium of their liberty, the source of all their prosperity and greatness. England and America, the two great Protestant powers of the earth, led the van in 426 the cause of humanity, civilization, and religion. Their respective flags floated on every breeze, and the sails of their merchant ships whitened every sea. If to England was given the gold of Australia, to America was given that of California. Let each, then, fulfil the high and holy mission assigned to it; emulate each other in spreading the glorious Gospel of the blessed God; one proceeding eastward and the other westward, until, encompassing the world, they would meet to celebrate the triumphs of the cross, and rejoice in the advent of that day,

“When He shall come, And, added to His many crowns, Take yet this crown—the crown of the whole earth, He who alone is worthy!”

CHAPTER XXII. THE CANADA CONFEDERATION.

CESSION OF RUSSIAN AMERICA TO THE UNITED STATES—THE CANADA CONFEDERATION—TRAVEL THROUGH IT—TORONTO—MONTREAL CENTENARY MEETING—QUEBEC—THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION—THE NORTH SEA VOYAGE BY THE STRAITS OF BELLEISLE AND THE COASTS OF LABRADOR AND NEWFOUNDLAND—RELIGIOUS SERVICES OF FIRST AND SECOND SABBATHS ON BOARD—LANDING AT DERRY—CALL AT MONAGHAN—SAFE ARRIVAL AT LUCAN.

At the close of 1866, the centenary year of American Methodism, the two nations on each side of the lakes and St. Lawrence were undergoing some changes: the one in its

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territorial extent, the other in its political relations. The cordial public reception accorded to the United States' naval officers at Petersburg by the Russian government was but the prelude to the sale and cession of the whole of Russian America, with the adjacent isles to the United States' government for the sum of £10,000,000 sterling. The territory ceded is about 500,000 square miles, and increases that of the United States to about 3,825,000 square miles. The most of the territory thus ceded is wild and inhospitable, cold and mostly unproductive, but contains large coal-fields and valuable fisheries. Although it may never 428 be suited for agricultural purposes, it may be valuable for mineral productions.

The Canadians appear not to regard this accession to the United States with either fear or favor, considering that it will not affect their destiny one way or the other. While the officers of the United States were receiving ovations in Russia, deputations were sent from British North America to England to facilitate the union of all British North America into one confederation, and to obtain means to build a Pacific railroad from Halifax on the east to British Columbia on the west. The deputations have returned with the promise of £4,000,000 sterling, to build the Pacific railroad, and to carry into execution the union of all the British provinces under one confederation.

The providential hand of God directs the destinies of nations, and controls them as He does the planets in their orbits. He can turn adverse circumstances into the most prosperous, and afflictive dispensations into the most beneficial, and thus “make all things work together for good to them that love Him.” The late Fenian raid has been a benefit to Canada. It has roused her martial spirit and national feeling, developed her latent patriotism, and converged her scattered policy to a central plan—her separated interests to a national unity.

British North America covers an area of nearly 4,000,000 square miles: is still larger than the United States, and as large as the whole of Europe. The bay of Fundy, the St. Croix and St. Lawrence rivers, the great lakes, and the 49° parallel of latitude form her 429 southern boundary, while the Arctic regions and the North Pole form her northern limits;

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the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans form her eastern and western coasts. This vast country has some seven or eight provinces:

Population.

I. Canada, East and West 3,080,056

II. Nova Scotia 368,781

III. New Brunswick 295,084

IV. Prince Edward's Island 91,443

V. Newfoundland 130,000

VI. New Britain,

VII. British Columbia, and Vancouvers' Island 23,756

Total 4,000,000

The above figures are approximate—and given according to the latest returns, by one who claims to know the facts and figures in connexion with government returns. More than half of the population are Protestant; the largest denomination are the Roman-catholic, the next largest are the Methodists, the Episcopalians and Presbyterians come next.

The *Canadian Almanac* for 1867 give the Canadian clergy thus:

Methodist Clergy in Canada 1,003

Roman-catholic " 905

Episcopalian " 420

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Presbyterian " 415

Baptist " 230

All others " 219

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The whole of British North America is to be called by the name of the "*Canada Confederation*." Four of the provinces have already entered it, including Canada and British Columbia, with the liberty of the remaining provinces to enter, and share the responsibility and the benefits. There is to be a viceroy or governor-general to represent British sovereignty, a central parliament like that of England, and local legislatures like those of the United States. £4,000,000 are promised to assist in the building of the Pacific railroad, making the Grand Trunk already 1,500 miles long, its central chain, running it east to Halifax, and west to Columbia on the Pacific. Newfoundland is unrivalled for her fisheries; Nova Scotia for her coal-fields; New Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island for their forests; New Britain for her firs, Canada for her wheat and timber; Vancouver's Island for its pastures, and Columbia for its gold. At the commencement of the present century the population was 382,000; at present time 4,000,000. In another century it may be ten times that.

The time may not be far distant when passengers landing from the ocean steamer at Halifax may enter the train in waiting at the station there, then hastening through the deep forests of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, pass by the shores of the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, through the extensive plains of New Britain, to the golden slopes of British Columbia on the Pacific coast. Along this future line of travel towns shall rise and cities be built, and settlements shall be extended, until the vast plains of the Hudson 431 territory send down their immense resources toward this highway of the desert, then shall the wilderness become as Eden, and the desert as the garden of the Lord.

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At the end of the session of the Illinois conference in Bloomington, September 24th, 1866, the writer closed his twelve years' labor in America. In the centenary meeting of the next day I met about sixty persons who had been brought to the Lord through my instrumentality during those twelve years. These I recognized with gratitude to God, as seals to my ministry which the Lord hath given me, with hundreds of souls in other places, who were not there.

Finding it necessary to retire for a few months from the charge of a church, I obtained from Bishop Ames and my conference a year's release from regular pastoral labor. I prepared to revisit my native land, taking Canada by the way. Many were the prayers we received and kind wishes from my brethren in the ministry, and dear friends, for our safe arrival and return. Our company consisted of myself, my wife, little son, and my mother, who was going to spend the winter in Canada with her sons. Dr. Munsell, president of Illinois Wesleyan university, accompanied us to Chicago.

About 12 o'clock on Wednesday night, October 3rd, we left Bloomington, reached Chicago in the morning, spent the greater part of a beautiful day there. Started in the evening train on the Michigan central, and reached Detroit junction early next morning. About 9 A.M. we crossed over from Port Huron to Sarnia. The morning was remarkably fine, the river looked beautiful, and the scenery was delightful. After taking 432 a little refreshment we were seated, and going in the carriages of the Grand Trunk railroad, which differ but little from those in the States, either in appearance or management. As we skirted the shores of the river and lakes on our right, we passed by vast forests of stately trees on our left. On many, the leaves were sere, on others they were green as in summer. Thousands of young cedar and pine trees adorn the hills and sides of the railroad. Nothing can exceed the beautiful tints the frosts give the maple leaves in autumn. The ladies of Toronto and Montreal gather the falling leaves, select the most beautiful, arrange them in wreaths of different colors, and cover them with gum, which thus preserves them for years, in all the variety of the colors when gathered.

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Along the road the farms looked well cultivated, but small; the grass green, and the streams and rocks numerous. In the towns there seemed very little stir or life. The houses looked more comfortable than neat, being built of substantial stone, and solid workmanship.

TORONTO.

In the afternoon the broad expanse of Lake Ontario spread out on the right, and Toronto appeared to the left. Soon we were met by a brother, at the dépôt, and conducted to his home to rest for a few days. On Sunday I attended, with brother and family, two of the Methodist churches; heard the Rev. Mr. Young in the morning, and the Rev. Mr. Potts in the evening; both preached excellent sermons. The congregations were large, the singing was the best congregational singing we heard 433 for years. Almost the Whole congregation lifted up their voices and sang. The orchestra and organ were in every instance in the rear of the pulpit, and a little above it. The singing threw such life and interest into the worship, as made us feel the whole service was of that cheerful, happy kind, that characterized the early days of Methodism.

If Montreal is a city of churches, Toronto is a church-going city. Scarcely could we pass the streets through the crowds that were going to and from the various churches, both morning and evening. Through the week I visited, with a collegian, a friend of mine, the provincial university and the normal schools. The university is located about two miles from Toronto, in the midst of a beautiful park of about 100 acres, studded with native and foreign trees. The buildings are a massive pile of brick and limestone. Here some of the members of the Canada conference graduated. The faculty were returning from their summer vacations, and the students were gathering from their various homes to attend the fall lectures, and winter sessions. On our way from the university we called at the "Knox Theological seminary," under Presbyterian supervision, for the training of candidates for

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their ministry. The building was so gloomy, and the rooms so dark, that it looked like an institution of the past dispensation.

Formerly the students in the seminary had to be graduates of some university before they could enter this. Now they pass through the Toronto university, and the seminary at the same time, and graduate in both places in *four* years, instead of *seven*. D D

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About the time the Presbyterians changed their plans for a better system, some of our teachers were for taking it up and applying it to our Biblical institutes. How beautiful, our Theological students would look in the cast-off garments of some dilapidated system, that other churches have had sense to discard!

The normal schools are located in the city, in the midst of beautiful gardens and fragrant flowers, which the children do not disturb. No normal schools on the American continent bear a higher character than these. The citizens have shown a deep interest in them, by providing beautiful halls of statuary and painting, and valuable donations of fossil remains and antiquities. Beside an extensive apparatus for the illustration of the various branches of science, valuable museums of natural history are connected with the schools and the university.

On Tuesday evening we left Toronto, and reached Montreal next day at noon, by the Grand Trunk railroad. The carriages on this part of the road were destitute of many of the comforts with which those in the States are favored.

Montreal has increased in population and improved in appearance since last we were in it. Narrow streets are being made wider, old houses new, and new ones built of beautiful and massive material. Princely residences and beautiful terraces adorn the sides of the mountain, from whose sunny slopes and garden bowers the dwellers look down on the thronged city, and the flowing river with its numerous shipping. One of the above residences is owned by a wealthy Methodist, and 435 is worth £12,000. He is also one of

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the most liberal and benevolent men, The Methodists have built some five or six churches since I was here three years ago, some of which are of costly style and architecture. The Presbyterians have also added some two or three fine churches to their number.

On Wednesday evening I attended preaching at Dorchester-street Methodist church, and heard an excellent sermon. On the following morning I preached in Griffenstown church to a large congregation. In the afternoon I addressed a congregation on board the Queen of the Clyde, at Captain Dutton's request, who had charge of the meeting, and followed in an earnest address on personal religion. The Lord was with us in both services. At night I heard an excellent centenary sermon from Mr. Douglass, who analysed the doctrines and agency of Methodism in a masterly manner.

On Monday evening, the 15th October, the centenary meeting was held in the Wesleyan church, Great St. James' street. James A. Mathewson, Esq., presided, an Irishman of noble and liberal principles, of large and benevolent heart. On the platform were Rev. Messrs. Elliot, Douglass, Briggs, Johnson, Boreland, Dr. Nelles, Captain Dutton, Mr. McArthur and the writer. Captain Dutton spoke on the power of Methodism saving men, as he saw it at home, and on the foreign missions abroad. Dr. Nelles spoke on the importance of an educated ministry, and Mr. McArthur presented the claims of Irish Methodism in a forcible and eloquent manner. There were several of the descendants of Philip Embury at the Meeting.

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The Canada conference resolved to give 6,000 dollars to the Irish mission out of their centenary collections.

On Wednesday evening I preached to a good congregation in the centre church. We had a good meeting.

QUEBEC CITY.

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On Friday evening we bade adieu to Montreal and our friends there, and stepped on board the steamer *Quebec* to catch the steamer *Hibernian* next morning at Quebec. The steamer *Quebec* is a stately river palace of three decks, and superb and gorgeous rooms, berths, and saloons. It is one of the finest on the American waters. The night was beautifully fine; the St. Lawrence smooth as a sea of glass; the moon shone on the broad expanse of the river and surrounding shores, clothing every object in its own beautiful light. At the dawn of next morning, October 20th, we were roused by a brother's voice urging us to rise and get a sight of the citadel and fortifications, while the steamer was passing into the Quebec harbor. Truly we could say that Quebec was a city built on a hill; yet high above the city rose the citadel with its frowning fortifications over-hanging the magnificent river, while away in the distance stretched the plains of Abraham. There was seen where Montcalm fell; yonder where Wolfe died; and here, right above the *Hibernian*, on which we stood, was seen the spot where Montgomery fell in his attempt to take Quebec. A large bronze plate marks the spot. How soldiers could have climbed up the steep ascent I could not tell, much less to take the fortifications. Whoever has the Quebec fortifications holds the principal key of the American continent, and the gates of the great lakes and the St. Lawrence. Popes gave almost the whole continent to France, Spain and Portugal, on condition of keeping out all heretics; but the heretics have got in, and own the best portion of the New World; while the successor of St. Peter has lost his own in the Old World. The providence of God and British cannon have defeated the bulls of the popes.

The city of Quebec is the military capital of Canada, as *Montreal* and *Ottawa* are the commercial and political capitals. It stands on the north bank of the St. Lawrence river, on a lofty promontory and angle, between the St. Lawrence and the St. Charles rivers. It consists of an upper and lower town. The upper town consists of shops, offices, and residences of the gentry, the fortifications and the citadel which crowns Cape Diamond, 350 feet above the St. Lawrence. The lower town stretches along the wharves for two or three miles, between the river and the cliffs, and is a busy scene of commerce, where the principal trade is done. The city contains a population of 56,000. On the opposite

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shore of the St. Lawrence is Point Levi, a flourishing and picturesque town, with numerous houses and stately buildings. Between Quebec and Point Levi ferry-boats and steamers are constantly plying.

As the morning was exceedingly fine we spent several hours in walking round the fortifications, and through the city up and down its narrow streets which look like those of Edinburgh. In the distance stretched the burned district, while here and there among its 438 blackened ruins rose some isolated walls, or a few buildings, monuments of the desolation that swept around them. About four o'clock on the preceding Sunday morning, as the drunken gamblers were continuing their orgies of debauchery and drunkenness far through the night, a fire was seen to burst from the house of Trudel, near the Cartier Market Hall, where they were. As the door was opened by the police to quench the fire, the flames rushed out and swept over streets, squares and blocks, consuming almost every thing in its way. In a few hours desolation swept over a large portion of the city suburbs. 3,000,000 dollars' worth of property were destroyed, and 18,000 people were left without houses to cover them in the most inclement season of the year. About twenty persons lost their lives, and all this the result of drunkenness! The loss fell on those least able to bear it.

The Methodists of Quebec possess a very fine looking church in a conspicuous part of the city, and the membership and congregation are represented as prosperous. Still, one Methodist church, however large, is but small for so large a city as Quebec.

NORTH SEA VOYAGE.

About two in the afternoon we bade farewell to our friends, and with solemn feeling and tearful eyes set our faces eastward. Our little son of four years waved his hand to his uncle standing on the deck of a distant steamer, and then the child burst into tears. Nothing could exceed the fineness of that autumn day. The afternoon sun shone on the falls of Montmorency as they fell in a sheet of foam on our left into the St. Lawrence. 439 On either shore stretched continuous villages, and from their midst the spires of churches

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rose pointing heavenward. The Steamer Hibernian (of the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company) is a large iron vessel of 2,000 tons. Her commander, Captain Dutton, is also Lieutenant in the British navy, and a local preacher in the Wesleyan church, England. We had not many passengers on board. A few English officers and their wives, and a few English, Scotch and Canadian passengers formed our cabin company, with whom we had pleasant intercourse. On Sunday morning, 21st, the Captain read prayers, and I preached in the cabin. At night I preached to the sailors in the forecastle, and the Captain to the passengers in the cabin. All the meetings were seasons of good to us all. The Captain's sermon at night was an excellent one. On Tuesday we lay at the entrance of the Straits of Belleisle in fog, afraid to move. Wednesday the fog lifted, and we steamed on, leaving the coasts of Labrador on our left, and those of Newfoundland on our right. In the evening we left the echoes of the cannon of Belleisle, and the parting gleams of her lone lighthouse behind us. Through the rest of the week our passage was speedy and pleasant. On Sunday morning, 28th, I preached to the cabin passengers, after the Captain read prayers. In the evening to the sailors in the forecastle, and at night to the steerage passengers. These were seasons of spiritual profit, the sailors heard with deep attention. Next morning I was hoarse. On the following Tuesday evening we held a temperance meeting in the steerage, among the passengers. The Captain gave an excellent address, after which I followed. A few 440 signed the pledge—all appeared pleased. In the intervals the Captain sang temperance songs, and played his harmonium. As we expected to land the next morning I did not sleep any that night. About twelve o'clock we passed the lighthouse on Torry Island. About two in the morning we drew near the harbor of Moville, took the pilot on board, fired off rockets to the telegraph boat that the Hiberian had arrived, soon the wires were to send the news to Liverpool, London, Valentia, and ere two hours to America, per Atlantic Telegraph. About four A. M. the mail boat from Derry arrived and took the mails. We bid farewell to the captain, officers and passengers on the "Hibernian," which passed on to Liverpool, and we sailed up the Foyle, to Derry, where we telegraphed to friends at Monaghan. After taking a glance at this historic city and its embattled walls, we left by the nine A. M. train for Monaghan, passing through Strabane, Omagh, and

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Enniskillen, Lisnaskae, and Maguire's Bridge. Our friends met us at the Monaghan station, with whom we stayed for two days, with my old friends Rev. William Burnside and Rev. Robert Devers. On Thursday I preached in their beautiful church.

On Friday we left Monaghan, came by railroad through Cavan, Mullingar, Enfield, and reached our friends in Lucan about half past nine at night, grateful to God for his gracious protection over us in all our journey.

THE END.